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HULA MOONS

by

DON BLANDING

HULA MOONS

Written and Illustrated by

DON BLANDING

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
NEW YORK MCMXXX

[redacted]

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By DON BLANDING

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PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY THE VAIL-BALLOU PRESS, INC., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

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DEDICATION

To the Immortals of Vagabond's House . . .

To the Troglodyte for his loyal superb friendship . . .
To the Second Philosopher for his dry wisdom and patient endurance . . .
To the Small Person for being herself . . .
To Mouse for gnawing certain ropes and because of a dream . . .
To the Rowdy Duchess for her gay camaraderie . . .
To Der Looie for unswerving devotion . . .
To Nell for her belief . . .
To Congo and Congai for their diverting scandalous antics . . .
To the Little Feller for any number of reasons . . .
To Mang Chu for keeping all evil things away . . .

I dedicate my book.

ALOHA

I offer my thanks to *Asia Magazine* and to *Travel Magazine* for their kind permission to use selected material from articles of mine which have appeared in their publications.

Photograph by Max Long, Honolulu

BLUE LAGOON

Preface

Another South Seas book? Another southern exposure? Another beach comber babbling of breezes blowing through a grass skirt?

No. In this book, "Hula Moons," I am attempting to answer questions that I hear constantly: "Is the glamour gone from Hawaii? Has progress spoiled the charm of the Islands?"

Certainly, the grass house is gone, or, at least, has a corrugated iron roof; but the spirit of the grass house lingers on. The blues of the Hawaiian sea and the *blues* of jazz bands blend at Waikiki. The sea is not less blue because of that. The sloe-eyed Polynesian girl wears silk stockings. Since when has the sheen of silk spoiled the line of a pretty ankle?

There is daylight saving in Honolulu, but, there is also moonlight wasting. The visitor may swim in the haunted waters of the Sacred Falls and, within the hour, bathe in a tiled bath at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

The Lotos Land Hawaii of Stevenson, London and Stoddard is changed rather than gone. But, how many people of the modern world, involved in the thousand activities of living, have time for more than a hasty nibble at the fruit of the Lotos, or more than a sip of the liqueur of languor in the tropics.

The glamour is not gone from Hawaii. As long as a hula-moon spills its laughing silver over the Islands; as long as the trade winds carry the wild sweetness of white ginger blossoms, and as long as there is a voice to sing "Wahine ui" there will be enchantment and beauty and romance in Hawaii.

Don Blanding

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Hula Moons

WHAT IS HAWAII?

Shadows of trade clouds racing on the sand,
  Nights that are webs of moonlight spun with song,
Bridges of rainbows joining sky and land,
  Days that are hours . . . hours eons long.
Thundering surf in grand exalted chant,
  Suns that are guinea gold and moons of brass,
Copperous dawns and sunsets palpitant,
  Pulsing with color. Kona storms that pass,
Frantic and frenzied, tarnishing the sea,
  Bellowing challenge to the surf's mad roar,
Dying in distant purple pageantry,
  Leaving the land more smiling than before.
Sunlight and shadow, stars and veiling mist,
  Moody, uncertain, mingled tears and smiles.
When I'm away my heart keeps faithful tryst
  With my far, pagan, thrice-enchanted isles.

These Islands . . . born of the night, sired by the sun, cradled in the halcyon sea, with a hula moon for godmother.

Rhapsody

MODERN Hawaii is the most delightful, beautiful, absurd, exasperating and withal irresistible place that I know in the world. It's Mrs. Grundy in a hula skirt. It's a Polynesian maid doing a Greta Garbo in a Paris hat and a bungalow apron, with her brown toes sticking through her expensive silk stockings. The grass skirt shows beneath the smart dress of progress. It's Main Street moved to the tropics. It's New England springtime with a Gauguin complex.

Everything is tail-end-to or *kapakahi* as the Hawaiians express it. When the volcano, Kilauea, goes off with spectac-

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ular displays of fury, and the red lava pours down to the sea, the people flee in the traditional manner of those who live near volcanos, except that, Hawaiian fashion, they flee to the brink of the pit to watch the grand fireworks that the auburn-haired goddess, Pele, provides.

Rain is called "liquid-sunshine" because it falls from a bright cloudless sky. (That's something to take up with the weather bureau; I don't know the answer.) Dwellers in the Islands had rather laugh than cry, but if they feel that the occasion demands weeping they do it in a businesslike manner, get it over as soon as possible, and return to the serious occupation of enjoying life. One suspects, or rather, knows that a number of the missionaries became slightly cock-eyed from having one eye on the hymn book (and the collection plate) while the other followed the ripe curves of a pretty choir girl.

It's such a bubble-minded, joyous place that it has rainbows hanging in the clouds at all hours of the day, and then, as an extra fillip of happiness, lunar rainbows at night. The moonlight is as potent and heady as the native drink, *okolehao.* I recall a verse from a Junior League show we produced in Honolulu (yes, the Junior League as well as the Rotary Club, Lions, Elks and the W.C.T.U. function there):

There's a misty murky magic in the bright Hawaiian moonlight;
It has tricky, wiki-wiki, sort of hula-hula gleams;
It's a liquor full of bubbles and it dissipates your troubles.
Oh, it's amorous and glamorous, and fills you full of dreams.

That is Hawaii on its frivolous, and most important, side.

* * *

"You will love Hawaii," said the Man from Honolulu, with the authority of a lifetime spent there. "You will love it, loathe it, leave it, long for it and," exhausting his alliteratives, "return to it again and again as long as you live. You will compare it with the wonder-places of the world, but, as the enthralled lover finds other women less enchanting than his own love, other lands, while they may capture your eyes, will not win your heart, which will be sold into willing captivity as long as it can speed its beating to a memory."

His words held prophecy. I loved Hawaii. With the uncritical youth of me I loved it, seeing nothing but beauty. I love it now with a more mature devotion, knowing the faults. I loathed it with the dull nausea of satiety, and left it, saying, "This experience is complete. I have drunk to the fill. I have absorbed all of its color. There is no new note in the music, no fresh perfume in the night."

But I longed for it as Adam longed for Eden. My body, drained of sunshine by gray lands and gray days in cold cities of the north, sickened for the healing magic of Hawaii's year-long summer. My ears strained to catch the chanting of night winds in the *koa* trees of Tantalus, and my eyes thirsted for the cool beauty of waterfalls in purple-shadowed Manoa. My mouth watered for the tart golden juices of pineapples in their hour of ripeness, the thin rose-sherbet of *ohias,* and the earthy gray sourness of *poi.*

Hula Moons

I am not beglamoured by Hawaii, nor deceived by its ten thousand joys. I know that the green plush of moss overlies the white skeletons of coral and the black bones of dead lava.

Nevertheless, at this moment the conventional gray of my business suit is hideous to me; it irks my arms and constricts my free breathing. The collar about my throat is a suffocation. The four walls which shut out the drab, searching cold of a New York winter's day are prison walls, staring at me with flat, unsympathetic eyes.

I know that tonight there will be white sand beaches curving in gilded crescents under the resplendence of a Hawaiian moon, warm, glowing, tolerant. *Kukui* torches flaring with a tawny orange brilliance will toss billows of heavy smoke into the sky, tarnishing the moonlight. The flames from a beach fire will fling robes of shifting gold across brown shoulders. Through the muffled thunder of the surf and the gentle breathing of the trade winds will come echoes of song, old missionary hymns and robust sea chanties, transformed by the irrepressible Polynesian into dreamily amorous melodies.

A girl will dance. Slow curves . . . quick curves. Urged by the insistent throb of a three-note chant and the command of a thudding, beaten gourd, the rhythms will enter into her body. She will be part of the music; the music will be part of her. Wantonly beautiful; beautifully wanton.

Auwe! Auwe! Give me your hand. Let me guide you to a place where the sun is a burnished shield and the moon is a disc of silver; where song is the law of the land and a flower has the importance of a garment. Let me introduce you to my Hawaiian friends whose word of greeting and farewell is "Aloha," meaning love, and the word is spoken with a gesture which places a *lei,* a garland of gardenias, orchids or silken-soft *plumeria* about your shoulders.

I know a pool where, on a silvery summer night, we may bathe naked, curtained by moonflower vines, while stephanotis blossoms drench our wet gleaming bodies with the liqueur of their fragrance.

Pan, a bronzy Polynesian Pan with ginger blooms in his hair, will peer at us from behind *lianas,* and the singing of *wamis,* the exiled thrushes of the jungle, will be the echoes of his piping. . . .

. . . . in my Hawaii . . .

Hawaii! Say the word . . . slowly. Taste the flowing syrup of its vowels. Enjoy the lingering pleasure that flavors its smooth, floating loveliness. Learn to pronounce the name and you will understand many things about the place.

Ha-vwy-ee. Pronounce *ha* gaily, as the first syllable of a laugh; say *vwy* with a velvety blend of the *v* and the *w*, a sound that is a love-child of the two letters; and *ee* drawn out so easily that the word has no definite ending . . . a sigh of happy anticipation. Do you get it?

Ha-vwy-ee . . .

There is in that word the susurrus of distant surf swooning in white surrender to black sand beaches lost on the windward side of Maui below the old dead volcano. There is the insidious persuasion of palm trees murmuring secrets to vagrant breezes from the sea, and the faint whisper of liquid sunshine drenching brown woven roofs of grass-houses in old Hawaii.

It is the magic lamp among names, conjuring the genie of memory or imagination to transport us, vagabonds all, to these islands of delight far out under the Southern Cross . . . born of the night, sired by the sun, cradled in the halcyon sea, with a hula moon for godmother.

Although each Aladdin speaks the same mystic word, the genie, wise in the ways of human wishing, knows that to every man Hawaii means the place of dream fulfillment, so he evokes that picture closest to his master's heart's-desire.

For the old . . . there is a Hawaii where weariness is soothed from tired bodies by the cool, sympathetic touch of the trade winds, and the sickness of frayed nerves healed by the warm, constant sun.

For the young . . . there is romance; a gossamer of enchantment woven with a warp of love and a woof of laughter, embroidered with song and patterned with ecstasy.

The sensualist finds a place of unbelievable gratification, where nights are drugged with heavy perfume, and the beat of shark-skin drums sounds distantly savage beneath the sentimental singing of the beach-boys at Waikiki; where responsive flesh knows the joy of yielding, and sweetly curved golden bodies are wise in the rhythms of passion.

The reformer may find joyous pagan hearts to herd into the folds of righteousness. His work will be made happily difficult by the nimbleness with which the Hawaiian spirit evades the grim gates topped with the legend, "Thou shalt be Miserable."

The little school teacher or stenographer, famishing for glamour, sees Hawaii in the terms of Fanny Heaslip Lea's lacily romantic stories, with bronzed sugar planters, palpitant with ardor, breathing perfect love-talk into receptive ears.

The sad of spirit find a lotos-land, where bitter memories are blurred to dim shadowiness by the insistent appeal of beauty; where the mind is lured to blue valleys of forgetfulness by rainbows shimmering against drifting curtains of silver mist; where color, fragrance, and song blend into one soothing harmony of peace.

The ethnologist discovers seven bloods fused and confused into fascinating tangles for his searching sensitive fingers to unravel.

The wander-footed inland youth travels to the Islands on the valiant story-ships of Jack London, or often, more literally, via the recruiting stations of the United States Army or Navy, where he finds high adventure or disillusionment according to his individual responsiveness to surroundings.

To the frivolous . . . it may represent only gay parties lasting from daylight to dawn, with rumors, not unfounded, of midnight swimming in costumes of moonlight and prevailing southerly winds.

The gourmet may enjoy the primitive flavors of pig roasted underground among hot rocks with bananas, yams, seaweed and the cream of cocoanuts; or the curiously negative offerings of Japanese banquets, served on low lacquer tables before him while he sits cross-legged on a spotless straw mat viewing old Nipponese scenery of dwarfed trees and towering miniature mountains, transplanted from Japan for his eye-pleasure. He may learn the intricacies of a Chinese wedding feast with shark-fin or bird-nest soups cooled with crisp crunchy water-chestnuts; or taste courses that offer texture alone to test his epicurean discrimination. If he is fortunate he may be guest at a famous fish-curry dinner served by one of the great hostesses of the Islands.

To the artist . . . it is a palette of broken opals and fluid jewels, challenging him to paint.

To the poet . . . it is a land of dream-phantasy where his most extravagant phrases are too frail to hold his visions captive.

To me, painter, poet, vagabond, lusty liver of the physical, and withal a tireless aviator among the high, luminous clouds of idealism, Hawaii is many things. It is a path of powdered moonstones, leading my restless feet up the arch of the lunar rainbow across a metal sky at night to the stars, then down, down to a bluely beautiful lagoon where fine hopes of accomplishment are drowned slowly in the soft, warm waters of pleasure. It is a *koa* calabash, from which I may drink the sweet waters of a jungle pool and wash the metallic taste of cities from my lips and throat; and it is a goblet of cloyingly sweet wine, pungent with the five spices of the senses, bitter with the wormwood of forgotten dreams and purposes. It is the perfume of the tropics, the white unforgettable fragrance of ginger blossoms fumed with the poisonously lovely incense of *ylang-ylang,* narcotic with sensuous delight, sinister with the musk of decay . . . decay of ambition under the continuous anæsthesia of surfeited desires.

But, more than all else, Hawaii today is a magnificent Polynesian woman standing against a green tapestry woven from the trailing *lianas* of her jungles; the scarlet *hibiscus* burns like a flower of flame in her hair; a *lei* of gardenias and sweet *maile* vines circles her throat and droops over her bare, deep bosom; her brown feet are in a stream into which flow the seven bloods of the nations who are her people. The gifts of her subjects are heaped about her. China burns the joss of ancient temples, and strikes gongs of resonant jade with mallets of silver for her delight. Japan brings cloisonné and brocade, and the ceaseless industry of her small, active men. The Philippines give *piña* cloth, and strange grotesque figurines carved from dark woods of black jungles. There is a huge ebony chest with hinges and studs of white brass, and a lock wrought in intricate device, for her robes of state; this is the gift of Korea. Portugal, Russia, Samoa, and Australia add their arts and their songs to her culture. Europe and America have spun a rich, gleaming fabric on the monstrous looms of progress to replace the garment of beaten *tapa* which she has worn for centuries.

Like all of the too-beautiful women of history, she has exalted men to greatness and she has drained them of their strength. Her warm, generous arms embrace all. It is not her fault that the intoxication of her glorious pagan giving is too splendid for little men, that it stirs them to a delirium of prodigal wasting or dulls them to a lethargy of listless enjoyment.

Hawaii pours the sun-gold of her days and the moon-silver of her nights into the hands of her lovers. They may save or spend. Hawaii will always give.

Approach to Paradise

I WAS twenty-one when I made my first trip to the Hawaiian Islands. As eager and alive as any twenty-one year old that ever sent vagabond eyes and heart down the long, shifting path of the moon across vast waters to the fascinating far places of the storied Pacific.

I was not unfamiliar with adventure, or the look and smell of strange countries. I had answered the challenge of northern lands and loved the Viking beauty of winter; the painted deserts and bleak prairies of the West were part of my childhood; I knew the desolation and the majesty of the great peaks of the Northwest, and the mysteries of that strange festering sore that is called the Yellowstone; but the stories of Stevenson, London and Melville were all I had to inform me of the glamour of the tropics.

My luggage and equipment for adventuring consisted principally in the curiosity of an alley cat, the appetite of a small boy, the digestion of an ostrich, and the capacity of a behemoth for food, either physical, mental, emotional or spiritual. Actually I had my ticket, a few dollars *and* a strong body engined with superb health, combined with a heritage of restlessness bequeathed me by generations of pioneer ancestors, to whom the lure of frontiers was always as irresistible as the pull of magnetized steel to stray iron filings. Men have gone farther with less.

Hawaii! I imagined a great deal about it. Volcanos . . . one at least, maybe several; jungles and palm trees . . . no tropics could be complete without them; grass skirts . . . of course; surf riders . . . a bit foggy about that. As a matter of fact I knew very little except that it lay "five days and ninety dollars" out from San Francisco. That bit of information I had gotten from a railway ticket seller a week before when, drifting down the wind from Nova Scotia to Oklahoma, I stopped off between trains to snort car dust and cinders from my nostrils and to get a breath of air (one can hardly say *fresh* air) in Kansas City.

The first random street car that rattled by the station caught my attention. Obviously it was going somewhere, and probably it was coming back. I boarded it. My thanks to the little pink-eared gods of chance! That careless, coin-flipping decision affected my life more beneficially than any brow-furrowing, ponderous judgment I ever made.

The car bumbled up through the heart of the city, passing a theater where I noticed the billings of "The Bird of Paradise, with Lenore Ulrich." Matinee. Perfect time-killer.

A colorful, pathetic drama unfolded before my eyes to the accompaniment of strangely melancholy songs accented by primitive, stirring rhythms of beaten drums and hot, savage voices chanting cadenced *meles.*

In those two hours Hawaii put her spell everlastingly upon me. Through the illusion of the stage I lived in a land of music and laughter where flower-crowned, amber-fleshed people invoked a fierce goddess of lava and fire, through a ritual of furious dancing and the staccato rattle of dried gourds filled with hard seeds.

A girl danced. With arms and hands undulant as restless waves, her body supple as a swaying vine, her bare feet moving with caressing lightness, she danced against an exotic background of trailing, tangled *lianas* and tall, sky-rocketing palm trees.

All of the dreamer in me responded. Anyone who saw Lenore Ulrich in the part of Luana can understand. I had found my Islands of Delight and was committed to the voyaging.

"Five days and ninety dollars." It sounded like a fine imposed by a granite-faced judge. It was only the trifling price I paid for fourteen years of glorious living.

Within a week I was on a steamer heading west through Golden Gate, full of anticipation and seasick remedies. I have never been able to decide whether excitement or bromides and dried beef effected the cure, but after one tribute to the sea I enjoyed every moment to the full.

It is curious how one can go drifting along intensely interested in everything and particularly interested in nothing until suddenly a name, color or fragrance strikes to the deeps of the mind and stirs powerful longings and desires, the more disturbing because they have no recognizable reason for being. From that time all things are flavorless until the yearning is satisfied. That is what happened to me in the theater. The name "Hawaii," which I had heard many times without any especial reactions, became a summons which must be answered. It is curious also that when the sought place is found, despite the fact that no previous experience prepares one for it, it is familiar in all of its aspects.

Five days of following the red, retreating banners of the sun, with occasional whales spouting geysers against the skyline and porpoises cavorting ahead. By day, squadrons of tiny blue-gleaming airplane scouts, flying fishes, led us gallantly forward, and by night the white fires of phosphorescence blazed a ghost road for us to follow. The leaden gray of northern waters changed to a heavy, purplish ultramarine. I held a ring of mine, an oblong of Russian lapis lazuli against the color of the ocean. The Pacific was the deeper blue.

The trip could have been boresomely uneventful. Nothing of real moment happened; there were no outstandingly interesting people aboard. I spotted two depressed looking women and a man with that fixed, intense gaze of one who plots against governments; but they proved to be only missionaries on their soul-saving way to China.

A movie star from Hollywood, whose raiment matched the sunsets in vividness and splendor, supplied the dowager dreadnaughts of the deck-chairs with conversational relief from the discussion of operations. Whenever she passed Gossip Row, she left a wake of spiteful and acidulous comment. I'm positive I heard the word "hussy," that favorite with good women. She proved to be a dumb, amiable person, quite harmless. She revenged the feminine cattiness by annexing all of the attractive men on board, from captain down; but she would have done that anyway, so I think she was not malicious.

There were many Honolulu people, but I avoided talking with them. They seemed to be very ordinary folk with none of the outward signs of vivid living which I felt should mark people who had had the privilege of dwelling in Hawaii. They looked like persons who would give me statistics, and statistics are such inflexible things. My wisdom teeth were cut sufficiently to warn me that disappointment of some sort awaited me. No place could be so extravagantly lovely as the islands I envisioned. If I had to take my bitter dose of disillusionment I wanted to do it by myself where I could make wry faces and be ill in my own way.

As a matter of fact the other passengers were merely figures moving hazily in the mirage of my highly colored imaginings, and even the upsetting, pea-green faces of the limp ladies of the steamer chairs, and the lusty, abominable

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deck striders and tennis players, whose game seemed to be principally vocal, disturbed me only faintly as the far ringing of bells out of tune.

Because I knew nothing about the place I was approaching, I viewed with exaggerated interest each change in the air, each new cloud outline, every bit of flotsam on the water which might give me clues to the glamorous islands ahead.

Lazy daydreams occupied most of my waking moments. I builded many castles in Spain, or, rather, grass houses in Paradise. Yes, I would have a grass house on a bit of beach, with guarding cocoanut palms to give me food and shade. I would meet a girl like the one in the play. We would fish a little and hunt for jaguars, monkeys or rare orchids (my information was sketchy), and I could paint and write with inspiration at my door. I would be a super-beachcomber and amaze the world with Paradise loot upon my return to civilization.

There was one quiet, gray-haired man whom I called the Man from Honolulu, who proved to be an excellent friend. I told him something of my plans and ideas. He smiled with sympathetic, amused understanding, but made no use of the opportunity to display his wisdom, only giving some delightful, irrelevant comments which added to the already cloud-high structure of my expectations. He too had been to far harbors.

This, however, he did say:

"I'm glad you're seeing Honolulu now. It's the quaintest, most unspoiled place in the world, but the world is discovering it. That means tourists . . . and you know tourists."

The long hours moved with the slow-motion languidness of sloths, but they were not monotonous. At one time only was the fine web of my dreaming invaded by the human mosquitoes who are tourists. A family of five, mother, father, twin flapper daughters and an older son, all cut from the same chinless, adenoidal, gooseberry-eyed pattern, chose me as the especially favored audience for their pointless stories of traveling, their blurry kodak pictures of the Grand Canyon glimpsed between the spindle shanks of the girls, and their garish souvenirs of Hollywood. I dodged, maneuvered, skulked, evaded and snubbed them to no avail, until, cornered at last, I took a militant stand. Flying fishes gave me my inspiration. Early in the morning of the third day I waylaid the son.

"Have you been down to the purser's office," I asked him, "to get your issue?"

"Issue of what?" he took the bait promptly, figuring anything that was given away or wasn't nailed down as his loot.

"Masks," I said; "wire masks to wear over your face. These flying fishes go over in such clouds that people often have their eyes put out."

He whooped joyously away to inform the flock. I saw them trooping eagerly down for their booty. They returned shortly looking very crestfallen and, individually and as a family, gave me glances of untropical coldness. They took extreme caution to avoid me during the remaining days.

I returned to my pleasant occupation of scouting for advance-guard signs of approaching tropics. The clouds, with their changing and ever varying shapes, painted titanic canvases for the delight of my idle, appreciative eyes; each new crested wave left a different lovely intricacy of foam. Sea birds hovered and curved with that air of weariness which belies their tireless wings. There was an exhilaration in the strong forward rise and plunge of the ship. It, too, seemed anxious to reach the Islands.

The end of each day found me pleasantly weary, for a bit of my heart surged ahead on the back of every skittering flying fish that flashed across the bow of the boat, and I strained with the engines urging us forward through the slow swells of the ocean.

The texture of the wind changed subtly but steadily from an abrasive chill to a satin-soft caress which put drowsiness upon my eyelids and a warm liqueur of languor into my blood. This absinth of dreaminess, mixed with a mounting champagne of expectancy, made a curiously disturbing cocktail of sensations that had me completely groggy.

An elusive fragrance crept into the breeze, tantalizing and delighting my nostrils with its promises. It was delicately acrid with the smell of seaweed, blended with the freshness of cool jungle growths and the almost imperceptible sweetness of flowers, betraying the increasing nearness of the Islands.

Beginning with the dawn of the last day before our arrival in Honolulu, my anticipations keyed me to such a pitch of excitement that I seemed to be a taut-stringed instrument upon which the fingers of the senses played modernistic melodies, disturbingly dissonant and uneasy.

At sunset time I had that feeling of hushed waiting which comes at the moment in opera when the musicians file into the pit and the tuning of instruments precedes the overture.

Perhaps Hawaii recognized one of her own, a prodigal son returning after centuries of wandering, and prepared a pageant of welcome; because, as the night progressed, each hour brought some new revelation of beauty until my mind clogged and clotted with sensuous impressions.

The sun, grand master of ceremonies, retired behind a curtain of sultry colors, leaving the scene set with towering trade clouds piled like white phantoms of temples against a sky of star-studded indigo.

Then the moon. Hawaiian hula moon. Warm, golden, enormous. It sprang from the massed shadows of the clouds on the horizon as a dancer, jeweled and gleaming with sequins, leaps from between parted draperies to the center of a stage. With only the small competition of paled stars, it held my eyes for hours.

It's not the same moon that shines in the temperate zone countries. Only the harvest moon of autumn approaches the burnished, brass-and-copper brilliance of it. It is nearer. It seems to understand humans, especially young ones, better. It is positively psychic in its tactful retirement behind clouds at the exact moment when its presence would be embarrassing. It's a real hula moon and its beams are laughter.

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A long happy sigh from someone near me distracted my attention. I turned to see who my moon-gazing neighbor might be. A little old woman, about sixty-five, was leaning on the rail. She was a quaint, birdlike person, gray hair, gray clothes . . . gray. I had noticed her before drifting about the boat like a lost sparrow, always alone. Now she was looking raptly at the moon. She turned to me quite suddenly and said, with a funny little thrill in her voice:

"It's just the way I dreamed it would be."

Startling and interesting. Does one dream of moons at sixty-five?

"My husband and I always planned to come to Hawaii," she continued confidentially, "but, what with one thing and another, we put it off and put it off. It was to be our second honeymoon." She dimpled shyly. "But we put it off until it was too late . . . for us to see it together."

"That's too bad," I consoled vaguely, rather at loss, since her happy face contradicted her sad news.

"Oh, I'm going to see it just the same . . . and tell him about it," she assured me.

"That's a nice idea, and perhaps you can make the trip together later."

"He died last year," she said. Her eyes were misty but her smile was as gay as a young girl's as she turned eagerly toward the moon again, watching it as though some golden detail might escape her, something *he* would enjoy when she found him to "tell him about it."

A group of native singing boys, homeward bound after a season in the cabarets of the States, cast off the tawdry garment of jazz and played naked melodies of Polynesia, revealing the stark yearning for past pagan days before the white man's civilizing invasion drove the ancient gods to mournful hiding in hanging valleys of the secret high places of Kauai and Molokai.

That music in the night brought the Islands very near. The vibrations of the engines translated into rapid successive shocks of drumbeats, and the wind in the rigging became the distant wailing of women over fallen warriors after battle.

Exhausted by the surfeit of sensations, I must have drowsed for a long time. I was awakened by a touch on my shoulder. The Man from Honolulu, who was to be my guide to many splendid things in Hawaii, stood by my side.

"I didn't want you to miss this," he said.

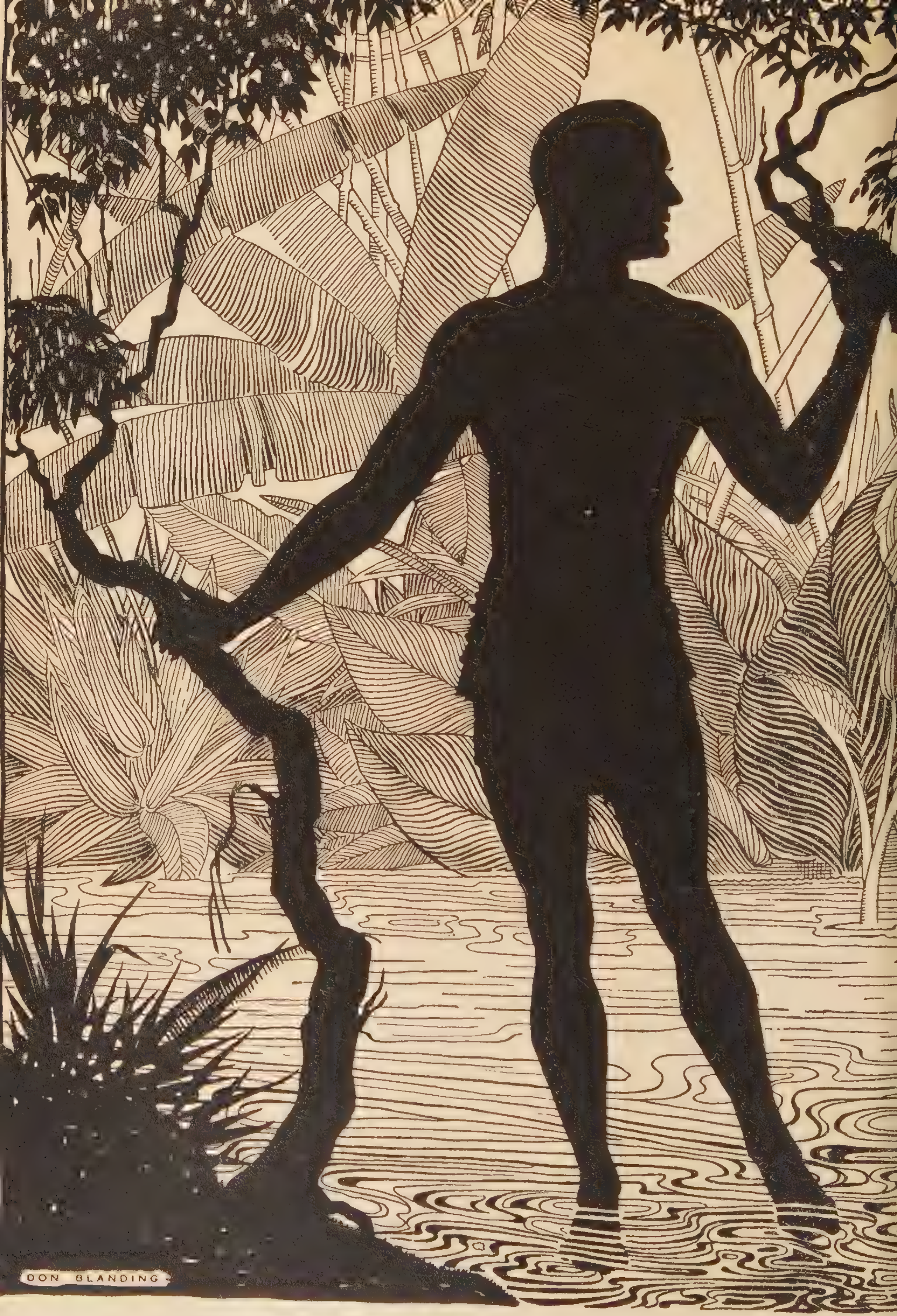
The moon, wan and tired after its long night of brilliance, hung heavy and pink as an over-ripe guava in the west. As one last generous offering it flung a pale spotlight across the sea to the opposite horizon onto a scarf of mist that hung gauzily from a billowing cloud. A lunar rainbow shimmered there. As the moonstone is timid sister of the fire opal, so is the moon rainbow a pastel ghost of the day's glorious arch.

For uncounted minutes it dimly shone and waned, the feeble pulse of the dying night. It was as elusive as the faint fragrance of pressed flowers found in an idle moment between the pages of an old book, or the wraith of a dear friend glimpsed through the thin, dusty curtains of passed years.

"A Hawaiian would tell you that good luck awaits you in the Islands. I hope so," said the Man from Honolulu. "Don't miss the dawn. It should be your first impression of Hawaii."

I shall never cease to be grateful to that man, who, with his gentle comprehension of the terrific importance of such moments in a youngster's first voyagings, guided me with the sympathy which his own deep love of the Islands gave him.

There will never be another port, except that last, dark one at the end of my vagabondage, that will offer me such breath-hushing, anticipatory approach.


DON BLANDING

Hawaiian Idyll

Aloha

THE last hour of the night was sooty dark. Standing in the very tip of the bow, alone, I knew the feeling of figureheads on old ships entering strange harbors. The fresh, clean breeze dashed salt sea-spray into my face, washing the heaviness of sleep from my eyes.

Suddenly, as though they were conjured to reality by my eagerness, I saw the Islands, black against the blackness, enormous, fantastic, unbelievable. The Islands. The jagged, tortured skyline of Oahu, gnawed by some titanic god-mouse back in the beginnings of time; mountains that nightmare-haunted artists draw to illustrate tales of magic, mountains born of the convulsions of earth, stabbing the white leviathan clouds with their gaunt peaks.

Small brave lights winked valiantly through the heavier dark where sea and land joined.

Torches? Fires?

My imagination, utilizing the scrappy bits of misinformation I had collected, builded villages and crude temples around those flickering dots. Feasters polishing off the last shreds of flesh from the bones of a wild boar. In the freshening breeze I heard the voices of brown nature gods, cloud-gods and wet-flanked demigods of the sea, promising me primitive joys in their land.

My happy isolation was invaded by the dim figures of other passengers, yawning and br-r-ing as they emerged through oblongs of orange light from stuffy cabins, shivering in the murky coolness of morning.

Homecoming Honolulans called happily to each other. They pointed with their voices to nebulous blocks of darkness.

"There's Makapuu Point! There's Diamond Head!"

Ma-ka-pu-u Point. War in that word . . . war of black lava rocks and green attacking seas. Diamond Head . . . Java Head . . . Gibraltar. Certain great masses of land seem to be magnets for the imaginations of men. Unforgettable silhouettes stenciled on a dream fabric.

I felt a touch on my arm. The Man from Honolulu stood beside me.

"Why don't you go down to your cabin and have a cigarette? I'll call you at the right time."

I caught his idea. The faint gray of dawn was diluting the thick envelope about us. Color was seeping thinly into things. The unveiling of the Islands.

I had finished one cigarette when my friend called me. I had left black night. We emerged into the full flush of a new day. We walked to the rail. I had wiped all ideas of the land from my mind so that I might be spared the disillusionment of finding Hawaii less splendid than my hope of it.

When I say that I was shocked by the beauty of the scene, I mean just that. The impact of vivid colors came with almost physical force. A world, so newly made that the paint was not yet dry, lay before us. Shades of green that I thought existed only on an artist's palette, veridian, jade, pistachio, emerald, flooded and flowed from mountain peaks down slopes into valleys to the sea. The sky pulsed with colors of chromo intensity.

The mountains, the hills and the flat lands by the ocean all seemed to be covered with a soft bloom, a green nap like the surface of velvet or wet mosses. Soft as pollen is soft, or flesh.

The whole effect was so theatrical that I could almost hear the Great Stage-Manager directing the master electrician:

"Du Barry pink in the east. More violet there to the left."

A woman tourist near me bleated rapturously:

"It's just like a Maxfield Parrish painting."

I had to admit that she was right. The same unbelievable blues, the same aqueous purples and jewel greens opposed to aniline yellows and rose tints.

The Man from Honolulu explained the scene to me. The dark tapestry-greens at the tops of the mountains were *koa* forests, the Hawaiian mahogany; the lighter silvery-yellow greens, embroidered over the darker fabric, were *kukui* trees: the broad patches of metallic blue-green looking like squares of corduroy-velvet were pineapple fields, and the tatters of silky pistachio green were sugar cane. The rust-red and copper lines that surrounded the blotches of color, like gold thread around enamels in a cloisonné, were roads in the red lava dust of the soil.

Honolulu, capital city of the seven islands, spread along the beach and up its valleys to the high wall of mountains that resembled nothing so much as the amazing arrangements that inspired window dressers conceive to display the sheen of cut velvets and satins. The early sun, slanting across the folds of the hills, caught the wet gleam of the forest.

Diamond Head, an old, extinct crater, crouched like a headless sphinx with its paws in the sea guarding the tropical city. Waikiki Beach looked like a ribbon of yellow sand beaded with the gay bungalows of the tourists, with the white structure of the Moana Hotel as pendant.

As we neared the docks we were greeted by a rapidly approaching swarm of bobbing fuzz-buttons which resolved into the famous diving boys of the harbor. They are the unofficial committee of welcome, utterly unrelated to chambers of commerce, direct descendants of the first wide-eyed Polynesians who swam out to meet the strange bird-ships of Captain Cook and his crews.

Those first Hawaiians thought the white men were gods, and took them gifts and adoration. Since then many Hawaiians have swum out to meet many ships, but they know now that we whites are not gods. Our clay feet have been too largely in evidence, and, bitterest disillusionment, they even suspect that our heads may be solid ivory.

However, we are still coin tossers, and the diving boys have few prejudices.

A half dollar spun in the air; a dozen brown bodies upended and disappeared under the surface in a whirlwind of foam. We could see them groping dimly through the clear blue water. An arm shot out into the air followed by a grinning face; in the open palm the coin gleamed. One urchin, treading water vigorously, rose waist high above the water and executed a few wriggles of the hula. He was rewarded by a bombardment of nickels, dimes and quarters.

Our movie lady from Hollywood, wearing a tomato-red hat, leaned far out to throw a dollar. The breeze caught her hat and skimmed it out away from the ship. She screamed. A diving boy saw the descending chapeau and sped to the rescue. Just before it touched the water he slid his small head neatly under the brim. As he lifted his brown imp's face surmounted with its incongruous decoration he became the target for a volley of money. His gallantry was richly rewarded. When he scrambled up the ship's side with the red hat (*pour le sport?*) he was snapped by a dozen kodaks, and later that afternoon we saw his picture in the evening paper.

One boy, an expert diver, swarmed high onto the upper decks. There he dribbled wetly until all eyes focused upon him. He poised for a second, then, as a spear speeds from a warrior's hand, his slim body shot into the air, poising, Icarus in the flesh, with phantom wings supporting him before he plunged down sixty feet in a perfect swan-dive, sliding into the water with scarcely a splash.

I learned that many of the famous Island swimmers served apprenticeship in the harbor as diving boys.

We docked shortly and our attention shifted from the swimmers to the crowd on the piers. My first impression was that the town had attended a masquerade party the night before and had remained in motley to greet the steamer. The groups had more gaiety of spirit and dress than any I had ever seen anywhere. The women contributed most of the color; Chinese girls in trousers of blush pink and coats of apple-leaf green, Japanese women festive in colored kimonos and bright *obi* sashes, Filipino women in transparent butterfly waists of tinted net revealing their plump arms and part of their neat little melon breasts, Koreans in quiet combinations of magenta, cerise and emerald green; all these cheerful colors were mixed with the less primitive hues of the European and American men and women, most of them in white. The pier was a garden of gay blossoming, and the expression common to all faces was an honest smile.

The confusion of landing swept everyone into swirls of laughing, crying and chattering humanity. A persistent fragrance of flowers dominated the smell of oil, wood, steam and dirt of the harbor. Flowers were everywhere, bouquets, baskets, and, most interesting of all, garlands of flowers elaborately woven in designs of many colors. A feeling that was warm, hospitable and welcoming flowed from the crowd to the ship, enveloping stranger and friend alike.

My friend, the Man from Honolulu, joined me at the rail. He pointed to a surge of people who streamed up the gangplank.

"My tribe," he laughed. "Stand by."

Two elderly women, several pretty girls, a couple of grinning, embarrassed boys, several excited youngsters and a middle-aged man swarmed around him. After an interval of noisy, large-gestured exchange of affectionate demonstration, he extricated himself and came to me, followed by his "tribe."

"Family," he addressed them all inclusively, "this young man is a *malihini* with some rather extravagant ideas about Hawaii. Shall we show him our side of it?"

His mother, a gracious, lovely woman with snowy hair, came to me, holding in her hands a *lei*, a garland of flowers called *plumeria,* ivory white petals brushed with yellow at their hearts, and put it around my neck.

"Aloha," she said. "That means welcome and friendship."

That *lei,* the first of many that I wore in Hawaii, will remain in my heart as long as I can remember, as a symbol of that hospitality which is Hawaii's own. It is a hospitality so generous, so splendid, that it overwhelms the visitor.

"A friend of a friend *is* a friend" is the unwritten law of the Islander.

Despite my protestations (feeble ones, I'll admit), my luggage was found, I was bundled into a big car with my friend's "tribe" and whisked away along beautiful avenues, massed with bright flowers and brilliant foliage on either side, to a home set among lawns and trees. I was shown to a room which I was told was mine for as long as I'd honor it with my presence.

It was too breath-taking. With no passport except my face (a very ordinary one), I was part of this friendly, delightful family, which in turn seemed to be part of a larger family that included almost all of the city.

The dizzy week that followed was a continuous whirl of parties and sight-seeing. One party melded into another from swimming time at the beach until dawn; dinners, beach parties, dances in the mountain homes and in the great houses by the sea. I never heard so much happy, spontaneous laughter or saw so much friendliness. It was delightful, amazing and . . . exhausting. Tropical languor . . . my eye! These Honolulu people had an energy (for parties and good times, at least) which was positively appalling. There were enough pretty girls to supply an international beauty contest, and the women of all ages had a charm which I found characteristic of Hawaii; it lay in the lovely smiles of their eyes and lips. Women do not seem to get old in these Garden of Eden islands; they take on weight, wrinkles and gray hair, but Eve manages somehow to eat of the apple

. . . and remain in the garden. The "liquid sunshine" seemed to have diluted even the dour acids of the missionaries, so that the second and third generations are as nice and likable as ordinary sinful people.

I was amazed to find that Honolulu, five days out in the Pacific, with a population of a hundred thousand, largely Oriental, was a thoroughly modern American city with all of the advantages of civilization, yet with the charm of a neighborly little village. The untamed jungle lay in its back yard and on its main street were theaters billing the latest movies from Hollywood. Most of the white people had been educated in the States or abroad; Paris, Shanghai, Calcutta, and New York were vacationing places for them. They loved Hawaii but they loved to get away from it . . . and started to long for it as soon as they had left. The world was just discovering the charm of the place and flocking to it. Daily it was becoming more a copy of the California tourist cities. It was in the path of progress. Certain simple beauties were departing before efficiency and Americanization, but the larger loveliness, the *personality* of the place would remain always.

I was so busy keeping pace with my indefatigable hosts that I could only enjoy the festivities and accept, without question, the welcome and hospitality which is "Aloha" and which seems to be part of the fabric of the Island life.

One day, however, my friend and host joined me for a cigarette on the broad *lanai,* vine-screened and cool. We smoked a while in silence.

"You're pretty disappointed, aren't you, youngster?" he asked suddenly.

I protested.

"I'm having a wonderful time. You all have been splendid. I never knew so many charming people existed in one place in the world."

He smiled understandingly.

"You didn't come way out here in the Pacific to meet charming people. You came to find the things you loved in that stage play, didn't you?"

"Yes," I admitted. "And they aren't here?"

"Don't make the mistake of thinking Honolulu is Hawaii," he said. "It is no more the real Hawaii than the girl on the stage was a Hawaiian girl. Honolulu is a white woman, a charming one, with a red *hibiscus* in her hair, with a white ginger *lei* about her throat. She even wears a grass skirt sometimes. She speaks a few of the words, and dances a pretty imitation of the hula . . . but she is not Hawaiian."

He blew a few smoke rings contemplatively, then continued:

"Back there behind the mountains, and on the other Islands, on Maui, Molokai, Kauai and in the Kona district, you will find the spirit of the grass house. It will have a corrugated iron roof, to be sure. You may even pluck a few leaves from a grass skirt."

"How do I find this?" I interrupted eagerly.

"It won't be difficult. The Hawaiians are the friendliest, most lovable people on earth. The famous Honolulu hospitality that you have commented upon is a gift from them to the white people who have taken their power and their lands. Once they know you are sincerely interested, and that you're not going to laugh at their customs, they'll show you themselves as they are."

"But I *am* sincerely interested."

"I know you are. And for that reason I'll be glad to guide you to the Hawaii that you should know. There's to be a splendid *luau,* a feast, on the island of Maui. I'm going to take you there. There will not be many *haoles* (whites) and I'll guarantee you a good time."

"When do we go?"

"The day after tomorrow, if that's convenient for you."

"I'm ready to start now."

"It's rather a long swim, and there are no boats until Thursday."

"I don't know how to thank you."

"Say *'Mahalo';* that's the Hawaiian word."

"Ma-ha-lo." The word *did* seem to express what I felt. "Why do you do all this? It's so splendidly generous of you?"

The Man from Honolulu smiled.

"That's just a part of meaning the word 'Aloha' when one says it."

Pig and Poi

IN New York, when I am invited to a 7:30 dinner I try to arrive within ten minutes of the appointed time," explained the Man from Honolulu (whom I shall call Will, from now on), as we rode through the glories of a tropical dawn on the Island of Maui. "But in Hawaii when Aunty Pinau Kalaukalani asks me for one of her famous *luaus* I get there just as long beforehand as possible. The preparations of a *luau* are fully as interesting as the feast itself."

I knew that I was mighty fortunate to be one of the guests at this feast, an especially fine one given in honor of a famous Hawaiian dancer who had swished her grass skirt in the hula for the delight of kings and lesser mortals in most of the great cities of the world. Tourists may attend the commercial *luaus* in Honolulu and enjoy a poor imitation of the pageantry of the real old-fashioned festivals, but to get the genuine thing, one must be either *kamaaina,* old timer, or a friend of a *kamaaina.* The tactless behavior of white visitors, who should have better manners, has made even the hospitable Hawaiians a bit cautious about issuing invitations.

After a night on the little Inter-Island boat, a marine equivalent of a bucking broncho, the three of us, my host, his niece Helen, and I, rode many miles through the morning, into jungled valleys and across sun-punished hilltops, around the slopes of the extinct volcano, Haleakala.

We lingered to drink from cool pools canopied by the delicate shadow-lace of giant tree ferns, and stretched for luxurious half hours on the dizzy brinks of precipices overlooking vistas of beach, trade clouds and blue ocean, relaxing to the persuasive languor induced by the soft fanning of breezes pungent with the fragrances of many flowers.

I had the feeling that now, perhaps, the Hawaii that I sought might be near. Honolulu with its tourists and street cars seemed very far away. At about ten o'clock we reached our destination, a little bay of dazzlingly blue water, half enclosed by a crescent beach of black disintegrated lava that shone like wet polished jet as each wave swooshed across it, leaving traceries of foam and seaweed. A straggling line of wind-whipped palm trees trailed aimlessly along the edge of the sand, and behind them the slopes of the volcano mounted in convulsions of ten thousand shades of green to the clouds, which hid the scars of its past eruptions from all except the kindly eye of the sun.

Will called a cheery "Aloha." We were answered from the beach.

We hurried our horses and were soon in the midst of a laughing group of Hawaiians who welcomed us heartily, plying us with questions about friends in Honolulu and generally displaying that heart-warming hospitality that is as ever-present and as pleasant as the sunshine in Hawaii.

This was the first chance I had to see Hawaiians in their own setting. Physically a fine people. Most of them were tall, big-boned, well muscled. The skin was a pleasant shade of brown, between copper and cocoa color. Fine erect carriage, even the older women, who were corpulent to the point of obesity, had the flat backs and strong, firm legs that manage to carry weight with dignity. The young girls were curvey, lissome things, and the young men might have posed for sculptors. Swimming, climbing, and outdoor life gave them deep chests, powerful arms, firm torsos and the natural grace of animals. Men and women alike wore *leis* of flowers, bright garlands in the wavy, dark, thick hair, or about their strong columnar throats.

Will introduced me.

"This man is *malihini*. I think he'll be *kamaaina wiki-wiki* (quickly)."

We were thoroughly dusty, weary and hungry (scenerying is exhaustive business); consequently our first activity was the shedding of sweaty garments and the donning of a smooth, thick coating of cocoanut oil, a broad, permanent smile and a red *malo,* a breechclout. Helen being a woman, put on a yellow *mumu,* a cross between a flour sack and an old-fashioned nightie. *Mumus* were designed by the well-intentioned missionary ladies (strong in virtue but weak in fashion sense), as a covering for the Hawaiian women, in the early days when a few flowers sufficed for a garment. I have a faint suspicion that those worthy ladies indulged in a bit of low feminine trickery and guile when they covered the beautiful bodies of their pagan converts with these shapeless and abominable garments. They probably justified their action by remembering that men (even missionary men) are just poor weak creatures at best, and the temptations of the flesh are resisted more easily when the flesh is not so generously displayed. I've wondered how the Hawaiians adjusted to the idea that with one breath they were told that they were made in the image of God (which seemed logical, no doubt) and with the next were told to cover that image from sight. The only redeeming virtue of the *mumu* is that it is comfortable and well ventilated.

Following our example of a return to the primitive, most of the Hawaiian men and boys, who for propriety's sake had been flopping around in dungarees and shirts, shed them in favor of *malos* and short trunks.

We were offered food, tempting and lavish bowls of it; but, knowing that we would need razor-keen appetites and unlimited capacities to do justice to the feast that awaited us later in the day, we resisted, and lunched lightly on a sliver of dried fish, a little jerked beef, an orange, a slice of pineapple, a few guavas, a couple of papayas and a bowl of *poi* apiece.

"We'd better greet our hostess," said Will. "Where's Aunty Pinau?"

"She go *au-au* now," said one of the Hawaiians, pointing to the little bay.

We saw a large Hawaiian woman *au-au* (swimming) in a yellow *mumu,* in the water. She was floating like a nice friendly whale, with a flock of youngsters like sportive dolphins tumbling about her. Will hailed her. She beached on the soft sand, and, after greeting us cordially, sat weaving a *lei* of seaweed and little shells. She was really enormous. Her figure had a forward flowing movement. Chins blended into her bosom, which overlapped her stomach, which in turn quite filled her lap. She had a mountainous dignity. Her back was as flat and erect as a soldier's on parade. Her hair was snowy white, gently framing a pleasant face which was made lovely by the gracious kindliness of her smile, and the laughter in her understanding eyes. Occasional waves lifted her stomach and shifted it gently from side to side like an anchored barge, but *she* was a headland against which the surf beat in vain.

While Aunty Pinau and Will indulged in friendly gossip and chatter I gazed about with large interest.

There was riotous color everywhere. *Lantana* thickets spattered the near-by hillsides with blotches of butter-yellow, orange and rose tints. Guava bushes offered their pink pulpy fruit for our plucking. The twisting valleys that writhed their tortuous way up the mountain were filled with the silvery yellow-green of *kukui* trees, a foliage that holds this tender spring-leaf color throughout the year. Here and there were *bougainvillea* vines draping Tyrian purple and magenta glory over distant huts, or *poinciana regia* trees, flowery conflagrations of vermilion blossoming. The sea was milky turquoise near the shore, deepening through jade to lapis lazuli at the horizon. Warm sunlight drenched everything with a golden dye.

In places along the water's edge long black fingers of lava stretched out into the restless surf, and there the green battalions of the sea made hollow thunder and roarings in huge, eroded dragon-caverns. Hawaii cannot make a stingy gesture; she cannot offer her gifts in small wrapped packages; she pours them from her limitless horn of plenty.

There was an unceasing activity of preparation all around us. Women in bright garments, men in *malos,* and children with as little covering as necessary hurried back and forth bearing interesting looking burdens.

Aunty Pinau turned me over to Pua, an eighteen-year-old nephew of hers. We joined a busy group of workers who made a colorful splash in the shade of a cluster of palms. It was pleasant and cool there in the raggedy shadows of the palm fronds, and I tried to learn something about Hawaiian culinary arts.

Above us lively youngsters, monkey agile, shinnied up the gray trunks of the trees to the swaying tops after cocoanuts, which, by the way, do not grow in the nude state you find them at the fruit store, but have thick, tough husks which were wrenched off by sturdy boys, with the aid of sharp stakes driven in the sand. The nuts were then broken against rocks; the water inside the shell was drained into calabashes for later use in cookery, and the white curves of oily meat were pried out and handed to girls who scraped them on crude graters of nails in a board, until the *lauhala* mats were heaped with feathery mounds. This grated meat was scooped into cheesecloth bags and massaged by brown, powerful fingers until the rich cream oozed heavily forth in luscious globs, which were caught in gourds or bowls of polished red *koa* wood. One of the girls handed me a cupful. It was like drinking liquid white plush.

Several pretty girls, seated on a tan colored mat, wove garlands of flowers, *leis* of welcome for the guests. Before them were heaps of scarlet *hibiscus,* satiny *frangipanni,* poisonously sweet *ylang-ylang,* and golden *ilima.* Nimble fingers twisted the blossoms into elaborate beautiful patterns while equally nimble tongues spun garlands of gossip and laughter embroidered with song. A real Hawaiian will always sing, come death, calamity or twins. The singing had the natural melodic sweetness of bird songs. Will and Pua translated some of the songs for me. They were quite torrid, according to our prudish standards, and would have scandalized conservative minds, because the Hawaiian considers life with all of its functionings a natural, delightful and amusing thing, and he rhapsodizes accordingly. I recall for comparison some of the caloric "Hot Mama" song hits that achieved nation wide popularity in our cabarets and musical shows, and give my vote to the Polynesian for healthy clean-mindedness.

Three women, seated on an outcropping ledge of lava by the water, were busy cleaning chickens and sea-food. The scraps went into the water where they were gobbled up by swarms of hungry fishes, flashing like tossed coins in the uneasy surf. Our fishermen caught the fish later so there was no real waste. As the women scraped the glittering scales from mullet and *opakapaka* or filled the air with feathers from the sacrificed fowls, their voices poured out a syrup of vowel-laden Hawaiian words spiced with the cloves of the five Hawaiian consonants in happy continuous conversation.

One aged crone, older than sin, washed the sepia from a devilfish. She crooned an aimless *mele* while she rinsed and wrung the octopus so vigorously that the ecru colored foam stained her withered arms to the elbows. Occasionally she lifted the slimy monster high in the air. The serpentine tentacles twisted about her scrawny arms and for a moment she was a gaunt Medusa shampooing her snaky locks.

Ilima, a full-blood Hawaiian girl, whom we noticed because of the superb modeling of her shoulders and arms, chopped off a tentacle of the octopus. She cast a roguish glance from her large brown eyes, tossed back her head until her full throat curved in a beautiful swelling bow, and proceeded to eat a length of the grisly and gristly delicacy, sinking her splendid even teeth into it with great apparent relish.

I turned a faint shade of green with horror. She laughed mockingly and spoke rapidly to a group near by and they all whooped with glee over my discomfiture, all with the friendliest manner. I knew that if I was to be accepted as a *kamaaina* by these people I'd have to do as the Hawaiians do, so I gingerly cut a short section of the octopus, praying for my gorge to stay put, ate it. It tasted much as I would imagine cold boiled auto tire would taste. It wasn't so bad.

Will assured me that when it was cooked in the cream of cocoanut with *luau,* which is Hawaiian spinach, it becomes one of the most delectable dishes of the feast. I reserved judgment.

I tried to forget this slightly gruesome aspect of the *luau* by studying Ilima herself. She was representative of the finest Hawaiian type. Tall, strongly built, deep bosomed, high breasted, with the jungle grace of a dryad. Swimming had developed her arms and shoulders into models of sculptural beauty. Her skin was a soft shade of brown-amber; her eyes were large and liquid, sparkling with the laughter that always lies close to the surface of the Hawaiian mind. Her lips were full, sensuous, and richly curved. Her hair was almost a burden of black wavy shadow. It was decorated with a *lei* of vivid red *hibiscus* blossoms, a circlet of flame about her head. I noticed her hands which she used a great deal when she talked (and that was constantly); they were the hands of an interpretative dancer, sketching line-pictures in the air so graphically that I did not need to know her language to understand her. She was altogether charming.

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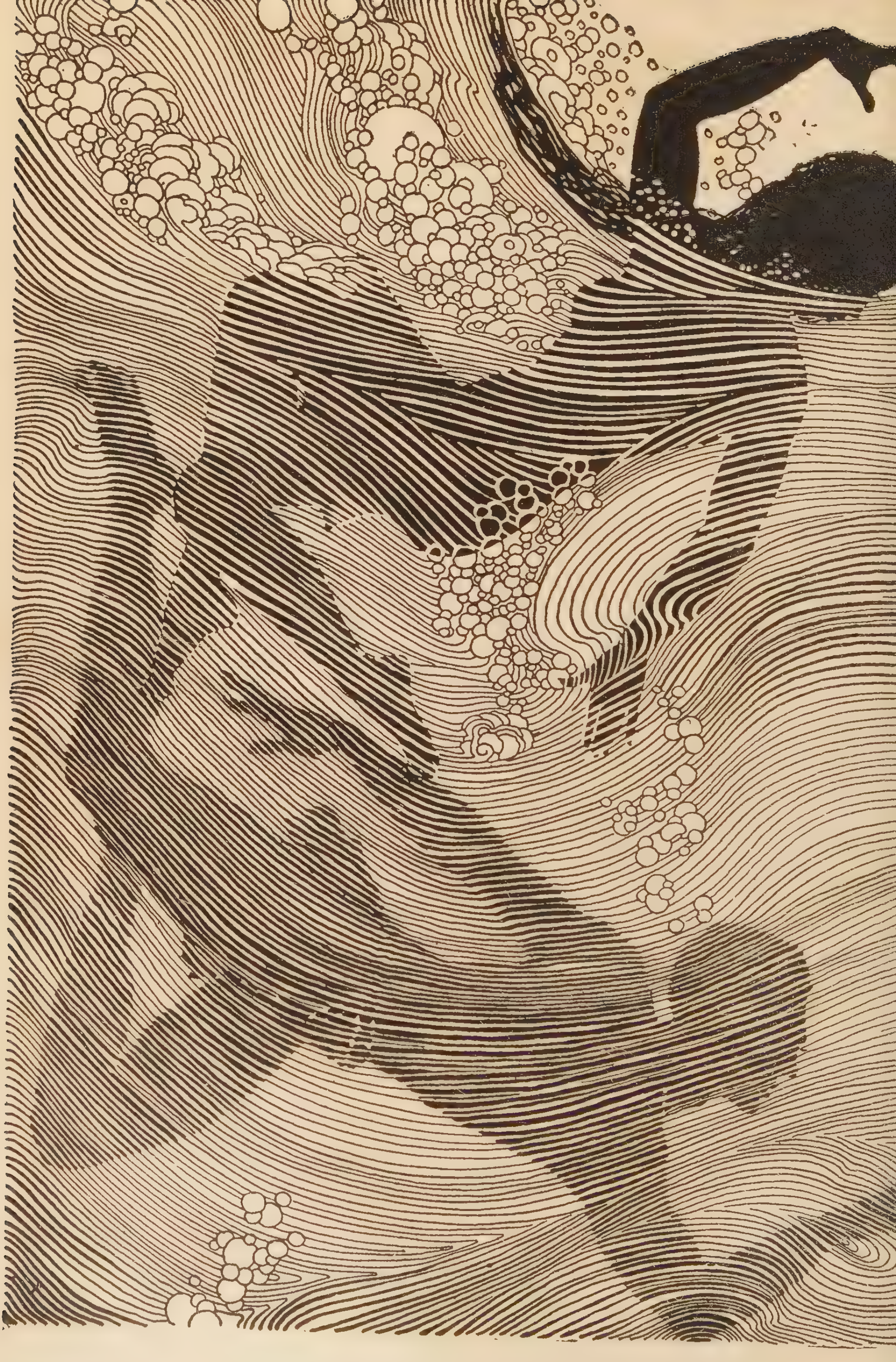
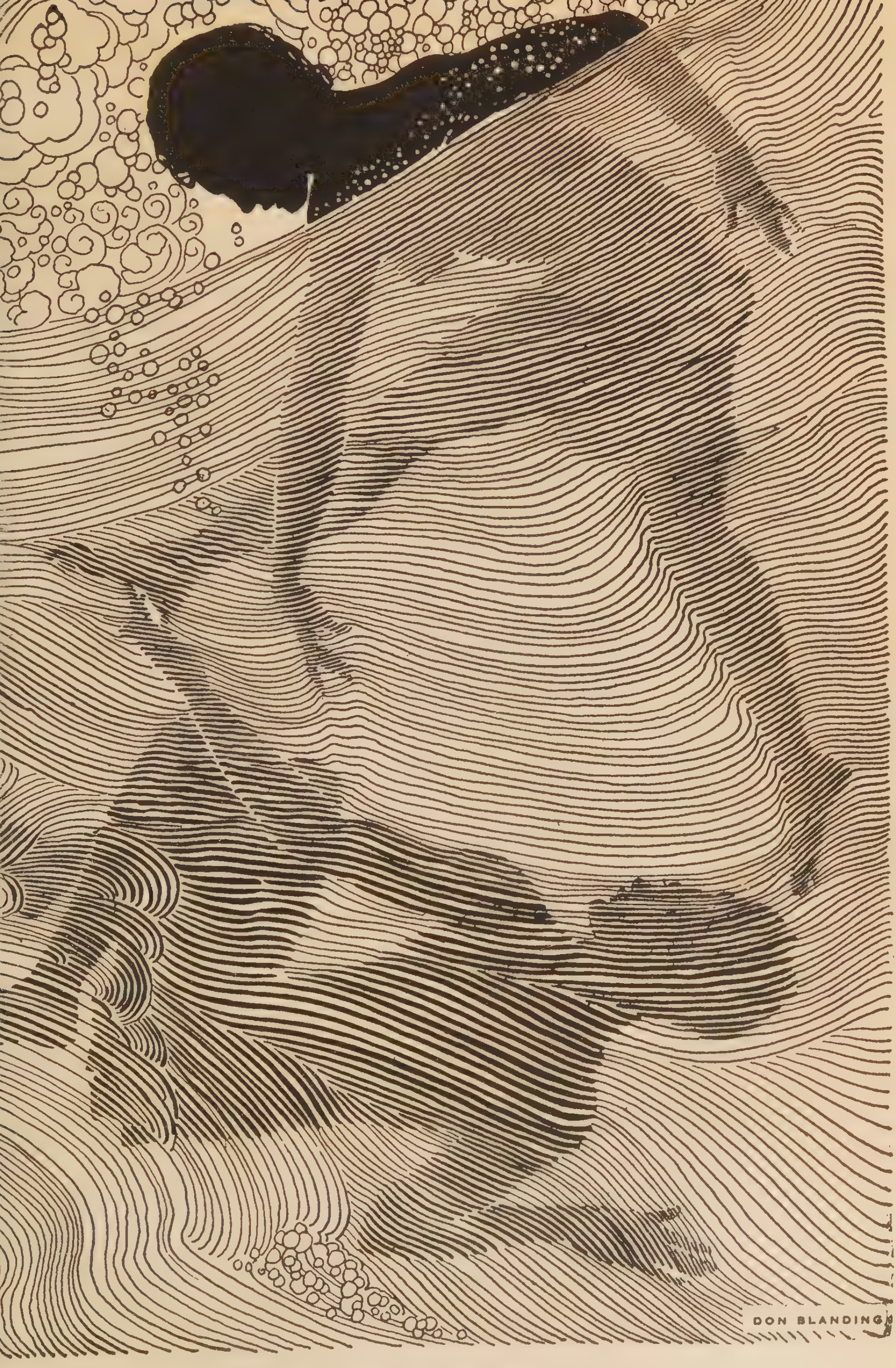



DON BLANDING

Children of the Sea

As she grows older she will lose some of the lush tropical bloom which makes her so appealing, but she will retain the dignity of carriage and nobility of stature which make the Hawaiian the finest Polynesian of the Pacific. Her luscious curves will ripen more than generously, due to a starchy diet, but she will carry her fleshly opulence with a grace that no white woman of corresponding proportions can rival.

Our attention was distracted by shouts and laughter coming from the forest. Boys arrived, staggering under burdens of jungle loot which they heaped in fragrant mounds before us. There were huge swollen green globes of breadfruit, rose-sherbet *ohias,* ripe guavas, and egg-shaped water-lemons (fruit of the passion-flower vine) filled with sweet refreshing custard. At least six varieties of bananas were there; big reddish-brown cooking bananas, little ice cream bananas no larger than my thumb, but delicious in inverse proportion to their size, and the familiar yellow ones of our markets.

Girls were cutting pineapples into long slices, not rounds as we find them in tins, dribbly with tart thin juices. A Hawaiian pineapple in the day of its full ripeness tastes like champagne and honey. It is the most delicious fruit ever grown in any garden of Eden for the delectation of man.

A woman pressed tomatoes into a paste which she mixed with salt salmon that another helper had massaged under water until it was a soft pulp; chopped young green onions were mixed with this, and the dish was then *lomi-lomi,* a cool appetizer when interest in food slackens.

A sweet-faced girl, who was something of an artist, arranged maroon-skinned avocados, sun-painted oranges and green-gold limes on fresh *ti* leaves, garnishing the heap with a few gay blossoms.

Several boys, a little distance away, prepared *laulau*. *Laulau* are packages of fat pork, salt salmon and butterfish wrapped in *ti* leaves. They were heaped by a pile of black rocks, handy for the primitive oven which would be constructed a little later.

Youngsters, after the manner of children the world over, got into everything and in everyone's way. They were shooed off to play, with slaps, not too hard, on their little bare bottoms.

Wherever we turned our eyes there were heaps, baskets, mounds and calabashes of food in various states of preparation. Such colors and fragrances, such temptations to the senses! Fish, flesh, fowl and fruit accumulated in mountainous masses. There was one condiment that flavored every item, laughter.

The warmth of progressing afternoon made the invitation of the sea almost irresistible. We decided to join the fishermen in the outrigger canoes that skimmed around on the little bay like water-spiders. There is nothing more restful and refreshing than a swim in the warm-cool Hawaiian seas. We floated above a submarine world of fairyland beauty where butterfly fishes flitted among forests of vari-tinted seaweed, beguiled with the interplay of color and pattern. Below lay the coral beds in masses of exquisite color—curious reds, varied greens and a hundred shades of brown, like treetops in autumn. The corals seemed to be as soft as plush in texture, but had our canoe's bottom, or our own, scraped ever so lightly over their foliated branches the wood or the flesh would have been lacerated and torn. Deep blue cañons traversed the sea garden and served as marvelous background for the schools of tinted fishes that shot like bright arrows or floated like flower petals in the translucent depths. Long shafts of sunlight pierced the shadows and flung back glints of gold and silvery reflections.

I dived down after sea urchins, dark spots that looked like smudges on the yellow sand. They are mermaid's pincushions, porcelain-shelled balls stuck full of waving jet needles. I handled them with wire grapples, because the sharp spines can inflict vicious wounds. These little urchins are filled with a soft meat that is as delicate and flavorsome as caviar.

It was a strangely lovely world below the surface of the sea. The sand was mottled with a shifting tiger skin of sunlight and gray-green shadow; the dark fantastic silhouettes of coral branches reared around me; black-and-white *kihikihi* fishes swam by me serenely unbothered by my presence; the water was the cloudy green of chrysoprase shot through with bubbles and foam. The swimmers above me, distorted by the moving surface, looked like limp grotesques of rubber cut in vague semblance of human forms.

The canoes filled with sea treasures which the fishermen, oiled bronze in the sunlight, poured from the nets. The colors of these tropical fishes were brighter and more beautiful than spilled jewels. There were tiny fishes, round and flat like vanity cases, traced with cloisonné lines of vermilion and gold. There were marine gargoyles, toad-fishes covered with warts, and goat-fishes with busy whiskers.

The most amazing of all was the *humuhumunukunukua-pua'a* (grumbling old woman with a snout like a pig's) that might have been a creation by Cartier in onyx, ivory and cerulean enamel. Curiously enough, most of the fishes of Hawaii, although ravishingly lovely in color, are usually comic or absurd in shape.

Four girls, wading in the shallow, gathered seaweed, purple, russet, green and brown. They separated the edible from the purely decorative varieties and draped the wet garlands about their throats and arms in graceful festoons. Every so often a howl of pain told of contact with a Portuguese man-o'-war, that beautiful living necklace, of iridescent blue bead-bubbles joined by a silver thread, that floats on the water unnoticed until human flesh touches it, with stinging blistering results.

Several old women, wet witches in red and yellow calico *mumus,* scrambled over black rocks in search of shellfish. They gathered the stubborn little *opihis,* shaped like coolies' hats, that clung tenaciously to their homes and were most unwilling to sacrifice themselves on the altar of food. Small rock-crabs were captured after lively chase, and occasional cries summoned boys to dislodge long mottled eels from hiding places in the lava.

The aged crones, stumbling and feeble on land, underwent some transformation and became infused with a jittery excitement in the water, which is almost the natural element of a Hawaiian. When the white surf dashed over them they flattened themselves against the rocks, shrieking in thin strained voices, and clung with claw-like fingers. As the waves withdrew they cackled shrilly and flung ribald comments as they arranged their wet, clinging *mumus* in more seemly lines over the gauntness of their emaciated bodies. They looked like mermaids that had shriveled in the sun.

Turning from the sea to the shore I viewed a scene which suggested a great opera; the towering masses of the volcano, sunlight green against shadow blue, made a superb Urbanesque background for the pageant of activity along the shore. Flower-crowned women in red, yellow and white garments, demi-nude youngsters racing on the black sand, clots of rich color in the shadows and flashes of vivid tints in the sunlight, added to the illusion. The surf supplied an orchestra of magnificent Wagnerian volume.

I could almost hear the swift rush of a thousand years slipping away. I was witnessing an old pagan ceremony to the deities of the forest and the sea. At any moment those graceful groups might move into a ritual of dance welcoming Summer, who would waken from sleep in the cool jungle and step slumbrously forth. Polynesian sons of Neptune would offer her tribute from the sea, jade-scaled fishes and mosses dripping with jewels. Gold-amber girls, perfumed and gleaming with oils, would dance for her, pantomiming with their flexile bodies the chants of the women. The thundering surf would be the booming of drums and the trade winds the voices of an unseen chorus intoning prayer.

It's difficult to know just how deeply the Hawaiians have taken our Christianity. When they are away from town by the sea or in the forests they seem to be awaredly in touch with something more satisfying and real to them than the vague stories of Jewish kings, prophets and patriarchs, which are, after all, completely foreign to their own tropical life. The red anger of Pele, goddess of the volcano, is shown by lava and smoke; the sea speaks in its voice of gods, and the winds from the forest and jungle are full of murmurings and whispers.

I did a swift toboggan from the sublime to the ludicrous by way of stepping on one of the octopi in the bottom of the canoe. As the cold slimy tentacles encircled my leg I did a swan-dive take-off and an old-fashioned belly-buster landing in the water. You could have grated potatoes on the goose flesh of my skin, which shuddered in revulsion from contact with the sea's most repulsive monster.

Bonfires on the beach offered an excuse for our swimming ashore where I might recover some dignity. They indicated that the most important part of the feast was in preparation.

The pigs! This was a grand *luau,* a "two-pig" *luau.* The most expert pig roasters of the countryside had been called for the making of the *imu,* the underground fireless cooker which the Hawaiian has used for centuries.

Two fine, fat, adolescent porkers, that had grunted contentedly while gobbling scraps all afternoon, were no longer among the living. I was glad that we missed the spectacle of their demise. They, in the manner of the ladies of the Bosphorus, died by the cord. The method differed in the case of the pig only that a stout cord was wrapped from the tip of his nose, around and around his snout until the mouth was closed and all breathing cut off. He was smothered. That had something to do with the flavor of the flesh in cooking. I could not learn the technical details.

By the time we reached shore the mussier aspects of the ceremony were over and we saw two white pigs, expertly cleaned, scraped with clam shells to a high gleaming polish, lying on a bed of green *ti* leaves. My sense of decoration guided me to put a red *hibiscus* over the ear of each.

Flames leaped and crackled in a mound of *kiawe* branches near a pyramid of round, black rocks, releasing a column of dark, greasy smoke that tangled in the spreading palm fronds overhead. Banana leaves and *ti* (which resembles canna leaves) were heaped between two long, deep pits in the fine, dry beach sand. Boys and girls arrived with bundles and packages wrapped in fresh greens, along with yams, breadfruit, seaweed and bananas.

As soon as the fire steadied to a furnace-glow, the black rocks were thrown into it. Small boys stood ready with calabashes of cold water. A general excitement pervaded the place. The two pig-chefs, their brows wrinkled in anxious concentration, supervised all details, giving rapid commands which were obeyed with reverential alacrity by the first, second, third, as well as the fourth, fifth and sixth assistant cooks.

Things happened fast.

At a brusque word from one of the men the rocks, ruby red now, were scraped out away from the flames. He plunged his hand into a calabash of water and removed it dripping. With the swiftness of a rattlesnake striking he snatched a rock. There was a hiss and sizzle but before the heat could scorch his fingers he dropped it into the pit. Another and another followed until the two pits were lined with glowing red which reflected into the spectators' faces giving an eerie witch-cauldron effect to the scene. A wavering heat mist rose, acrid with a metallic tang that made us sneeze.

Nimble helpers supplied the chefs with banana and *ti* leaves which they laid in a deep bed over the rocks. With due reverence and attention the pigs were then placed in the center of the leafy couch on their backs. Huge South Sea yams flanked them and braced their sides; the *laulau* packages were added, and long thin mullet wrapped in leaves were poked into the interstices. More food-stuffs—crabs and crayfish, breadfruit and bananas and many small unnamed bundles—followed, until the pits were filled with promising delicacies. Hot rocks were plumped into the pigs' stomach cavities and into their mouths.

Then a decent covering of leaves, more rocks, a layer of sacking and many shovelfuls of sand and the fireless cooker was complete. We could only sit around and think hungrily about it for a couple or three hours.

By this time, what with watching all of these fascinating culinary preparations and smelling the appetizing fragrances of the numerous feast offerings, I knew how a starving Armenian feels. I could have eaten raw cat with actual relish. But, I did not yield to temptation to "eat between meals." I surmised that the rewards for waiting would be more than adequate.

Guests started to arrive in droves, and the volume of chatter and greeting mounted to a crest, competing not unsuccessfully with the surf. What a delightful company! All of the races that go to make up Hawaii's "Cross-Roads of the Pacific" population were represented in pure and mixed types. With the exception of two men, Island born, we were the only *haoles* (whites) at the *luau.* No tourists, thank the gods, to lend their over-eager interest or their faintly supercilious presence, which invariably casts a slight self-consciousness over native feasts.

Ah Tin, the Chinese storekeeper of the village, came with his stair-step brood and fat, smiling wife; the Yamomotos, bowed and hissed politely through their teeth in the best Japanese fashion; Manuel Rigo had two pretty Portuguese girls with him, flashing-eyed, flirtatious young wenches; Lehua Jones, a beautiful half-Hawaiian girl who had married a white man and reversed the traditional South Sea legend of literature by making a successful man of her husband; two Filipino musicians, chums of one of the Hawaiian singing boys, brought their guitars; old people and young, full-blood Hawaiians and all of the dilutions and mixtures resultant from intermarriages with the other nationalities that have found haven in Hawaii.

The common language was *hapa-haole,* the pidgin English composed of words from all of the varied tongues represented in the Islands. It is graphic, direct and simple, but the *malihini* is warned not to attempt words unless he is certain of their pronunciation and meaning; the addition of a single vowel may change a perfectly polite word into a scandalously improper one. He should practice on some of these; Kealakakua, Kamehameha, Laupahoehoe, and Kalaauokiopihi, or an easy one like Aiea.

We were urged to try surf-board riding to while away the next couple of hours. It seemed so easy when the Hawaiian boys did it. Gods of the sea they were, riding the crests of the waves, balancing on the leaping *koa*-wood boards that tobogganed down the ever-renewed advancing hills of water, perfectly at ease as they rushed landward, the salt spray stinging their bodies, the wind in their hair.

My friend Will advised the less exciting sport of body-surfing in the shallows near shore, although even this is fraught with difficulty for the beginner, until he learns the tricky ways of Hawaiian surf. I waited for a large wave, cowered before the advancing wall of green that curved ominously above me, was caught in a welter of foam and carried landward. But something went wrong. I found myself rolled, tumbled, and tousled on a froth of bubbles the consistency of meringue. I was up-ended on the beach with sand and shells in my eyes, hair and mouth, spouting salt water from every pore; too dazed to resist the retreating wave which dragged me back into the maelstrom.

A second wave caught me and knocked the remaining breath out of my body. However, in time, the sea having had its fun with me, deposited my limp form right side up with care high on the beach. I crawled onto the warm sand and dried out for an hour, nursing a bloodied nose and skinned elbows, souvenirs of my contact with tropical waves.

Nearly all the guests were in the water now, making a great hulabaloo. The children were spouting water from their mouths like erratic little fountains. The girls twisted and dived like mermaids. I felt that at any moment their feet would change to scaly tails and their hands become webbed fins to show their kinship to the creatures of the water. The men were superb swimmers. When they buried their heads in the water, their arms going like millwheels in a long overhand and their feet churning the water, they seemed to skim the water like the swift flying fish, turning occasionally to gasp a fresh lungful of air.

Something resembling silence fell on the group scattered up and down the beach. The tiny children curled themselves up like brown kittens and slept near their mothers. The shadows of the big rocks lured the boys to an hour of napping. The girls stole away into a forest where we heard their chatter, above the clamor of the *mynah* birds, which drifted back occasionally to remind us of their presence.

The exercise, followed by a nap, added to our appetites which were getting out of bounds.

Feast

A CONCH shell, blown by lusty lungs, sent out a deep-voiced summons just as the quick-fading splendor of an Island sunset flung flaming banners across the sky, inking the high fantastic mountain peaks in black silhouette against the riotous color. The sound of the horn echoed among the cliffs and trumpeted down the beach. Belated flower gatherers and fishermen hurried in, knowing that the great moment was at hand . . . the opening of the *imu,* the underground oven.

Everyone crowded in around the mounds of sand. The simple outlines of the earth heaps gave no hint of the delights within. Voices were hushed, children cuffed to silence and stray dogs booted out of sniffing range so that nothing might spoil the effect.

The patriarch of the village (this was his moment in the spotlight) impressively scraped away the top layer of sand; then the first leaves were removed. Everyone edged a bit closer. More leaves came off the heap, releasing thin streamers of vapor. Excitement mounted. Finally, with a last magnificent gesture (the old man had a good sense of the dramatic), the master of ceremonies swept aside the remaining banana fronds, brown and wilted by the heat, disclosing the pigs in their roasted glory, sizzling, crackling and sweating delicious fats. A cloud of herby fragrant vapor, the fused perfumes of many viands, rose and spread over the crowd. A low hungry moan issued from half a hundred drooling lips. The guests rushed to the tables. The feast was on.

What a table! No massing of silver, crystal and porcelain could have equaled this banquet board in beauty. The coming of dusk brought forth the flaming *kukui* torches, oily nuts bound in green rushes, that threw a radiance of murky orange light everywhere, picking out brilliant high lights on the polished skins of fruit and gilded brown flesh with flickering gold. The colors! Vermilion, scarlet and orange competed with russet, yellow and magenta; cool greens, appetizing browns and pale tans were juxtaposed to the sea-blue of fish scales, the ochre and amethyst of seaweed and the mauves and purples of passion flowers.

Large *lauhala* mats were spread on the sand, offering a warm background for a lacy spread of fresh fern fronds which were laid in herring-bone pattern, a crisp green that set off the red *koa* bowls filled with the wealth of the jungle.

Garlands of flowers were woven among the calabashes, and there was a *lei* at the place of each guest, offering welcome in the terms of color and perfume. The table was laid for fifty people, but in typical tropical fashion there was an overflow already.

Four men brought the pigs from the ovens on carved wooden platters with sturdy supporting legs, the wood almost black with the accumulated oils of many feasts. What magnificent porkers, crisp brown where the flesh had touched the hot rocks, tender white showing through the crunchy, cracked skin.

The patriarch, a gargoyle of aged humanity, chanted a three-note prayer in Hawaiian, his thin voice quavering with feeling. The strange rhythms of his words seemed to bring the forest gods and the friendly spirits of the sea to share our feast. A number of the Hawaiians, amiable hospitable people that they are, put aside a bit of food and spilled a drop or two of liquor on the ground on the off chance that some of the Polynesian gods *might* drop by and appreciate it. I took no chances of offending any local deities by forgetting my tribute.

What had I before me? In addition to the many free-for-all dishes that filled the center of the table there was a varied collection of bowls, shells and leaves heaped to overflowing with delicacies which were entirely my own, a bewildering assortment covering a good boarding-house reach in all directions. I dipped into a calabash of young chicken cooked in the cream of the cocoanut with *luau,* which is sort of an angel spinach. Tender, rich, nutty in flavor, one bite convinced me that this particular fowl had been fed almonds from chickhood. The accompanying gravy would have made the fame of any chef in Paris. An enormous yam, dark red and honey-sweet, smoked fragrantly beside a long leaf-wrapped package which proved to be a silvery mullet with flesh as delicate in flavor and texture as mountain trout.

I opened a *laulau,* the bulgy bundle enclosed in *ti* leaves tied with a fibre string, that we saw prepared in the afternoon. It had a strange flavor that combined the richness of pork, the saline taste of salt salmon and the oily sweetness of butterfish. There was a grab-bag delight and suspense in opening those leaf-wrapped items; one could never tell what amazing thing might be inside.

I topped the *laulau* with a bit of baked banana and a piece of grayish taro-root, and cracked the brittle shell of a little *kanaka* crab which was filled with white flavorful meat. I investigated a Hawaiian crayfish and found it better than any lobster I had ever eaten. The little shellfish that are called *opihis* were like rubber sink-stoppers and skidded a lot under crunching teeth but had a cool sea flavor that went pleasantly with all of the plenteous rest.

Some round discs of meat floating in a thick rich soup puzzled me. I couldn't decide whether they were lobster or chicken or a cross between the two. Seeing amused looks on the faces of Helen and Will I realized that I was eating devilfish again. After a brief struggle with my rebellious gorge I finished the dish and liked it.

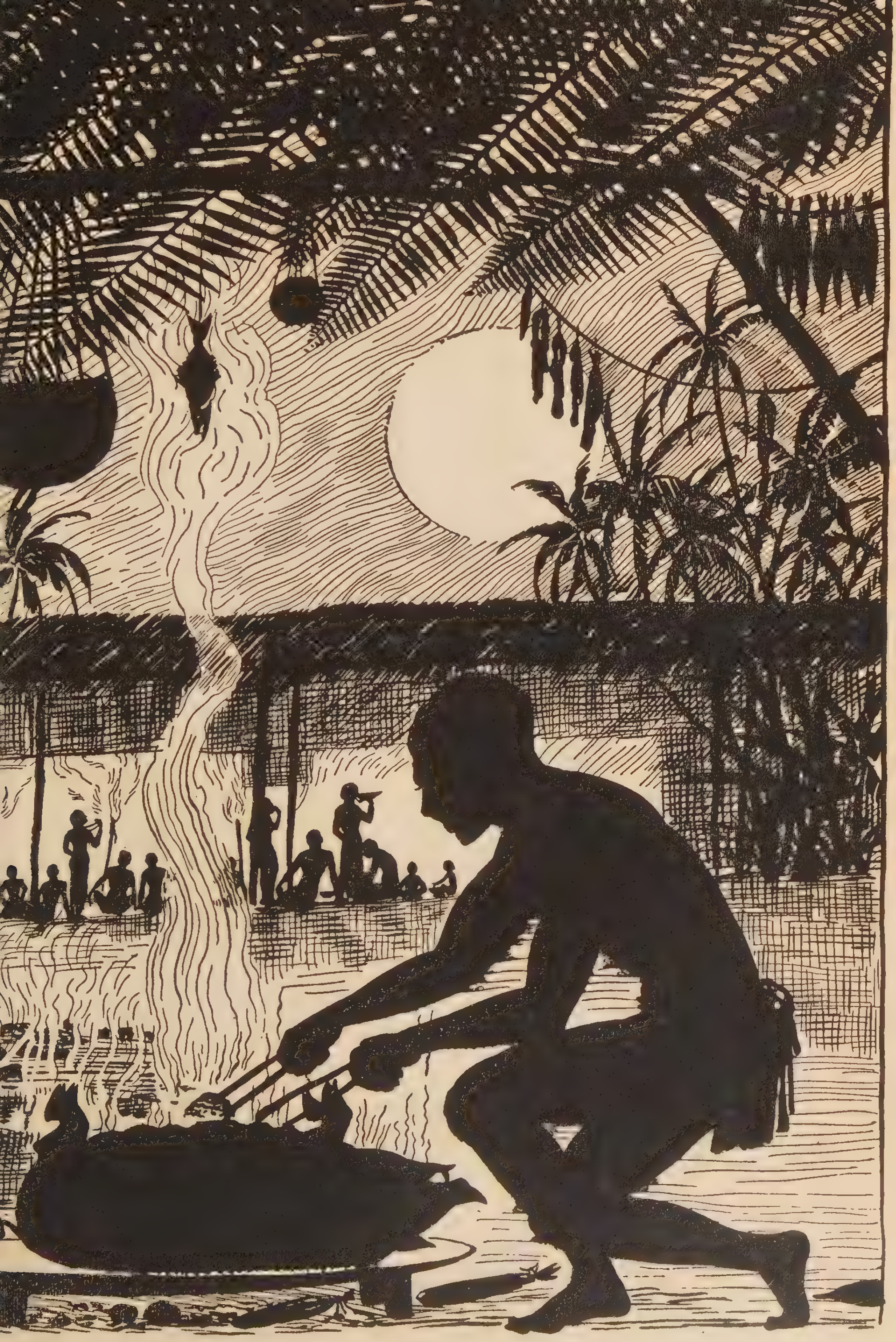
There was a wholesome earthy flavor to all of this Hawaiian food, decidedly pleasant after the first few bites, but my Nordic appetite felt the need of seasoning. My neighbor, Pua, pointed to a green leaf heaped with curious looking stuff. It was the condiment leaf, holding a small mound of red rock-salt, a shred of dried fish, a couple of slim, virginal, young green onions, and a red pepper. If one wants his food hot what could be simpler than biting a red pepper? That's the Hawaiian idea.

I needed no warning to go lightly on a small mound of brown paste that looked like ground burnt almonds. I had had experience while snooping around the markets in Honolulu. While passing the section devoted to native food-stuffs I had noticed a brown ball, about the size of a tennis ball, of edible appearing goo. My inquiry brought the information that it was "kukui nut." I thought the clerk had said "cocoanut" so I purchased the ball and ate it with gusto. Oh-ah! A small pinch of it is the equivalent of a large spoonful of castor oil, and I had eaten enough for thirty people.

We ate with our fingers; there were no knives or forks. As soon as a *malihini* gets accustomed to it he finds that it's not a bad way to eat. There's an intimate contact with the food which seems to make the flavors more accessible. Texture is added to the sensation of taste. It's novel and pleasant. When things get a bit sticky, there's a fingerbowl made from half of a polished cocoanut shell filled with warm water in which floats a fragrant leaf and a flower.

Our host did not inquire, "Would you prefer a bit of white

DON BLANDING.



Hawaiian Feast

meat, or do you like dark?" With typical Hawaiian generosity he wrenched off a hunk (I mean *hunk*) of pig and gave it to us. It had a flavor that could be produced only in the underground ovens where it absorbs the qualities of all the other foods in an indescribable blending which is unbelievably good.

When our appetites slackened, there was *lomi-lomi,* cool and refreshing. We had seen it prepared earlier in the day, massaged salmon and tomatoes with onions. It gave us a new start on the untried dishes before us.

We enjoyed little fresh-water shrimps, no bigger than a very small baby's finger, eating them head, tail, whiskers and all. I liked the salad of edible seaweed; in addition to its odd marine taste it had a suggestion of the medicinal and gave me the virtuous feeling that probably it was good for my digestion. The sea urchins were the most interesting item of all. The little porcelain shells made cups that held the rich, smooth, anchovy-and-caviar meat, intensely fishy in flavor and not to be eaten in great amounts.

Helen and Will allowed me to follow my own intuition from this point on; they were too busily engaged in their own dishes. It is difficult to make a choice. Sweet potato pudding, breadfruit paste, cocoanut cream mixed with arrowroot, papayas, mangoes, avocados, guavas . . .

Pua took over my instruction in the art of eating that delicious but treacherous dish, *poi.* It is a thick, lavender-grayish paste made from the root of the *taro* plant, and comes in three qualities, one-finger, two-finger and three-finger *poi* according to its consistency. It is slightly sour, with bubbles of ferment in it, and tastes like nothing I had ever tried before. I'm not trying to be funny when I say that it looked like, smelt like and probably tasted like billboard paste. It takes the place of bread at most Island tables and one can develop quite a craving for it.

The technique of eating it is not acquired at one sitting. One dips a finger deep into the *poi* bowl and stirs it around until it is well coated with goo, then lifts it quickly while the blob of sticky paste still clings. A quick flirt of the wrist in a general O motion captures the escaping slippery stuff and it is popped into the mouth. There's many a slip. I found a modernistic design of gray trickles on my shirt front (or skin front, rather) in a short time. However being adaptable *and* persistent I soon acquired an expertness which enabled me to gesture broadly while juggling a sizable portion.

Socially the three-finger *poi* is for ordinary family consumption; two-finger *poi* is for important relatives, while one-finger *poi* at the proper state of fermentation is for truly great occasions.

There finally came a time when mastication was still possible but swallowing was quite out of the question. In the good old days before Rotary Clubs and Emily-Postism invaded Hawaii, we could have stretched back on the *lauhala* mats while women skilled in the art of massage performed *lomi-lomi* on us until we could carry on for another half hour.

The table was a wreck; it looked like the tornado area of Florida. The picked bones of the pig and the skeletons of fish were piled beside heaps of empty *laulau* wrappings; the calabashes were licked clean; chicken bones, banana skins, seaweed, half-eaten yams, crab claws and crayfish tails mixed in democratic confusion; the table needed only egg shells and coffee grounds to complete the picture.

Guests had sunk to a torpor of digestive relaxation; gusty sighs and groans of pleasure assured the host that the *luau* was a sweeping success. Everyone moved to clean mats spread on the sand by the water.

Okolehao was passed. It is a native drink made from the root of the *ti* plant, and, despite prohibition, accompanies almost every Hawaiian feast. It is potent and heady, a cross between moonshine, vodka and dynamite. It stimulated the guests to song and dance, now that the serious side of eating had passed. A steady surf of sound, laughter, and chatter swept the groups. Boys started singing to the accompaniment of sobbing steel guitars and fretful ukuleles; lively hulas with tricky rhythms that pulsed with the liquor in our veins and made us want action . . . if someone else would supply it. I felt like a gorged anaconda, and nothing less than an earthquake could have moved me.

Guests called to a pretty girl named Lehua:

"Lehua, hey! Lehua, do hula for us."

After some persuasion (she was really shy), she disappeared while she donned a hula skirt of shredded fresh *ti* leaves. She returned decorated with a *lei* of red carnations about her hair and throat, and with anklets and wristlets of flowers.

To the rhythms of a slow hula tune she danced and pantomimed a story of past days. From the tips of her up-curled fingers to the ends of her small, pretty toes, she was one continuous flow of curves. Her hips swayed in a wide figure 8, making the grass skirt whisper and swish; her hands wove changing patterns in the air, suggesting the clouds that drift over the mountains, the waves that beat against the lava rocks, the flowers that bend before the evening breeze, and the *maile* vines swinging fragrantly above the high cliff, Pali.

Her second hula was livelier. Cries of "Welakahao" brought quick response. The swifter swaying of her body flung the grass skirt in wider circles. The boy, Pua, joined her and they competed in offering difficult movements for the other to follow. The lights of the *kukui* torches played about their bodies, flashed in their eyes and gleamed on their white teeth which were exposed in laughter.

Their movements were amorous, provocative, challenging, and as cleanly frank as the cavortings of young animals in spring, or the wooing of nymph and faun. Pua strutted, advanced, pursued; his hands pantomimed his desire in strongly graceful, caressing gestures; he was a peacock, a stallion, a pursuant man. Lehua retreated, evaded, eluded and at the same time coaxed and promised. It was the eternal man-woman motif, the old, old story, gaily told.

The guest of honor, the famous dancer who had been away from Hawaii for many years, watched the dancing with a curious expression in her eyes. Although she was home again, she was homesick for something she had lost during her association with the theatrical life of Europe and America. She looked down at the gaudy sequined gown she had worn to impress her friends. She sensed that it was hideously out of place in the simple beautiful setting.

She was urged to dance, but refused. I realized that she was suffering from stage fright, she who had faced audiences of thousands of people. At last she consented.

"Aunty Pinau," she called out, "bring me *mumu.*"

A group of women screened her while she shed her tight gown, loosed her marcelled hair, kicked off her high-heeled slippers and shook herself into the shapeless red garment. *Leis* were placed around her hair and throat and a hula skirt about her waist. She took a drink of *okolehao* to "buck her up."

"Auwe!" she laughed. "That's better."

Cheers greeted her as she stepped into the cleared place on the mats in the full brilliance of the torches. The crude spotlight gave her assurance, and the *okolehao,* with its quick bite, fumed to her brain.

"Hot hula, boys," she commanded.

The singing boys sped their rhythms to a fast hula tune. With that odd gesture that a woman makes when she loosens her corsets, the dancer twisted her body, pushed the hula skirt low on her full hips and swung into her dance. She was a gorgeous animal, sensual almost to the point of viciousness, exuding sex, and her dance was stirringly beautiful. It was the hula and yet it was not the hula.

"*Haole* hula," grunted one of the Hawaiian women disapprovingly.

It *was* the *haole* hula, the white hula, jazzed and cheapened at the command of theatrical managers in search of the sensational; it had traces of the hip-slapping, thumb-licking Black Bottom of Harlem, the shuddering suggestions of the shimmy and the snaky sinuosities of the so-called Oriental dancing, distorting the natural grace of the real Polynesian dance. It typified the influence of our white civilization on the primitive simplicity of the tropical Pacific life.

Some of the older women, remembering the gay days of their youth, caught the infection of the music. The ukuleles and guitars took on a wilder tempo. Aunty Pinau, tipping the scales over two hundred pounds, rose. She gathered up the train of her *holoku,* Mother Hubbard gown, tucked it in at the waist and started to hula. The crowd cheered with delight. She too had once been famous for her dancing. The other performers gave her the stage.

It should have been funny; she was a wave of the ocean, a lava flow, a convulsion of nature, a geologic shift as her fleshy body heaved into action; but there was a grandeur about her, her gestures were magnificent. Her wrists and hands were as flexible as young Lehua's and there was an authenticity to her postures which brought something pagan and a bit savage into our presence. She seemed to be lost in a dream that made her, for the moment, the lithe beautiful girl who had caught the smile of a king in the days of the monarchy.

Her sentimental moment passed. She seemed to realize that she was an old woman, a monstrous shadow of a memory. With a deprecating smile she changed to a rather naughty hula which told, with gestures, of a girl whose lover failed to keep rendezvous with her beside the pool, Alikoki, and the delights he had missed by his defection. Appreciative whoops answered the sly suggestiveness of her pantomime.

As the night progressed, more guests arrived; more food appeared; more torches were brought. A general restlessness moved the party to wanderings. The scene became a Mardi Gras painted by Gauguin. The moon, uninvited but welcome guest, beamed down friendlily.

The charm of a *luau* lies in its informality. We ate again, napped, went for moonlight swims or wandered romantically beneath the palm trees and down shadowy paths. Whim was law for the night.

The moon, the torches and the high spirits of the guests burned out at about the same time in the early morning. Soon the little black crescent beach was deserted. Only the faint whisper of the palm fronds and the deep voice of the surf answered our "Aloha," farewell, as we reluctantly left the enchanted spot where we had dined on pig and *poi* in Paradise.

The Great Scar

Deathwatch on a dead volcano in the hour before dawn.

MY mind told me that I was in the Hawaiian Islands. I *knew* that I was on the Island of Maui and that below me the long slopes of the mountain Haleakala plunged down ten thousand feet over precipice, jungle and green plain to the little bay where we had feasted only a few days before.

I repeated this knowledge to myself, slowly:

"I am in Hawaii. This *is* the tropics.—— Hawaii.—— Tropics."

The words conveyed nothing. Here, in this high place on the roof of the earth, all reality was lost, absorbed, rendered impalpable by the enveloping grayness of that strange hour "between the setting of a tired moon and the rising of a joyous sun," when the world's pulse slows to its weariest beat.

Hawaii? All of my senses clamored, "No, no, and *no!*"

This was not a tropical breeze that thrust corpse-fingers of frost down my collar. This white desolation of clouds that spread away on all sides to the horizon, isolating me from land and sea, was an arctic waste, frozen, silent, dead.

Earth seemed sunk in a coma that stilled all living, all motion, even time itself. The deathly hush seeped into my mind.

I was dully astonished to hear my watch ticking, faintly amazed to feel the blood swelling the artery in my throat. My impulse to break the hypnotizing quiet, to cry out, failed before the realization that my futile protest would be blotted, drained into the colossal vacuum of immensity.

The faded curtains of waning night dimmed the few scattered stars to points of chill unwinking light. The pale vapors of my breath and the blown smoke of my cigarette were the only mobile things besides myself in a world of illimitable silence, colder than interstellar space.

I was a clot of shadow, alone and lost, on the brink of a vast pit, deeper it seemed, than the heart of the earth, and so blackly dark that I knew I had found that place to which night retreats in its hour of dying.

The crater of Haleakala. A great scar on the beautiful body of Hawaii. The hideous mutilation left by the agony of travail when the Island Maui was born.

The shrewish voice of an alarm clock sounded in the shelter-hut near by, a thin, vicious dagger of sound that ripped the dank folds of stillness. Lights appeared, small bombs of brilliance in the thick murkiness.

Three shivering figures emerged—a tall wraith, that was Will; a stubby gnome, that was Pua who had come with us as guide; a skirted bundle, that was Helen.

"About time for the sun," said Will.

His voice dropped away into the gaping pit at our feet, followed by my cigarette which flared momentarily into a tiny meteor, trailing sparks. In the few seconds that our eyes followed the diminutive comety path, the eastern sky burst into flames. Rose fire and red mounted to the hovering trade clouds and scorched them into flushed brilliancy. The sky above us became an opal-glass dome tremulous with changing tints unblemished by the lightest smudge of cloud.

The sun, a warrior in bright armor, sprang into the blue. He launched his warm golden spears of light into the frozen cloud waves below us, riddling them with color, goading them into slow, sullen movement until the dull lethargy of night quickened before the torrid attack, and they foamed into furious multicolored surf flooding up toward the peak.

The mountains Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, a hundred miles distant, caught the vivid bombardment of sunlight on their summits and were wounded with crimson and scarlet.

We were refugees on a mountain top in a war of color; grenades of yellow-orange and vermilion burst on the slopes below us; we were defenseless under a barrage of fierce tropical splendor.

Daylight invaded the deep bowl of Haleakala, routing the opaque blackness. The gigantic hollow changed into an illusion lake of transparent cobalt blue, so enormous that the Island of Manhattan, with all of its people and all of its towers, could sink into it without leaving any faintest ripple.

Twenty-one miles of jagged peaks outlined the walls of the crater, unbroken except where, nine miles away, Kapou Gap marks the last stupendous flow of lava when the volcano vomited a red river into the Pacific.

Every morning, regardless of the presence or absence of spectators, Nature stages a superb and solemn spectacle here, impressive as the funerals of kings. It was for this beautiful pageant that we waited.

The surrounding domain of clouds, warmed and lightened by the morning heat, rose to the level of the outer rim of the volcano. The prevailing trade winds, blowing in through Kapou Gap, tore off huge fragments and floated them into the pit.

With the suddenness of trumpets a great phantom cloud-ship launched into view, flagship of an armada of galleons under full sail, moving in majestic, formal review around the enchanted lake.

Another, another and another followed until the entire crater was filled with the slow milling of these ghosts of foundered vessels. I felt that I had found the harbor to which all lost ships come for their final mustering; that perhaps here those brave navigators who first charted the seven seas with their intrepid voyagings, had found happy assembly.

The unearthly cortège of mobilized dead lasted for almost half an hour before the sun disbanded the shadowy fleet in thin vapors which blew raggedly over our heads, leaving a blue sky untraced by any record of their passing.

Now the sunlight, in complete possession of the crater, with merciless cruelty exposed the naked ugliness of burned and seared crags where only the silversword and dry, juiceless rock-plants relieve the bareness of cinders, scoriatic rocks and cold lava.

Wild goats and a few wailing birds alone survive in this charred place of death and desolation. No smoke reveals the promise of hidden living fires far below, where the goddess Pele once stirred vast cauldrons of molten rock or, in monstrous playfulness, drenched the land with her burning rain of destruction. However, such is the way of volcanos, that no one knows when the black scab will break and the hot earth-blood gush over the land.

As worshippers, emerging from the shadows of a cathedral, blink dazedly in the day, and break into animated chatter, we turned, with lively delight and anticipation, from the impressive hours of the dawn to the business of preparing for the descent into the volcano.

Horses, luggage, packs, food, cameras and various whatnot were assembled under the wise direction of Pua, and we were shortly under way.

The wonders of the Island of Maui spread in vivid panorama about us. Blue pavement of sea traced with white lines like snails' trails across a floor of lapis. Avalanches of green forest rushing down to the pale gold of beaches. Dark shadowed valleys gashing the mountainside. Clusters of plantation houses, Noah's Ark villages, thin streamers of smoke, marking the presence of man on the great shell of Haleakala.

The sea has a curious appearance when viewed from the peak of this high mountain. It seems to slope up in all directions to the horizon line giving the effect of enclosing us in an enormous blue bowl.

We identified this point of interest and that on the Island.

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SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

Pua played lively tunes on his ukulele. The warm sun and cool air competed for dominance, and their alternating victories kept our circulation snappy and we were soon in the gay familiar Hawaii that all of us loved.

However our carefree moments were few enough. The descent into the crater was a tortuous, nerve-fraying, muscle-testing experience. The horses had uncertain footing in the disintegrated lava; a choking cloud of fine irritating dust was a constant unwelcome member of the cavalcade, and the possibility of doing a toboggan over razor-edged broken rocks did not provoke gaiety.

Once we gained the floor of the pit we were able to turn attention to the forbidding beauty of our surroundings.

All high-flown poetic metaphor sweated away before the unescapable fact that we were in a huge skillet, a frying pan; we were just small, unimportant morsels of humanity, frizzling in a heat that beat upon us from every side. No breeze relieved the hot sunlight that reflected from the shining lava underfoot, blistering our faces to a ripe pomegranate shade; the glare from the towering walls browned us to a turn on the sides, and the sun overhead completed the job by addling our brains, parching our throats and making our eyes ache excruciatingly. The fountains of perspiration dried in our skins. We became thoroughly dehydrated in body and mind.

The yellow light dizzied and blinded us. We trusted to the horses and to Pua to guide us along the faint twisting path, past mounds of broken lava crust that suggested ruins of Mayan temples, or around hills which, from the brink in the morning, had looked like ant hills, but now proved to be craters within the great crater, many of them hundreds of feet high.

Acres of gray slag, broken and upheaved, stretched ahead of us like dirty ice floes. There were gaping lava bubbles, caves formed by gases imprisoned in the molten rock. One of them, called Chinaman's Cave, reminded us gruesomely of our possible fate if disaster came upon us. White bones had been found in this gray bubble, which were identified as a Chinese laborer's. He had attempted to cross the crater on foot, had lost his way and crawled into this trap-refuge to die.

The monotony of blistering fatigue was relieved by Pua who startled us by his sudden excited shouting.

"Goats. Hey! We get goat!"

Our collective goats had already been gotten by the grinning Hawaiian sun, but we accepted this diversion with feeble animation which quickened into yelping interest as the chase developed.

A herd of wild goats had wandered out onto the crater floor. They were nimble enough among the crags and crumbling cliffs, but on the level ground were lumberingly awkward.

Pua dashed among them and lassoed the old he-goat, and shot a couple of half-grown kids. The rest of the flock escaped, bleating, to the walls, where, with the familiar terrain under their small feet, they fairly soared up and out of sight. The old Patriarch put up furious resistance, so gallant and fearless that we released him with our blessings. He did not honor us or lower his dignity by running. With slow, deliberate step he marched away, even stopping to nibble at imaginary grass until he reached the first fallen boulders. Three agile bounds and he was gone, leaving only the not too faint fragrance of his person with us a souvenir of the episode.

Pua did necessary operations on the bodies of the two kids and we continued with our booty along the wearisome way into paths that became hourly more fearful and depressing.

Mid afternoon found us at the Rain Cliff, the one small oasis of green in this desert of aridity. How joyously we welcomed the spring, the pool and the stretch of grass with trees at the base of the overwhelming precipice. We were tempted to join the horses in nibbling the lush cool grass.

Stiff and weary, with aching joints and blistered skins, we made our few simple preparations for the night before turning to the luxury of bathing. We soaked in the pool until our skins were as wrinkled as tripe, then slept soddenly in the thin shade of a discouraged looking tree.

The latter part of my slumber was disturbed by uneasy dreams filled with the ominous presence of brooding gods and nature spirits, half seen through smothering saffron clouds; I had nightmares in which I was being dragged over cliffs and attacked by a raging monster that breathed flame over me. The monster resembled the old he-goat, so I concluded that it was the spirit of all indignant goats avenging the indignity of the afternoon.

A call to chow summoned me from my unhappy adventures in the spirit world. We responded hungrily to the appealing fragrance of young kid roasted over coals, and the aroma of tar-black coffee. Supper was cheery enough. We grinned wryly over the parboiled appearance of each others' faces realizing that our own probably had sunset effects rivaling the western façade of Mandril apes.

Brief dusk, followed by the full blackness of night, came upon us during our meal. Replete with good food, cosy by a rip-roaring fire, restful in the vast silence, I relaxed to an evening of reposeful contemplation of the stars. Pua's activity of cleaning up kept a certain blithesome note in our camp.

Gradually, however, an increasing pressure of stillness weighed down our cheerfulness. Pua retired to a tree and strummed a vivacious hula which slurred into a mournful love song. This in turn died in long lugubrious chords, minor and unhappy. The fire settled to embers that whitened to ashes. Conversation died a'borning. Only the occasional stamp or snort of the horses broke the tension of emptiness that deepened and intensified about us.

The enormous masses of cliff seemed to crowd closer and to lean over, ready to loose countless tons of dead lava upon us. I felt that we were not accepted in this place; that the crater and the old gods who live in it resented the invasion of our presumptuous selves. Pua stirred the fire, but it responded only anæmically to his proddings. Night chill crept in about, adding clammy dampness to the oppressive quiet.

I have known silences of various sorts, cathedrals, great empty buildings, the cañon of the Yellowstone, the summit of Mount Jefferson, but they were *alive* silences, the temporary cessation of activity. In this desolate place there was no living thing to breathe, to move, to disturb. The beating of my heart assumed the proportions of a muffled drum, warning of the approach of doom.

I remembered the vigil of the morning and recalled the sea of dead draining blackness into which I had stared. There followed a feeling of suffocation, of being immersed in a fluid too thick to breathe, too thin to drown us. Imagination filled the crater with old seas of flowing molten lava. A sulphurous heavy miasma seemed to emanate from the cliffs and from the sodden ground. The picture was altogether horrifying.

We were startled by the sudden distressed crying of voices, thin eerie shrillings that seemed to come from the air above us. Banshees? I wondered if Polynesian sisters of the Eumenides sought us out to avenge some violation of the *tabus* of the crater. A faint prickling of gooseflesh spread up my back.

"Goats," grunted Pua.

We slept serenely until dawn. Goats had reduced the fearful pit of the highest extinct volcano in the world into a mere extra-large hole in the ground.

Lazy Days

I STAYED on Maui for several months frankly beach combing and drifting, in the vicinity of Kapou, Kipahulu and Hana, as the guest of Aunty Pinau, with her nephew Pua and her grandchild Nalani as guides to Hawaiian life. There was little need of money, and that little was supplied by the sale of some sketches in water color and oil. It was a time of the most complete contentment I have ever known. I absorbed rather than sought local atmosphere. Life was neither real nor earnest. It was a long vacation beginning with each dawn and ending when whim dictated.

Pua, Nalani and I explored the mountainsides, the jungles and the beaches in search for amusement, and Aunty Pinau initiated me into knowledge of local legends, gods and Hawaiian cookery.

This remarkable and admirable old woman was a joy to me. She was ripe with living, and her tolerant understanding of human frailties and weaknesses was godlike. She had seen the passing of the old days with regret, but she kept herself well informed about the new. Her fund of stories was inexhaustible, and her pride in Hawaii and Hawaiians earned my sincere respect.

She had been a beautiful girl and was now, even with her astounding corpulence, a magnificent and queenly woman. Her face was traced with wrinkles, but they were etched with laughter, marking the gallant smiles with which she had met life's bludgeonings. She was well educated, having attended the schools in Honolulu and moved in the society of the day. She had married a white man, and had borne him three sons and two daughters. When he died he left her a well-to-do widow with property and a good income. Her sons had married well and had become *haole* in their mode of living, but the daughters had shared her love of the old style life, and they looked after her country place. She divided her year between her sons' homes in the city and her own house by the sea. Each year found her less inclined to visit Honolulu. The noise and tension of modern life irked and distressed her. After each visit she would return, a dowager-duchess in clothes and manner, but she would sigh mightily and say with a deprecating laugh, "Auwe! I'm just *kanaka,* I guess." But there was no apology in the statement.

The satin-and-spangle *holoku* would go into the closet with the tight shoes, hats, gloves, corsets and other feminine fripperies. She would emerge, her natural, delightful self, in a comfortable roomy *mumu,* her hair loosened, her feet bare, a *lei* of flowers about her neck and a smile wreathing her fine face.

"Ilima," she would call to her daughter, "get me fish and *poi.*"

We would all go out onto the broad *lanai* or veranda overlooking the sea and there, seated on a *lauhala* mat with her bowl of *poi* before her, a cigarette glowing, her daughters and grandchildren and a few neighbors about her, she would hold court, telling the gossip and news of Honolulu.

She was a "Who's Whose of Hawaii." She knew how certain great families (money-great) came by their properties, why the John Does didn't speak to the Richard Roes, etc., etc. Her tales were merry and often ribald. She shifted from Hawaiian to English and back again in her narratives. Sometimes she would look slyly at me as she told something in Hawaiian which made everyone shout.

"You're too young to hear this."

She was a *raconteur* of the first order. I listened by the hour to her stories and comments. Hawaiians have a great sense of metaphor and simile, and no inhibitions; consequently, the aptness of many of her expressions approached the Rabelaisian. She was never vulgar.

My alley-cat interest in Polynesian food amused her and won her confidence. She had an out-of-door kitchen, a lean-to covered with woven palm fronds, and there she spent many hours preparing delicious food. It was always pleasantly smelly. There were dried squid, fishes, and jerked beef suspended from the rafters, and calabashes of food suspended in nets, and heaps of fresh fruits. Also she had a vast knowledge of herbs and primitive medicines. There was very little she didn't know. Most of the babies in the district arrived under her supervision.

One day, after studying me for some time she said, quite seriously:

"You are *haole* outside, but inside I think you're good *kanaka*."

I didn't take that compliment lightly. Hawaiians will call each other *kanaka* but will resent it from outsiders. After that we were really friends, and through her I learned many things which I might never have known of the inner side of Island life.

Her house was an expression of herself; large, hospitable, spacious. Hardly any rooms had three complete walls; one room let into another, which in turn opened onto the *lanais,* screened with fern baskets, vines and shrubbery. There were flowers everywhere, peering in the windows, scrambling over the roof and sprawling across the lawns and walls.

Woven mats covered the floors, and there were numerous *hikieas,* enormous couches made of many fine mats heaped up, on which a dozen people could sprawl in comfort. There were a few pieces of *haole* furniture, but as a whole it was Hawaiian.

She had a splendid collection of carved *koa*-wood calabashes, polished to mirror brightness. Examples of the finest native craftmanship in wood, *lauhala, tapa* cloth and feather work decorated the walls. From almost any place in the house one could look out toward the sea or mountains on living pictures of poster brilliancy.

The place was always overflowing with relatives, of both blood and *calabash* varieties. The *calabash* relatives are so called because of an old custom which permitted two friends, intimate enough to share the same calabash, to exchange children as gifts, tributes to great affection. These children were raised as members of the adoptive family and were loved as much as, or possibly more than, the regular stork-delivery ones.

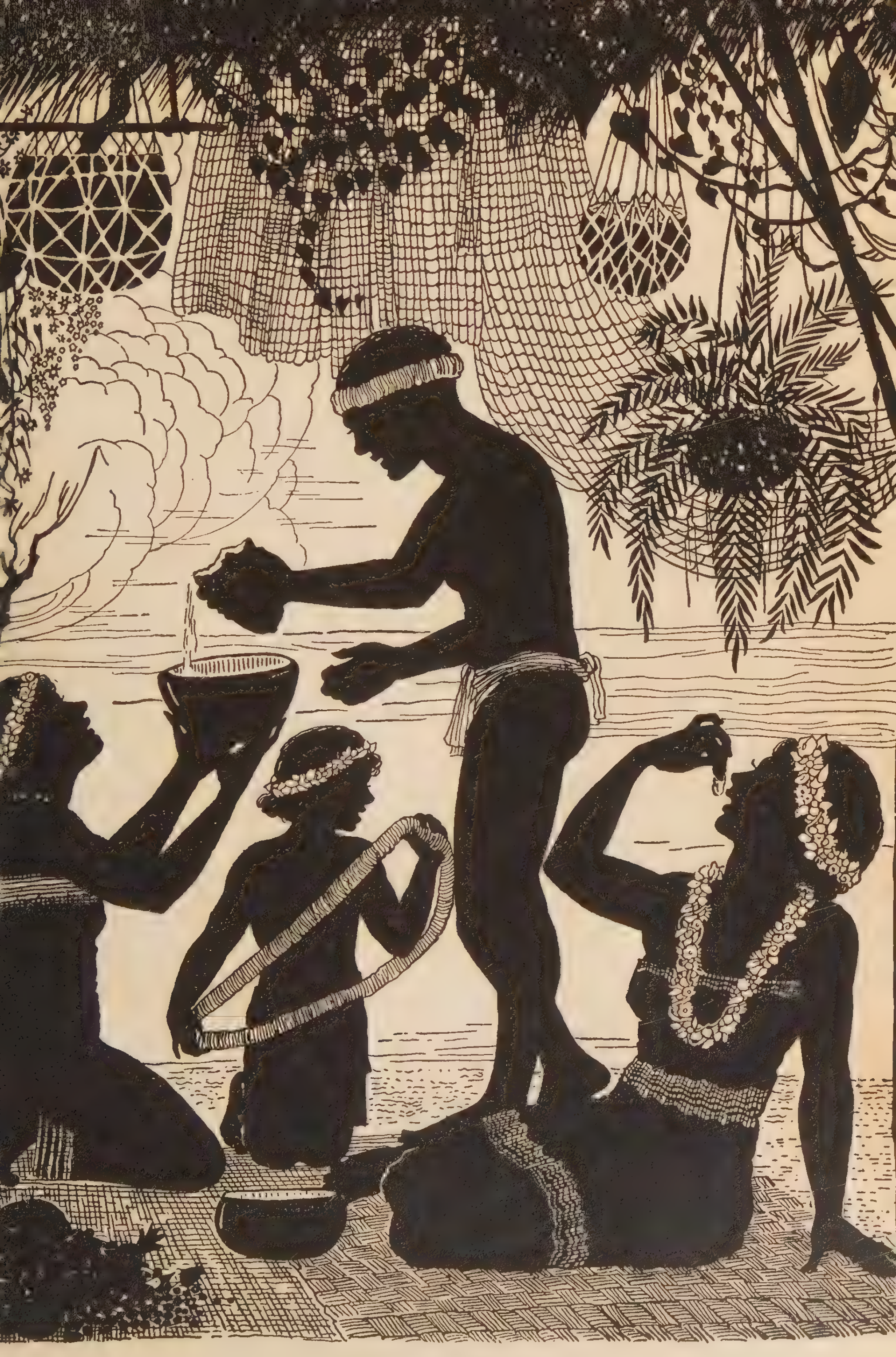
I begged to be permitted to claim *calabash* kinship with the lovable lot of them, and Aunty Pinau said I might when she had thought of a Hawaiian name for me.

My days were utterly purposeless and unplanned. The sun was my alarm clock in the mornings and I rarely missed the ever-varied spectacle of the dawn.

A disreputable bathing suit was my only garment most of the day. I'd slip into this as soon as the sun awakened me, and run down to the sea through the cool, soft air of morning. My one garment would flap lonesomely on a *kamani* branch while I swam out through the champagne waters to a vantage point of black rock beyond the surf.

Apparently the whole world was still sleeping. Only the lap-lap of the water kept me company. The mountain, Haleakala, supported the sky on its massive shoulders; the velvety drapery of its jungle cloak fell in rich folds to the

DON BLANDING.



Aunty Pinau's Kitchen

sea; terraces of white clouds, smeared with the first pink of sunrise, dropped away to the horizon; the sea was smooth and opalescent as a nautilus shell; long lines of palm trees yearned sleepily to the water; utter unbroken peace enveloped everything.

As the bright shafts of sunlight invaded the valleys and shadows, the Island yawned and stirred; *mynah* birds started yammering in the big *banyan* trees; the clouds began their pilgrimage toward unknown Meccas beyond the horizon; streamers of smoke climbed waveringly toward the sky; a quickening of sound made the air alive. Man took possession of a virgin world.

At this time Pua and Nalani would join me and we would cavort and splash for half an hour. The water was cool enough to make lively swimming necessary, and the physical delight of feeling warm blood pulsing in response to the sting of the cold was in itself a voluptuous sensation. Sometimes we would scare up a flock of flying fishes that skittered away in silvery flashes.

Those joyous youngsters taught me the secret of laughter . . . the bubbling laughter which is artesian, finding its source within itself. It was cleansing and healing. All Hawaiians have it.

After a sketchy breakfast we would hold council regarding the day's amusement.

"What'll we do today, Pua?" I'd ask.

The answer was always the same. He would shrug, smile, wave his hand with an embracing gesture that indicated that the earth was ours . . . we had only to choose.

Perhaps I'd say, "Let's go *mauka* (to the mountains)."

"Shuah (sure)," the invariable response.

It is difficult to describe the Islands without appearing extravagant and fullsome. Eyes accustomed to the soft grays and brown of temperate-zone scenery cannot believe that a land can be painted entirely truthfully in pure color; that a sea can be real turquoise and jade; that mountains are viridian and emerald, or that masses of hillside can be splashes of crude magenta. Those *are* the colors of Hawaii.

I usually carried a sketch pad, a box of water colors and some brushes and pencils along on our jaunts, but the very richness of material was confusing, so, more often than not, I'd return without a note. It was so much more pleasant to lie on a soft grass bank and watch the shifting pattern and play of light through canopies of leaves than to try to catch it in line and color.

Our progress toward any goal was slow, jerky and uncertain. A mile of Hawaiian roadside was packed with so much of interest that we would halt every few minutes. Pua and Nalani were always agreeable. Pua would lean comfortably against a tree and strum his ukulele, singing aimless melodies. I liked the older songs of Hawaii with their languid melancholy, although Pua was inclined to the jazz songs of the day.

He was about eighteen years old. He looked like the son of a Polynesian Pan and an Athenian hetæra. His was a Greek body, bronze, blurred in the casting to softer lines. His face was like a composite picture of the several bloods in his veins. Orient showed in his tilted eyes, which were warmly sentimental, with deviltry lurking behind them. Blond blood diluted the copper-brown of his Hawaiian coloring. He had a straight nose (English blood somewhere), and broad brow, with a mass of thick curly hair in eternal confusion about his face. His mouth was sensuous, saved from sensuality by gay laughter lines.

He was not lazy so much as that he was unconvinced of the reasonableness of work. He was the Don Juan of the district, and many female hearts got tangled in his curly lashes. I know that he helped himself to the maidenly fruit offered him with no more sense of responsibility than a bee feels when it ravishes a flower of its honey. I think he did his best to keep the Hawaiian race from dying out, at least in as much territory as he could cover.

Nalani would gather a basket of flowers, and string *leis* for our heads and necks. She did not braid the stems in the usual manner of garland makers elsewhere. She followed the Island custom of running a long cord through the center of the blossoms until she had a boa of petals a yard long.

I liked particularly the *plumeria leis.* The white or pink-white petals looked like carved ivory and were as fragrant as concentrated perfume essences. We tried combining flowers in new color schemes. One of her prettiest *leis* was made of coral *hibiscus* with its filigree petals, or the bright scarlet ones that looked like ruffled silk.

There was a flower, a Chinese blossom called *bok yok lang faa,* or white-jade-flesh-flower. Its name described it. It was supposed to have the texture, color and fragrance of a Chinese girl's flesh. For all I know it did. Certainly it had a delicate haunting perfume that I liked. Nalani used to tuck some of these down the front of her dress. It was a mystery to me how she kept them there, because she wore only one garment.

The road that wound past Aunty Pinau's house was as aimless as a daydream. I'm sure it was blazed by an idle-minded fellow. It dropped down to the sea for a dip, ran a city block's distance along the shore, then climbed hastily, as though startled, up the steep face of a cliff; there it might go for all of a hundred yards, then it would double back, curve, twist and . . . end nowhere. I think the road maker must have been chasing a mongoose or following a tired angleworm. It was as whimsical and variable as a Hawaiian mind.

Along the way there were spider lilies, wayside vendors of delicate flower-petal lace, and passion flower displaying the symbols of the crucifixion or offering the egg-shaped fruit filled with cool tapioca jello.

Little houses dotted the roadside, and Pua and Nalani always had to stop for a talk with the people. Usually there would be an old man sitting and thinking, or just sitting. He would smile fondly at the nice youngsters for a moment before relapsing into his lotos haze of dreaming. Of course we had to eat something; it was always offered; one can always eat *poi;* it's filling but not lasting.

The houses were always set among trees; the boards seldom had paint. Who could ask for it when *bougainvillea* draped the huts with wine or henna colored tapestry, or *cadena-d'amor* strung leafy hearts and valentine blossoms in festoons about the place. There might be a couple of papaya trees looking like many-breasted Ephesian Dianas on either side of the walk, and a few banana trees heavy with yellow fruit. Cats, dogs, chickens and sometimes a pig enlived the yard. Scraps of song or the endless twanging of ukuleles sounded from the *lanais* at any hour of the day.

One day we climbed high up the mountain, following the bed of a stream, wading and splashing through green tunnels of jungle growth, fern and tangled *lianas*. Although it was cool, the going was strenuous, so we were sweaty and hot by the time we arrived at a pool that was set in a small paradise of beauty.

The stream bed came to an abrupt end at the base of a twenty-foot cliff, over which poured a shimmering waterfall into a deep pool in the black lava. Curtains of green inclosed the small glade. The sun beat down in a green and gold pattern on the rippling surface of the water; banana fronds reflected their tattered banners in the dark mirror; ferns sprouted from impossible niches in the rocks; there was a damp, wet, living smell to the place.

We were about to strip down to essentials and plunge into the pool when Pua stopped us. He picked two leaves from a tree, crossed them, and put them on a large altar-shaped rock by the path, weighting them with a pebble. Nalani explained that this pool was the home of *meneheunes,* the "little people" of the mountains, who had probably fled to the high cliffs above us at the sound of our approach. The ritual that Pua performed was for the purpose of propitiating them so that they would not throw boulders down on us. I was perfectly aware that the vibration of our voices might loose tons of delicately balanced rocks upon us and that it behooved us to speak in hushed respectful tones as the custom demanded, but I was also quite willing to believe that *meneheunes* did live there, and could not be blamed if they resented our rude intrusion.

The missionary influence in the Islands has made the Hawaiians so body-conscious that they are fully as modest, in the missionary sense, as some of those good ladies themselves. But clothes, except the merest fig leaf, would have been desecration in this small glade, so I led off in getting back to Nature, and the youngsters followed suit. The cool caress of the water, the dark shadows of the pool, the mysterious caves under the rocks held our interest for an hour.

Nalani and Pua climbed up the damp, slippery face of the cliff to the top of the waterfall. I shall never see bronze or marble more beautiful than the living statues of those young animals, wet-gleaming in the clotted sunlight. Pua arched in the air like a bird and dropped straight to the water. Nalani saw a jutting point of rock about fifteen feet higher up the face of the cliffs. Gracefully as a young leopardess she made her way across the sheer wall, looking over her shoulder and flinging taunts at Pua. A small ledge allowed her to stand with the sunlight blazing full upon her, turning her slim, youthful body into a figurine in old gold. As she lifted her arms above her head, she was one flow of rippling melting curves.

Her voice floated down to us like the cry of a *wami* as she leapt feet foremost. A swift flash in the air, a javelin of flesh speeding downward. Just before she struck the water she closed her arms across her swelling young breasts to protect them from the impact. Seconds that seemed like long minutes dragged by as we watched her body, a green shadow in the deep water, moving toward us. She rose to the surface almost at our feet, drew a deep gasping breath, shook the water from her eyes and burst into peals of hilarious laughter over the startled and concerned expression on my face.

After we had paddled for a while, Pua produced some mangoes which we ate in this most fitting place . . . by lots of water. Mangoes are even more gooey, treacherous and mussy than *poi*. We besmeared ourselves without concern either for neatness or possible stomach aches.

The youngsters disappeared suddenly, after some whispering. I heard them chattering like mynah birds on the slopes of greenery above the pool. Soon they returned with arms full of long green stalks with bulbous buds on the ends. They were the flower buds of ginger plants, about the size of goose eggs. They showed me how to squeeze the transparent jelly from the buds to use for shampoo. We squeezed the satiny, fragrant unguent over our bodies and rubbed it to a lather. It was cooling and delicious; it took the blister and ache out of our skins. The perfume had a wild, exciting tang. When we were thoroughly besmeared with the pleasant lotion we plunged into the pool.

As we emerged, Nalani crept up behind Pua and hit him a resounding whack with one of the soft, squashy bulbs. The juice flew in every direction and a free-for-all battle of ginger bulbs followed. Our voices rose to shouts. Suddenly a heavy *thwunk* in the water startled us. A large boulder had fallen into the pool; we could see the small dust cloud high on the cliff from which it had fallen. The two Hawaiians stopped their merriment and their faces were frightened.

"Auwe! We make *meneheunes huhu* (angry)," they whispered awedly.

We gathered our clothes and departed soft footed from the glade. The bright sunshine revived our spirits, and soon, kitten-minded and quick to forget, we were sliding down grass slopes astride bundles of *ti* leaves.

As we trudged home, hours later, I could still catch the pungent jungle fragrance of the ginger on my skin, reminding me of the little secret place. It is one of the spots that one's mind plays truant and slips away to at the most unexpected moments, in business hours, at polite dinners, on lecture platforms or in the midst of concentrated study. It is a pleasantly disturbing memory.

Hula

BOM . . . bmmm . . . BOM . . . bmmm . . .
BOM . . . bmm . . . bom . . . bm . . .
Hard quick hands on a shark-skin tom-tom,
Seeds in a gourd shell . . . shaking . . . shaking,
Surf on a seashore . . . crashing . . . breaking,
Flames of the torches . . . flaming . . . flaring,
Eyes in the moonlight . . . burning . . . staring,
Slim brown body . . . swaying . . . curving,
Fluttering fingers . . . swooping . . . swerving,
Leis of flowers . . . wilting . . . swooning,
Deep hot voices . . . singing . . . crooning.
BOM . . . bm . . . bom . . . bm . . . bm. . . .
BOM . . . bm.bom.bm.bm. . . .

"NOW," said Aunty Pinau, as we settled comfortably on cool mats on the grass in front of her house, "you're going to see the *real* hula."

"Wasn't that the real hula I saw at the *luau?*"

"Ye-e-s," she replied slowly. "That was good enough for a *luau.* Lehua dances a pretty hula, but these tonight are old ones. I will explain them so you will know what beautiful poetry is in the hearts of my people. Then when you go back to the States you can tell the *haoles* that Hawaiians are not cheap grass-skirt shakers." She lifted her chin proudly.

"We had great poets and artists in the old days. Our dancers were trained from the time they were little children. They were as graceful and fine as your Isadora Duncan or St. Denis. I saw those women dance when I was in San Francisco."

Her voice hardened as she added, "And I saw women dance what they *called* the hula." She shuddered as she recalled the picture, and lapsed into *hapa-haole* talk. "I shame my face."

I knew how her fierce pride in Hawaii had suffered humiliation. I could see the picture.

A cabaret. Colored spotlights centered on a polished dance floor. White faces like dim soiled moons looming through the smoky haze of the crowded room. A brass-voiced announcer.

"Ladeez . . . and . . . gen'lmen . . . Princess Yaka-dula from Honolulah . . . will now do the famous hula-hula dance. Shake it up, Princess, shake it up."

Four musicians billed as "native Hawaiians" start a jazz tune, blatant and harsh with effective discords. One musician is Mexican, two are Filipinos and one is Portuguese. They wear white shirts and trousers with red sashes around their waists. About their shoulders they wear *"leis"* of yellow paper. Atmosphere stuff.

Into the blazing light struts a lithe, half bare mulatto girl. Coarse lips, lewd eyes, black hair fuzzed like a puff ball above a biscuit-brown face. Cheeks and lips smeared with orange rouge. She wears a fringe skirt of gaudy beads that rattle and clank. A soiled strip of gold cloth, sewn with cheap glass jewels, covers but does not restrain her big, pendulous breasts. Brass bracelets clash on her wrists, and she wears anklets of bells.

"Yahoo!" she cries and starts her dance. Sensual in every abandoned movement, part hootchee-kootchee, the rest savage African. Hips forward, wrenching and twisting; shoulders shuddering in an unceasing shimmy; hands slithering over her bare torso; snapping fingers and stamping feet marking the brutal rhythms.

"Hot dog! Me for Honolulu." This from a fat-faced pickle salesman.

The dancer, alert for dramatic climax, approaches him and stands motionless. She exudes a rancid animal odor that dominates her syrupy perfume. The music drops to an expectant whisper which crescendoes to a stridulant braying as the girl stirs to motion. The muscles of her abdomen ripple and writhe like disturbed serpents. From finger tips to rouged toes she is a quivering jellyfish, a chugging motor, a throbbing dynamo.

The fat man's eyes glaze with embarrassment. He licks his lips.

"Yahoo!" the girl yells and flirts the bead fringe in an audacious swing so close to his perspiring face that he winces sharply away.

The music crashes to a finish and the dancer races from the floor. And that, to the ready acceptance of the unthinking crowd, is the hula, a caricature of the most graceful and poetic dance of any primitive people, danced by a negress to music which is as far removed from the gracious harmonies of Hawaii as Africa is geographically and racially distant from these enchanted islands of the Pacific.

My thoughts turned relievedly to the scene before us. We were seated in the deep shadows of the *lanai.* Dark curtains of vines, cameoed with the pale faces of fragrant white night flowers, masked in a square of lawn on which were spread large tan mats. As a background there was the restless sea shimmering through twisted branches and tattered leaves of a *hau* tree. Moonlight and torches flooded the small natural stage with gold and silver light. A croton hedge at the side served as dressing rooms for the performers. Groups of people were clotted in the shadows under the trees, and black figures passed in sudden silhouette against the torchlight. The sullen thunder of surf and the constant murmur of trade winds were punctuated with whispers, giggles, and sh-sh-ings. Deep boomings, staccato rattlings and tinklings indicated that big shark-skin drums, little *pu-niu* and ukuleles would be part of the music this night. An exciting earthly perfume pervaded the air, a potpourri of *frangipanni* blossoms, cocoanut oil and naked flesh. A before-the-curtain expectancy enlivened the audience to animated chatter.

About twenty-five people, most of them Hawaiians, with a few *haoles* from a near-by sugar plantation, laughed and gossiped in good-natured acceptance of the inevitable delays and false starts which accompany any events of Polynesian preparation. There were three old women seated near me; one of them was as wrinkled and withered as a dried raisin, the others were as plump and full of flesh as ripe guavas. Their laughter was infectious; they gave themselves to it with complete yielding; the plump women shook like jello moulds, the thin one quaked like an aspen; Aunty Pinau joined her deep chuckle, and the ripples of pleasantness spread to the outer edges of the crowd.

Merriment ended abruptly with the entrance of an aged woman in a white *holoku* who stumbled to her place at the side of the small stage. She was a famous chanter, one of the few who remembered the *meles* and *olis* of bygone days, and could chant them in the classical manner. Her face and body were old, old; her hair was the white of wood ashes. In her gnarled hands she carried an enormous paunchy gourd and a thin cushion which she put on the mat before her. She arranged these with a carefulness which amounted to ritual.

We watched her interestedly while she sat inert, relaxed, a shapeless bundle of shadow. Only her shriveled lips moved. She seemed to be gathering forces to herself, attracting them by her immobile receptivity.

Suddenly she lifted her fine strong face; her body straightened, vitalized to a grandeur of posture which made her a priestess invoking gods. She raised the gourd and struck it with her hand. It responded with a hollow bass BOM.

BOM-bmm-bmm . . . BOM-bmm-bmm. . . .

Palm and finger tips. A hypnotic, monotonous rhythm. Bom-bmm-bmm . . . BOM-bmm-bmm. Her voice took up the last beat, launching the cadences of the chant to Laka, goddess of the dance. She intoned the sonorous words, drawing out each vowel sound in a quaver that thinned to a shuddery whisper. After a pulse beat of silence, her powerful resonant voice renewed its full vibrancy. It sounded like the crash and swoon of surf.

"Oh, Laka,
Goddess of the hula.
Give suppleness to the bodies of the dancers.
Let their feet be quick;
Let their hands find the grace of flying birds."

The prayer ceased. Four girls, wearing green *ti* leaf skirts and garlands of varicolored flowers, walked to position in a row on the mats and stood quietly, eyes down, faces intent and serious, arms limp at their sides, waiting.

The old woman spoke a few words, a quick command that electrified the dancers into movement. Each girl extended her left foot, touching the mat lightly in front of her, at the same time lifting a hand, palm down, in salutation. The gourd sounded a new tempo. Again the palm and finger tips with a deeper BOOM made by striking the gourd on the ground.

BOM-thud-a-thud . . . BOM-thud-a-thud.

Four hands traced the curve of a wave that flowed into brown arms and through supple bodies. Grass skirts swirled in wide arcs to the swaying of hips. A fluid pattern of weaving and interweaving lines tangled and untangled, blended, melted. The dancers' postures were so perfectly in accord that they were like the repeated design of a frieze. It was the hula of the seas. Graphically, beautifully, they pictured the slow waves of Kailua, the rushing surf of Waikiki, the treacherous whirlpools and thundering breakers of Makapuu, and the sleeping waters of Pearl Harbor. The mesmeric whisper and swis-sh of the green grass skirts, with light glinting and flashing across the glossy leaves, created a perfect illusion.

Next they executed a seated hula with *pu-niu,* cocoanut shells filled with hard, small pebbles, a Polynesian version of castanets. The shells were topped with flat discs made of colored feathers.

They shook the *pu-niu* in varied tempos, now deliberate and slow, then rapidly with double beats, striking them against their palms, touching the shoulders or the knees, or tracing sweeping arcs on the mat, to get different sounds. Their free hands carried the pantomimic interpretation of the chanter's story. It was stimulating and dizzying to watch the rapid shift of design which their bodies and arms made as they wove the difficult, intricate fabric of the dance.

The four dancers and the old woman retired after the *pu-niu.* Aunty Pinau used the interval of waiting to explain about the rituals and history of the hula.

In the days of the great chiefs and kings of Hawaii, the court maintained troupes of performers, chosen especially for their grace and comeliness. There were schools in which exercises, fastings and purifications were taught and observed. Strict *tabus,* which even the king might not violate, were pronounced on the women. The dancers submitted to long hours of expert massage to loosen their joints, develop muscles and limber their bodies. They were taught the gestures and postures which had crystallized into conventions by centuries of repetition. There were dances for every phase of Hawaiian life, hulas of rowing, planting, hunting and war, hulas of love and courtship, of birth and death. Legends were translated into pantomime. Sometimes a skilled dancer might improvise a story, and the language of the dance was so familiar to all that the tale could be followed without song or words.

One famous hula told of the chief Kamehameha the Great who would place a squad of warriors at a distance and, while he danced, never moving from one spot, they would launch spears at him which he would dodge. Sometimes he would catch a spear in mid-air and fling it back. It is hoped that the warriors were good dodgers.

Chanters and drum beaters, gourd and *pu-niu* manipulators were part of the troupe which wandered about the Islands. Through these hula troupes the history of Hawaii was kept fresh in the minds of the people.

It is difficult even now to find dancers who know the meanings of all the gestures. Most of the younger generation cannot even understand the words of the songs which are chanted in the old classic Hawaiian. And, more is the pity, these youngsters do not even care to know them; and the men and women of Hawaii who might preserve these things are dying. These songs and dances and harmonies cannot be

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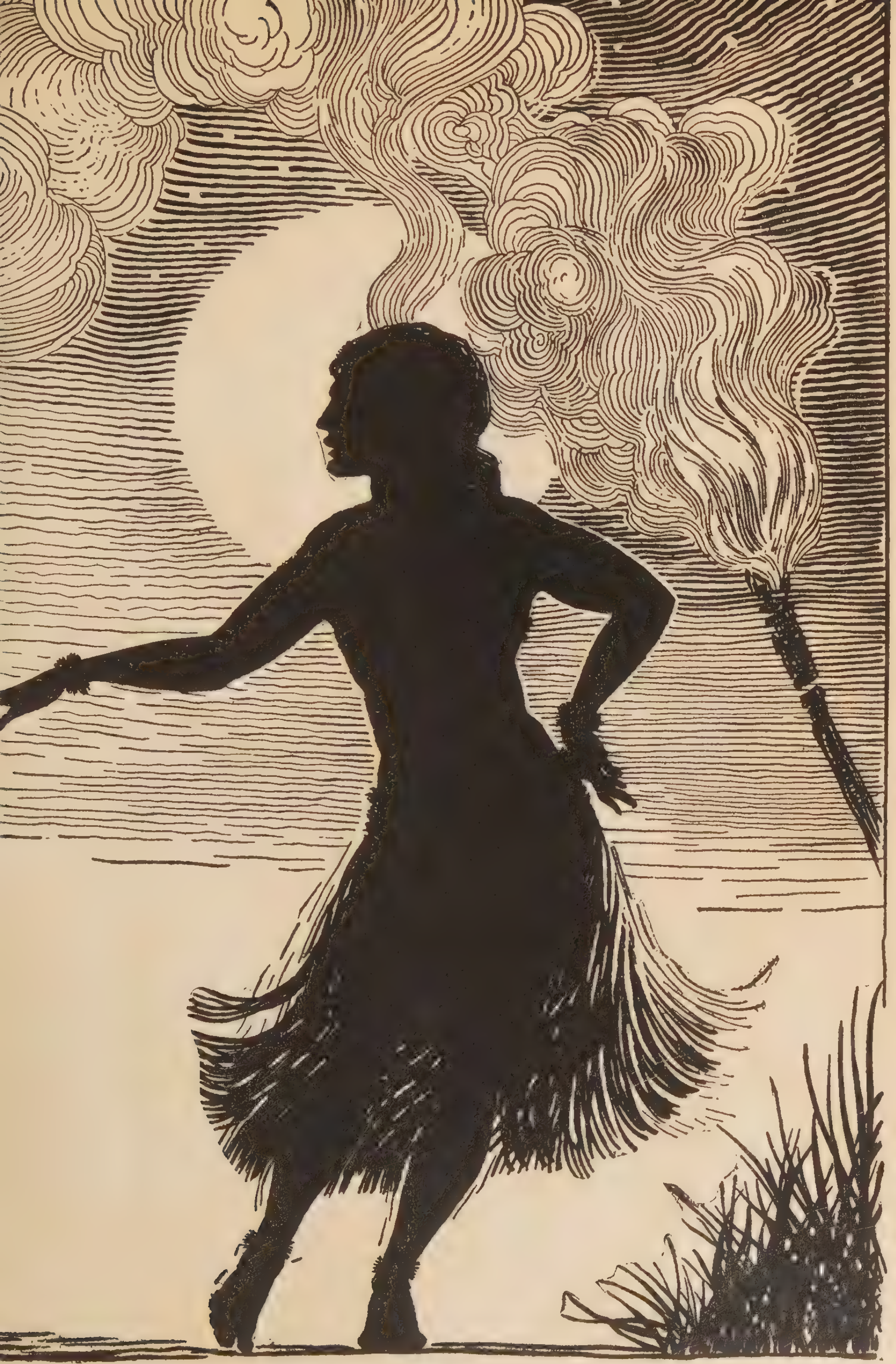

Hula Moon

caught with words or described with gestures. They cannot be copied by the fair-skinned people. Even those whites with the sincerest reverence for the beauty of these half-forgotten things can never attain the flawless harmony of hand, torso and feet moving in perfect rhythm.

A whisper reached Aunty Pinau's ear. She listened smilingly, then turned to me with a look of fond pride in her eyes.

"My granddaughter is going to dance," she said. "Nalani dances old-style. I won't let her learn these *pilau* (which is not a nice word) *haole* hulas."

She referred to hulas as passionate, as violent, as the love dances of the Turkish countries, which have been made to answer the demands of tourists and visitors; whites generally, who demand more "spice" and who are too blind to see the loveliness of the old hulas.

When Nalani appeared there was a burst of admiring *"auwe's"* and *"maikai's."* The applause quite upset her. She was almost overcome with shyness. Her sweet smile in response to our admiration was as pretty and natural as would be that of a flower's if it were able to say, "I'm glad you like my petals."

I think that Nalani was a virgin, although in the tropics it's difficult to tell; passion is such a frank, wholesome emotion there that it does not leave its revealing mark so clearly, and the modeling of the Hawaiian is very sensuous. Certainly she looked as fresh and untouched as a wild ginger blossom. She might have been Spring's own daughter.

She had chosen big blush-pink double *hibiscus* for her *leis*. They framed her young face with a soft halo, and drooped tenderly over the roundness of her budding breasts. Her loose bodice, a sleeveless blouse, was a pale new-leaf green which deepened to the dark, varnished green of the *ti* leaves in her skirt. Heavy anklets of the ruffled flowers gave added delicacy to the lines of her small feet, but she wisely abandoned bracelets of flowers, so that the melting line from throat to finger tips might not be broken. She looked like a gay little flowering tree offering its first blossom to the year.

Her dance was "Paahana," the story of a girl who lived alone in the upper forests of the Koolau mountains. A simple tale, a Polynesian Hans-Christian-Andersen story. The dance-pantomime was easy to follow. The sky was a roof for her house, the forest and the ferns were the walls; she was not lonely, since she had the flowers and the small animals for friends; the wind in the branches sang songs for her, and the jungle gave her food; her dress was made from leaves. The sun was her father and the moon her mother. She was happy.

Although the dance was an old one and the gestures followed a familiar pattern, she made it seem, with her artless grace, as spontaneous as play. Her hands, with slim fingers curved up at the tips like those of the Cambodian dancers, were as light as butterflies in their flitting, quick movements. She was a bird's song embodied in the form of a girl.

Except that it would have been cruel to still the vibrant life in her young body, I could have wished that, in the moment when she paused at the end of her dance, she might have been changed to a statue in natural colors, reversing the Galatea legend, and kept as a symbol of the Hawaii that existed before missionaries and progress contributed their alien "finishing" touches.

If Nalani was springtime, Kailua, the dancer who followed her, was Hawaiian summer . . . and August at that, ripened, full-blown, with sex as the bloom of her opulent tropical loveliness. There had been much talk of her unusual beauty, her lovers and her stormy career. I was anxious to see her.

She had been the mistress of a French painter for three years. He had gone back to Paris, where his pictures had created a sensation. She never heard from him. As souvenirs of the affair, he had left her three gifts—sophistication, ambition and a knowledge of her potentialities. The names of several prominent men in Honolulu had been linked with hers since then, and she was a figure of interest in the Islands.

My friend in Honolulu had three striking studies of her in oil. One flashed into mind as she walked into the light of the torches. Her lover had painted her as a Polynesian Herodias, nude, with a moss bank for throne, flowers for jewels, and a *lei* of scarlet *hibiscus* for crown. Sunlight spilling through fern fronds wove a transparent robe of black and gold on her tawny amberous skin. Her figure had the lazy, dangerous grace of a leopard.

Obviously the man had been mad about her splendid body, for his brush had captured the warm, sensual glow and curve of her strong, soft thighs, proud breasts, the gracious shadows and polished lights of her flesh, which looked like chiffon over bronze.

As she danced I had time to study her. The painter had not flattered or idealized her. She was magnificent. In another age, in another setting, she would have controlled thrones. Young Nalani had the sweet grace of small, pretty things, flowers and birds, but Kailua was builded on grander lines; her torso had the powerful, virile up-curve of a Samoan palm tree, her arms were *lianas* with power to hold and climb rather than *maile* vines that sway with the whim of the wind, her hips were broad and rounded, her shoulders supplely massive.

Her features had that positive beauty which is akin to ugliness. Black brows marked a heavy level bar across the broad oval of her face. Her eyes were large, dark and slightly tilted at the corners. They were luminous and sultry, with lashes fringed so thickly that they appeared to be painted. The slight flattening of her nostrils, flared ardently, kept her nose from being truly fine, but her mouth was a temptation. The lips were full, pomegranate, and carved in proud, almost scornful, curvings, with the corners tucked in deeply, in an effect that was Egyptian. Any woman I know would have pawned her soul for her superb throat, columnar and powerful.

Some wilder and more turbulent blood, Mongol perhaps, had seeped into the gentler Hawaiian blood stream of her ancestry; she had a look of leashed fury, of threatening power that suggested Pele, the Volcano goddess. I wondered if her painter had seen her so.

My attention was caught at once by the unusual choice and arrangement of her flowers and *leis*. She could have worn effectively the barbaric red of *hibiscus* to match the sex-challenge of her lips and eyes, but, with an audacity that amounted to genius, she dared to choose white Samoan gardenias, realizing that, by placing the corpse-pale petals against her warm, dusky flesh, she attained a contrast that made her skin glow with slumberous fire.

A flat wreath of the gardenias bound the thick, rebellious masses of her purple-black hair close to her head. A short *lei,* almost a choker, encircled her throat. The flowers on her deep, bare breast shone like blurred stars. A double *lei* coiled like a white serpent clasping her hips. She had anklets and bracelets of the blooms.

Her poise was almost insolent. Evidently she had learned a great deal from her painter. I could see him in his leisure time finding idle, cruel diversion in manipulating the pliable clay of her primitive nature into perversely beautiful form, glazing it with the poisonous wisdom of an older, wearier people. Kailua was not the first woman to purchase knowledge at the cost of her virtue.

The picture was almost symbolic, the full-blown beauty of Kailua, while at her feet, a prophecy and a warning, crouched the aged chanter; her face traced with ten thousand wrinkles, a shadow of a once famous beauty, gnarled hands beating the drum in true rhythms of long dead ancestors. Above the thunder of the drum her thin voice quavered with remembered joys.

As Kailua danced to the drum, taut shark-skin over hollowed wood, its thudding was the throb of a titantic heart tuned to the pulse beat. A dancer of less commanding presence would have been dominated, bludgeoned by the imperious violence of sound.

She responded with every vibrant muscle and fibre of her body.

Her posture was arresting. She danced the *Olappa* with her torso regally erect, back flat, shoulders level and unmoving, eyes following the weavings of her hands; her legs were bent in a half crouch, suggesting the tensed savagery of a puma about to spring.

The slow, voluptuous undulations of her body followed the metronome swing of her hips, while the knees lifted sharply in a staccato counter-rhythm, tossing the leaves of her skirt in quick, glinting accent.

The chant was a Hawaiian Song of Solomon, proclaiming the joys and glories of a woman's body. The dance was a pantomime of a princess offering herself, with her potentialities for delirium and rest, to her lover. Kailua seemed to be in a Narcissan ecstasy, drugged by the ululant monotony of the chanter's voice as she followed the sensuous words. Her gestures had deliberate and studied significance as she interpreted the Song of Woman, the song of her own body, the clinging and yielding of lips, the softness of throat, the comfort of breasts, the enveloping protection of arms, the pliancy of limbs, hot pulsant blood, the liquids and juices of flesh, the hollows and fullnesses, the fires and yearning.

One's flesh shivered in response as her soft, wise hands rippled and flickered in lingering caresses over her brown skin. Occasionally she broke the spell of her self-contemplation by lifting her eyes and casting the challenge of her direct gaze into the audience. It was like the sizzle of electricity.

I heard Bradley, the sugar man, catch his breath sharply. His face was masked and expressionless, but his eyes were embers and his lean hands moved nervously on his thighs. His wife sat frigid and erect, her mouth pruned to tight-lipped disapproval.

Kailua's eyes met Mrs. Bradley's with smiling scorn, and passed to Bradley's. Her lips curled in a smile that was contemptuous and inviting. Suddenly I was aware that there was a contest, a struggle between the angry, controlled white woman and the glorious savage dancer. Drama was unfolding. I hadn't all of the story, but it was obvious that a climax was nearing. All of the Hawaiians were aware of it. Blood bond joined them with Kailua in a race antagonism which made us, *haoles,* alien and enemy. I glanced at Aunty Pinau's face. It was expressionless except for a faint, malicious smile shadowing her lips. Had this been planned?

The contestants were so unequally matched. Kailua was a woman of flame. Spears of moonlight pierced her eyes, lighting them with lambent fire; the torches showered sequins of light on her oiled flesh, while her shadow mimicked her dancing with elongated mocking grotesquerie.

Mrs. Bradley's face, drawn in cold fury, looked drained and bloodless. Her eyes were flat, dusty blue, and her yellow hair looked like sun-bleached straw. She was pitifully defenceless. I think she knew it.

There was nothing one could do—or wanted to do. Flesh and flame—skin and ice. Bradley was a man. He was neither good nor bad, strong nor weak—

Other dances followed but they were as water after wine.

Gods and Old Ghosts

ON the nights of the moon we did very little sleeping in the house of Aunty Pinau. All of us became infected with a restless need of drifting about. We did our napping fitfully—on the beach, under the trees, or on the cool *hikieas*. Nalani's *ukulele* tinkled and Pua's melancholy guitar moaned at all hours and from all sorts of unexpected places. Every breeze bore strains of music, as evidence that this moon-madness was general in the district.

We particularly enjoyed swimming on these glorious nights. We left our clothes in the *kamani* trees and went in naked as fishes. The air, the water and one's body were all the same temperature, and, when floating quietly in the big cradling swells of the ocean, it was difficult to know whether one was swimming, flying or dreaming . . . not that it mattered. Faint blue-white fires of phosphorescence flickered down our bodies and, as our arms lifted from the water, moonstones dripped from them.

Aunty Pinau and a flock of relatives and neighbors were usually inspired to go down to the sea in slips at midnight. Our fire on the beach would attract more night wanderers and stray musicians and soon we'd have a festive party assembled. The boys and girls enlivened the intervals between swimming with hulas and singing. I enjoyed going out in an outrigger canoe, with a load of musicians, and floating on a sea that was luminous with silver in a world that was a paradise in a dream. We usually stayed on the beach until dawn, sleeping, talking, dancing and what-not.

During one of these night vigils Aunty Pinau as spokesman for the group told me the Hawaiian name they had selected for me.

"It is the Hawaiian custom," she said, "to give a name that means something . . . or for a reason. We have been thinking a long time about a name for you."

"Have you one for me?" I asked eagerly.

"Your name," she said, "is Alohi Lani."

"That's beautiful. The 'Lani' means Heaven, doesn't it? What does 'Alohi' stand for?"

"When you get up early in the mornings before the sun comes up, you see its light on the bottom of the big clouds in the sky, and you see it shining down from the clouds on to the water. That is the *light from Heaven.*"

I nodded. I had seen that brilliant path of the unseen sun.

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"That is Alohi Lani," she said. "So, Alohi, for that is your name now, when you go to the States with your pictures of Hawaii, and your stories of our gods, you will show the people the beauties of our land, although they cannot see it except through you. You will be Alohi Lani of Hawaii."

I loved my Hawaiian name, its poetry and its significance. I felt that it was both an obligation and a trust to reflect as truly as I could the Hawaii that I was privileged to know.

Aunty Pinau took these occasions to relate long stories of gods and ghosts, legends and chants of Maui, telling of the beginnings of Hawaii, and of the super-man Maui and the lurid Pele of the red hair and uncertain temper. Pele, I would say, was the first authentic "hot mama." The traces of her torrid passing are marked in lava fields and cinder cones all over the Islands.

On one of these nights I met the Old Man of the Mountain. He was reputed to be a *kahuna.* A *kahuna* is a sort of astrologer, philosopher, doctor, and unwritten history of Hawaii. He is a survival of the powerful clan of priests who ruled the kings and the kingdom in the days of the monarchy. Ignorant *haoles* call them witch doctors; but the term is incorrect, although they are credited with the ability to put good or bad *kahuna* (spell) on people, and pray individuals to death if they choose. They are respected and feared by most of the Hawaiians, who are quite superstitious, as are any people who live in close touch with nature.

The Old Man (I never heard him called any other name) looked like an inspired prophet who had survived through the ages from the beginnings of the Islands. In repose his features were lost in a tangle of crossing and criss-crossing wrinkles. He had no teeth, and so his face collapsed into folds, resembling a brown lichen. When he spoke, the black gape of his mouth and the dim fires of his eyes identified him as human.

I *never saw him arrive.* In the midst of chatter and laughter he'd suddenly *be* among us, looking like a gnarled root at the base of a *hau* tree. On the first night that I met him, he made this grown-from-the-ground appearance. All of the Hawaiians fell silent, even the children. He sat for half an hour, his old eyes watching the stars unwinkingly. Pua brought him a cup of *okolehao.* He drank it with relish but without comment. After the corrosive fire of the liquor percolated and filtered through his aged bones, he broke into speech, half chant half talk, lifting his face into the light. With the muscles of his long throat quivering, and the strange quavers of his voice he looked like an aged wolf baying the moon.

Although I could not understand much Hawaiian, I saw at once that he was speaking in a different manner from the conversational tongue of my friends. A *th* sound which is not in the modern language softened the hard *k,* giving a smoother slur to the unbroken flow of words which continued for half an hour. I don't know when or how he breathed.

He told a dramatic tale full of gestures. His pantomime was so vivid that I could get the larger drawing of the story.

"He talks *old-style* Hawaiian," Aunty Pinau whispered. "These *keikis* (children) do not understand."

After he had finished his story, Aunty Pinau translated what he had told. It was the legend of the demigod, Maui, whose exploits resembled those of Hercules. It related his colossal feat of lifting the sky, which was crushing the earth, and placing it on top of the mountain so that the trees could grow and the people go about the business of living. He told also of Maui's mother Hana, a famed *tapa* maker, and her difficulty in getting the bark-cloth dried, owing to the shortness of the days. She appealed to her son for aid. He climbed to the top of Haleakala, lassoed the sun and broke off some of its rays so that it couldn't roll across the sky so swiftly, thus lengthening the days and allowing his mother to complete her beautiful *tapa* robes.

In the nights that followed he told many other stories. They were delightful, embroidered with poetic metaphor and classical references too intricate to follow. The Hawaiians are natural orators, after the William Jennings Bryan style of silver-tongued eloquence.

The simple sagas differed only a little from the folk tales of Grimm and Andersen and the Bible. There were the brave princes of remarkable accomplishment, and the villains with low and scoundrelly sculduggery in their hearts, the Cinderellas, the giant killers and Jonahs.

During those long, pleasant hours, the civilized world became very remote. It was difficult to realize that, just across the channel, Honolulu buzzed with activity, with chittering tourists, honking motors and the confusion of progress. My mind rested in the simple, unroutined current of life that flowed so aimlessly through the uncounted days and nights.

My unfeigned enjoyment and interest in the legends were richly rewarded. I did not realize that I was being studied and weighed, and that I had passed critical inspection, until one day the Old Man appeared in the door of the palm-leaf lean-to which I used for studio. Nalani was with him.

"He want you come along," she said. "He show you something. I go too."

I put aside the sketch that I was making and we started out along the beach. The Old Man took the lead. I had to realize shortly that the ancient gargoyle was a better man than I was. Although he seemed to stumble and waver, his stride was long and steady, as we wove through guava and *lantana* thickets and tangled jungle growth, over sand and broken lava. I soon saw that we were going in a tortuously devious way and that the Old Man wanted to confuse me. I stopped Nalani.

"Tell Old Man I no look see."

"He taking you sacred place," she explained.

"Tell him go straight. I lost now. I no can find again."

Nalani spoke to our guide. He measured me with his squinting eyes and made decision. We started off across a desolate field of lava, among sharp, broken fragments that chewed my tennis sneakers to ribbons. Nalani and the Old Man wore Hawaiian fibre sandals which seemed to protect their feet. I was soon a mass of scratches and gouges up to my knees. Sweat poured into the abrasions and smarted mightily, but I suspicioned that it was all worth while. The wildness of the setting promised well for adventure.

Finally we came to a large well about thirty feet across, a dark hole in the center of the lava flow. Down twenty feet, among ferns, roots, and mosses lay a pool of water, so still and clear that every detail, of rock, cloud, and our peering faces, was reflected. No breath disturbed the glassy surface.

The Old Man spoke.

"Wai-napa-napa."

"Mirror-water," Nalani translated, deeply impressed.

As I peered into the water-mirror I had a ghostly feeling that many brown faces of long-dead Hawaiians stared over my shoulders; there were warriors and women, maidens and young men. Was this an oracle, a crystal in which one read the future? What had brought them; what had they found in the dark pool?

We scrambled down the steep sides to a ledge near the water, descending from the warm sunlight into a grave-cold shadow. The Old Man stripped off his shirt and trousers and stood in short, spotless drawers. (Drawers, in a spot like that!) Nalani kept on her flimsy shift, I improvised a breechclout from the sleeves of my shirt. Having gotten down to essentials, I waited, prepared for anything.

Although the Old Man, with his withered, wrinkled flesh hanging in loose folds on his spare frame, looked like a molting condor, I could see that he had been a grand figure in his youth (some time B. C. if one judged by appearances).

The Old Man took several deep breaths and dived, groping his way down the black wall of the pool. Quite startlingly he started to disappear, first his head, then shoulders and trunk, finally legs. We had a last pale glimmer of the soles of his feet . . . and he was gone; into the face of the rock apparently. He "went out," as frogs "go out" down the gullet of a snake. The sight was not comforting.

"Where Old Man go?" I asked Nalani anxiously.

"Inside," she replied briefly, poising for a dive. "You come."

"Come, my eye! I want to know where we're going."

"Inside." She smiled as though it were the most natural thing in the world to prowl around in dark underwater grottos.

"Wait," I insisted. "I go same time you go."

This was tricky business. I've always had a dislike of being cooped up in trappy places. Diving into unknown "insides" of rocks was not appealing. To back out was to lose all I had gained of the confidence of these people. Auwe!

I filled my lungs to the last crowded inch. We dived. The water was colder and seemed damper than any I had ever entered before. I could follow the flash of Nalani's legs as we turned under a submerged ledge and fumbled into murky darkness. It was creepy. Panicky thoughts invaded my mind. These Hawaiians were regular fishes in the water and could stay under indefinitely. Suppose I couldn't hold out. I couldn't turn back, we'd gone too far. I plowed on. My lungs began to heave and I knew things were getting out of control. I wanted to gasp. My eyes felt as though they would pop out like grape pulps.

I saw Nalani slant up toward a faint glow of light, and nearly strained a ligament following after. I must have shot completely out of the water in my anxiety to breathe again.

We were in a cave about the size of a large room. The roof arched about fifteen feet above our heads. The only light was that which reflected through the hole by which we had entered. I was surprised to see how short the distance was to the pool outside. It had seemed like a city block.

A greenish corpse-light illumined the cave faintly. Our faces showed an unhealthy mauve tint; our bodies, under the water, were the white of eggshells. Dark rocks hung heavily above us, veined with a clotted blood red and speckled with small spatters of white deposit which seemed to glow with phosphorescence against the black surface. The air was stale with the musty smell of roots and decay. There was a steady drip-drip of seeping water from stubby stalactites (if they're the things that hang down) on the ceiling.

The Old Man pointed to two ledges about as large as bench seats that jutted from the wall on either side. Nalani perched on one of them; I crawled up on the other. Our guide swam back and forth, pointing to the seats and at the red veins in the rocks and the white specks, fixing them in our attention. He said nothing. I think he saved up his words until he had enough and then told a story.

By this time I was dull blue with cold and my flesh felt like stucco; and despite the fact that I was deeply appreciative of the honor of dipping into this sanctified mysterious water, I wanted to get out.

The Old Man led off toward the exit. His rear view, with the legs and arms paddling grotesquely in silhouette against the dim greenish light, looked ridiculously like an enormous, skinny frog. Nalani followed; she was always a mermaid in the water. I had no one to view my exit, so I made it hurriedly and without grace.

In the first seconds after emerging and scuttling up the walls of the well we got a curious illusion. The sudden blinding light, flooding over everything, made the lava and the distant trees and mountains look as though they had been freshly painted with many shades of gold lacquer.

We stretched on the warm rocks and thawed, letting the sunlight seep into our very bones, melting them pleasantly. I felt as a jellyfish must feel when stranded on the sand.

Finally the Old Man broke into his chanting talk, gesturing toward the cave and toward the high slopes of Haleakala. I gathered that something horrible had happened here at some time. Nalani translated the story. The cold black and white of print can catch only the skeleton of the legend. It needs the soft, slurring voice, the gestures, the setting, to give the real flavor of the Legend of the Mirror-Water Cave and the Princess Po-po-a-la-ia.

A very long time ago (legends begin this way in Hawaii, France, China or Madagascar) high up on the slopes of Haleakala lived the Princess Popoalaia. She was married to a man far beneath her in station. Although he was strong as the strongest of men, and his skill in games and contests was great, although he was a splendid, fearless warrior and hunter, he was not a kind husband. He was a sullen, suspicious man, jealous of his beautiful wife's every movement. He watched her constantly, and when he had to go down to the sea for fishes and seaweed (which the Hawaiians use for medicine and food) as he often did, his heart was heavy with suspicion. On his return he invariably questioned her closely, and, not content with her avowed innocence, he also questioned the men of the family and the women who were with her.

Often he threatened his wife until she feared for her life. Yet she was as innocent and pure as the flowers that she wove into *leis* that she bound about her hair.

On returning from one of his frequent trips, Kaaka, the husband, was filled with unreasoning jealousy. He had listened to tales told by malicious neighbors, and so angry was his mood that he lost all sight of her gentle sweetness and beauty. He strode into the house in rage, and, when his wife spoke to him, he answered her harshly.

"Your time is short," he said.

He went out, and to the frightened ears of the princess came the sounds of Kaaka sharpening his stone axe. Often before he had spoken threatening words but none so terrible as these.

Summoning her little maid, she said, "I must go quickly or my life will not be spared." Together they collected a few of the princess' belongings, some precious keepsakes, among them the *kahili,* a wand that was tipped with feathers in a certain arrangement, which indicated her rank and family. They cut a hole in the rear wall of the grass house and fled from the place into the forest. Then, by underground passages and lava tubes, they made their way to the sea near Hana.

Kaaka searched the countryside, first in anger, later in despair. There was no sign of the princess. Finally, coming to the village of Hana, he inquired of the people if they had seen her. No one could say yes. They did mention that the beach near by was haunted by spirits, and that at night figures could be seen dancing in the moonlight. These figures disappeared as soon as human presence was recognized. Kaaka attached no significance to this.

Finally, weary with his long search, he came to the pool of Wainapanapa and rested beside it. Because it looked cool and shadowy, he crept down the rocks to the ledge and stared idly into the bright water. His eyes were almost closing with fatigue when suddenly he saw something moving slowly back and forth, apparently deep in the pool. He thought it was a fish or bit of seaweed. He was startled to discover that it was the reflection of a *kahili,* the *kahili* of Princess Popoalaia. He knew then that within the cave the woman he sought was hiding. His anger seethed in his heart.

He called to his men, and, with two of the strongest, slipped into the water, dived under the ledge and, before the women could escape, seized them. The warriors dashed the little maid to death against the rocks, while Kaaka, blind with rage and brutal with savage strength, murdered Popoalaia violently. Her blood stained the black rocks and her brains were scattered over the roof of the cave. The earth shuddered and huge boulders fell from the ceiling. The men fled from the place of horror.

Because the princess was of royal blood, and so, related to the gods, and because she was innocent, the spirits that ruled the Islands decreed that the rocks of the Mirror-water cave should bleed forever. It is said that on the nights of Ku, when the moon is in a certain phase, the waters of the cave run red.

It was not the Old Man who gave me the Legend of the Deadly Moss, the *Limu Ma-ke.* I got this story from the Walrus. He had a Hawaiian name but I called him The Walrus because . . . well, because he looked like one. He was fat and paunchy and about the shape of Santa-Claus undressed. His face was perfectly round, with full, plump jowls; his eyes were almost lost in rolls of fat, and he had gleaming white, big teeth. His whiskers finished the picture. He had about twenty hairs on one side of his upper lip and two dozen on the other. They were very coarse, a silvery gray, and curled down walrus-fashion toward his chin. But he was a fine fisherman and splendid swimmer. There was a powerful physique beneath all the flesh. I spent many days with him, prowling the reefs and pools or paddling in outrigger canoes over the coral and seaweed forests.

One day we passed a dark point of lava that flowed out into the sea. The Walrus paddled us over to it, in order to point out a bluish-green moss that grew all over the rocks. It had curious berries, of a pinkish tan color, that he said were supposed to resemble the nipples of a woman's breast . . . and as a matter of fact, did.

"That's *limu ma-ke,*" he said.

I looked dumb.

"Ma-ke, dead, *pau.* That kind make you *ma-ke."* He elaborated.

"Oh," I said, hastily dropping the bit I had picked.

I knew that there were few poisonous things in Hawaii, either insect or vegetable, and no snakes; so I looked with new interest at the moss. The leaves did have an unhealthy appearance, like a mildew or something that grew under a stone.

"Too much *pilikia* (trouble) that kind," the Walrus warned solemnly.

"How come?" I inquired. He told me the story. Like most Hawaiian stories it had lots of gore and sudden death in it.

A long time ago (they all start the same way) there was a large village a mile or two up the beach. The people of the village, whenever they declared holiday, used to come to this point for their sports, because of the surfing water . . . the finest on the Island of Maui. That sport of kings was a favorite of all the Hawaiians, and an entire village would indulge in the difficult game, riding the great breakers from where the blue begins to the golden sand of the shore.

One time, as a group of merrymakers were on their way to the point, they passed a plot of land newly broken, and there they saw a man. He was a stranger in the district, a "dark-browed," meaning sullen and silent, man. Someone called out to him in a friendly way.

"*Aloha. Pehea oe?* (Greetings, how are you?")

The stranger made no response. He eyed the people with dark, hostile eyes.

"Where you go?" he asked suddenly.

The man who had greeted him replied, "We go surfing. Come with us."

The stranger shook his head and said, with ominous foreboding, "Look out. You lose your head or your tail."

The villagers laughed among themselves and went on their way. They thought the man was *pupule* (crazy). At the end of the day, exhausted by the strenuous sport, they returned laughing and singing. But when they counted noses they discovered that one of their number was missing. Search proved fruitless until, the next day, the body of the missing man was found washed up on the beach, with the head gone. Apparently it had been bitten off by a shark. This was so unusual in the Hawaiian waters that great alarm was felt in the district.

However, in due time the scare was forgotten, and, the lure of the surf calling them, they again made holiday. Again they passed the stranger; again the exchange of greetings and the warning, "Look out. You lose your head or your tail."

At the end of the day someone was missing. The body was found the next morning with the feet bitten off at the ankles. After the third fatality of this sort, the people realized that something was decidedly wrong.

The *kahunas* (wisemen) were called into consultation. They studied the stars, the clouds, the waves and whatever other things wise men study and then declared themselves.

"Call all of the men of the district to this place."

All of the men were assembled, including the dark stranger. The *kahunas* ordered them to remove their garments. They complied, except the stranger. He removed his *malo* (breechclout) but refused to take off the straw *pahu,* a sort of grass cape that he wore over his shoulders.

"Remove that man's *pahu,*" the wise men ordered.

Strong men seized the stranger, who resisted violently. They tore away the cape and were horrified to see, from shoulder to shoulder across his back, a shark's mouth with rows of sharp fierce teeth.

"That man," said the *kahunas,* "is half god, one of the evil shark-spirits, and it is he who has killed the swimmers. Kill him. Burn his body in the *imu* (the underground oven)."

The man was beaten to death, his body pulped and his bones broken.

For three days and three nights they burned him unceasingly in the hot rocks until all of him was reduced to ashes. The *kahunas* ordered that his dust be scattered over the rocks near the scene of his terrible deed. The ashes were flung to the winds, so that he might not reassemble them and return to haunt the people. But he was so powerful, and his revengeful anger so great, that he succeeded in changing the ashes into seeds of a deadly moss which soon grew luxuriantly over the rocky point; and to this day anyone who steps on the moss and bruises his skin will have painful sores.

Later the *kahunas,* who study the medicinal qualities of all roots, leaves, weeds or mosses, fed the moss to some pigs. After three days they "fell down and died." Then the *kahunas* dried some of it and at the end of three days fed it to pigs. They promptly expired. So the wise men concluded, wisely enough, that the moss became *"limu ma-ke"* after three days. It is rumored that one famous chief disposed of his wife by poisoning her with this moss. The government is trying to exterminate the growth by covering it with earth and coral, but it always reappears after a time.

There is no point of land, valley, mountain or pool without its legend, based on some characteristic of the place. The Hawaiians have (or rather *had*) no silly sex inhibitions. In consequence if an outcropping ledge of rock had a phallic suggestion of form, both the name for it and the legend relating to it would follow the natural thought sequence. Many of the beautiful and poetic old names are being replaced by the "Perkins' Point, Higgins' Harbor, Sugar Loaf, etc., etc." Aunty Pinau explained the old names.

"Hawaiians are not like *haoles.* They know that a woman is made *so* and a man *so,* and they are made for each other as a tree is made to root in the earth. They do not think this is wrong. The missionaries made us ashamed of our bodies." She sniffed and laughed contemptuously. "Are they made in a different way from Hawaiians? Do they get *keikes* (children) by praying?"

I wish I could reproduce the racy idiom of her speech as she enlarged on the subject.

"I tell you, *Haole,* I know Hawaiians and I know *haoles.* There is no difference, except that the *haole* can cover things up and pretend they are not there. What is not seen is not so. Our hula is called vulgar. Is it more vulgar than the kind of dancing that *haoles* do? Rubbing *opus* (stomachs); an old time Hawaiian would 'shame her face' to do that way before people. Pha-a!"

She pointed toward the mountain.

"What does that look like?"

A valley sloped gently toward the peak. The hills on either side rounded softly toward the head of the valley which was wooded with dark *koa.*

"Like a woman's thighs," I said, honestly.

"That was the old Hawaiian name for that valley," said Aunty Pinau. "In the old days we would speak it as we would speak the name of a flower. *Haoles* that know the old name whisper it to each other and giggle and say, 'Those Hawaiians are vulgar.' " She ended her dissertation with a crisp summary. "I think *haoles* are vulgar."

The Walrus told me a story, very gory, but one that the Hawaiians consider excruciatingly amusing. It explains why Hana has no fish.

In the olden days (that's a different way of saying the same thing) the harbor of Hana swarmed with fishes of all kinds.

The chief of the district had, as his chief fisherman, a man who was related to one of the sea gods. This man could fill his nets when others were unsuccessful, due to family influence. He had practically a corner on the fish market. With his wife and young son he lived near the harbor and looked after the great fish ponds, which are stone walls inclosing large areas of shallow water. They were built, according to legend, by the *meneheunes* (the gnomes or "little people" of Hawaiian mythology). He always kept a reserve supply of fishes in the ponds in case of emergency.

One day, however, when a demand for fish came from the chief, the fisherman found the ponds empty. He could not understand this until, as he looked in amazement at the fishless pond, he discovered a great hole in the bottom of it. Just then his son called out, "See, father. The *mo-o!*"

The fisherman looked and saw an enormous eel disappearing in the waves off shore. He recognized it as an evil sea-god of a different clan from his. He leapt into the water and pursued the eel, finally capturing and killing it. He cut the body into three pieces. There are three long black rocks that rise from the ocean near Hana, and they are supposed to be the chopped body of the *mo-o*.

The fisherman returned home, distressed because he could not supply the chief with food. He had his professional pride; also he had half-god powers, so he gave the messenger a dried fish with the following instructions.

"Tell your chief to cut off the fish's head, burn the bones, and give the flesh to the people. There will be enough for all."

The messenger took the fish and started for the chief's house, but on the way he became hungry and absent-mindedly ate the fish. As the last morsel disappeared down his throat, he realized what he had done and was stricken with terror. At that moment the chief saw him and angrily demanded the reason for his returning empty handed.

The messenger did some rapid thinking. He said:

"That cheeky fisherman told me to tell you to cut off your head, burn your bones in the *imu* and feed your flesh to the people. There will be enough for all."

The chief considered this a dirty crack, because he was more than corpulent, so he became so furious that he called all of his warriors and started post-haste for the fisherman's house.

"We will punish this impudent man. We'll burn him in his own house; that will be a good *imu* for *him*."

The fisherman was, fortunately, blessed with second sight. He called to his wife and son.

"The chief is coming to kill us. He is going to burn us in our house. We must do something." He thought for a while. "Son," he said, "go to the forest and get three green gourds. One must be small; one must be medium size; one must be the largest you can find."

The son did as he was told and returned shortly with the gourds. The fisherman put the small one inside the house near the door, the middle size one by the side wall and the large one at the back of the room.

"When the chief comes, we will hide in the bushes," he instructed his family. "When the smoke blows toward the sea, you, my son, must escape through it. When it blows to the mountain, your mother and I will escape *mauka.*"

They hid in the bushes.The chief, with his warriors, came sneaking up on the house, walking carefully and hiding behind bushes and trees. With a rush the whole band surrounded the house, closed the door with rocks and set fire to the grass thatch with torches. Then they all stood back to watch.

The fisherman and his wife and son had difficulty choking down their snickers at the joke on the chief. The fire burned furiously. The flames enveloped the small gourd by the door, and it, being green and full of juice, exploded with a small "bloop."

"Ha!" said the chief with satisfaction. "That is the wicked son. He has swell up and bust." (That is the Hawaiian phrase as it was told me.)

The medium size gourd exploded with a larger and more satisfying boom.

"That is the wife," said the chief brightly.

The large gourd "swell up and bust" with such thunderous detonation that it brought down the house.

"Now they are all *ma-ke,*" said the chief, well pleased with his just and proper punishment of the fisherman.

When the smoke blew toward the mountain the fisherman and his wife escaped to the high slopes of Haleakala, where, I believe, they were very successful in raising bananas. When the smoke blew toward the sea, the son fled through it to the water and swam over to the Island of Hawaii, taking all of the fishes with him, so, to this day, Hana has no fish.

This story would have impressed me more if we hadn't caught some very fine fish on the day the legend was told.

Guide Posts to Paradise

THIS seems to be the proper place for a few necessary facts regarding Hawaii . . . they do help in explaining this amazing place. Facts and statistics, relevant and irrelevant, for those who want them.

The Hawaiian Islands were discovered by Captain James Cook in 1778. The natives took the white men for gods; the white men took the natives for a cleaning. This latter process has gone on uninterruptedly to this day.

There are unauthenticated reports of earlier visits by some Spanish explorers. Evidently the Spaniards failed to bring a good press agent, so their publicity contacts were valueless.

The Islands were discovered by the world at large when the song writers of Broadway learned that "come with me" rhymed with "to Waikiki."

The missionaries arrived in 1820. They showed the Hawaiians how to pray; the Hawaiians showed them how to live. Both parties have benefited by the exchange.

Honolulu is about two thousand miles from California . . . just close enough to join Dubuque, Omaha, Wichita and Kansas City in being suburbs of Los Angeles.

The Islands were originally called the Sandwich Islands, but the name was changed to Hawaiian Islands later. Many Hawaiians feel that the former name is more appropriate, because now there's a thin layer of Hawaiians sandwiched between thick slices of whites and Orientals.

There are eight islands in the archipelago. Hawaii is the largest and has the live volcano, Kilauea, on it. Maui is second in size and claims the great extinct crater of Haleakala. Oahu is the location of the city of Honolulu, the capital. It has no volcano, but the territorial legislature provides the equivalent gas and hot air. Kauai is the most beautiful island of the group. Molokai is the home of the leper settlement; the lepers are segregated on a small point of land called Kaulapapa, and are splendidly cared for there.

The Hawaiians are vague as to their origin. Many theories are advanced. It is suggested that they are descendants of the Atalanteans; that they come from China; that they are related to the Aztecs, and that they are Caucasians. One theory claims them as part of the lost tribes of Israel. There is no record of any Hawaiian ever having run a pawn shop or a clothing store, so small credence is given this view.

The Islands are American territory now, having been annexed in 1898. Prohibition is the same great success there that it is in the States. Occasionally one goes to a party where liquor is not served.

Big Business brought Orientals to Hawaii as laborers in the cane fields. Now they are the larger part of the population. The Chinese have proved to be valuable citizens, thrifty, industrious and assimilable. They brought with them, however, three curses; opium, leprosy and chop suey. The opium is combated by the government; a cure has been found for leprosy;

chop suey continues to ravage the stomachs of the Islanders.

The four major products of the Islands are sugar, pineapples, grass skirts and babies. There's an ugly rumor afloat that the grass skirts are imported from Grand Rapids, Mich. Since the principal use of them is in Hawaii, the issue seems of small importance.

Better Baby Week is practically a year-round national movement in Hawaii. Some blame it on the moonlight. The climate is so nearly perfect that baby raising is fraught with few difficulties and drawbacks. The usual blights of measles, whooping cough, chicken pox and scientific nursing seem to have less serious effects on the yearly crop. The old-fashioned methods prevail and are very efficacious.

The Japanese are the best producers of babies. They have a strong sense of civic duty . . . being born Rotarians. The Hawaiians let nature take its course; besides, they are naturally such a hospitable people that they welcome strangers, even Little Strangers, with open arms. The white people follow the course of least resistance, the climate tends toward that attitude.

The average temperature of the Islands is about seventy degrees, except at Waikiki, which is slightly warmer due to the concentration of inflammable tourists. There are no available figures on the rise of temperature of Iowans subjected to sunburn, *okolehao* (the native drink), moonlight and the singing of the beach-boys.

The Hawaiian language is very musical. The alphabet consists in five vowels, a, e, i, o, and u, and six consonants, h, k, l, m, n, and p and a *w* which is pronounced like a *v*. Each vowel sound is given its full value, and as many as five vowels will be strung along together in one word. The Welch language is the only one, I believe, having longer words. *Humuhumunukunukuapua'a* is one of the quite usual words.

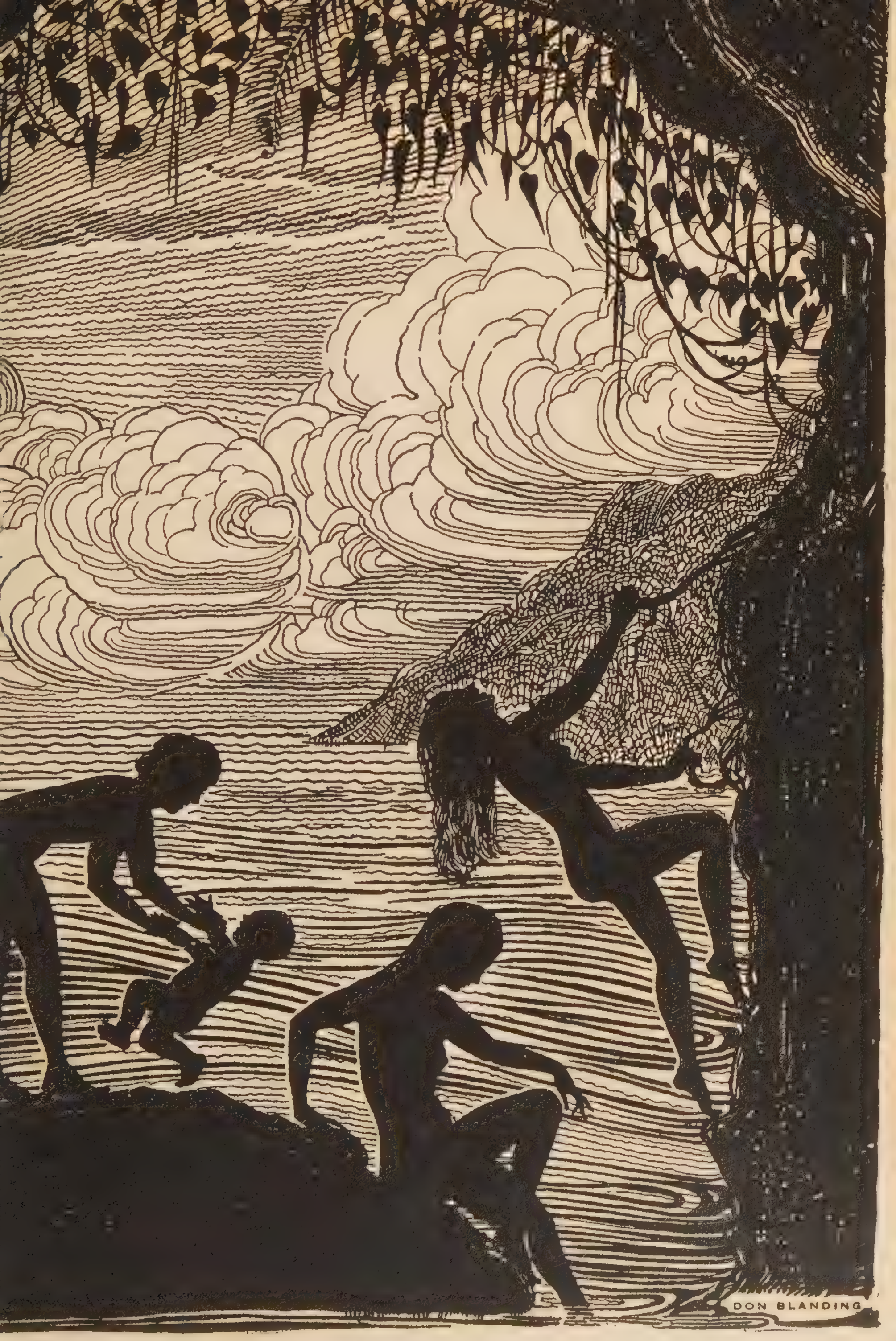
English is spoken throughout the Islands, but many words have been borrowed from all of the other nationalities there. This pidgin-English is called *hapa-haole* or half-white language.

Some of the words in common usage are: *wiki-wiki* (hurry), *pau* (finished), *ma-ke* (dead), *ma-ke loa* (very dead), *huhu* (angry), *lolo* or *pupule* (foolish), and *aloha,* which means almost anything you want it to mean.

On account of the mountain-top conformation of the land —peaks thrusting out of the ocean—the roads twist and wind in such confusing manner that "east," "west," "north" and "south" have no meaning. The Hawaiians substitute their own useful terms of direction. *Mauka,* toward the mountain top; *makai,* toward the sea; *waikiki,* toward Waikiki Beach; and *ewa,* toward Ewa Plantation.

There are two other words in constant use, *kamaaina,* meaning old timer; *malihini,* meaning newcomer. *Haole* (pronounced *howly*) means white man.

Geographically the Islands are in the temperate and torrid zones, lying on the Tropic of Cancer; emotionally they are in the intemperate, or fair and warmer zones, hence their appeal to visitors.


DON BLANDING

Grotto

The Dutiful and The Damned

I HEARD the expression "those damned missionaries" and even "those goddam missionaries" so often in Honolulu that I became curious about them. It didn't seem possible that those early salesmen and saleswomen of the Gospel could have been as good as their descendants said they were (and as they themselves admitted they were); on the other hand it was difficult to believe that they were such *holy terrors* as their detractors claimed.

The missionaries and their descendants were so much the warp and woof of the fabric of Hawaii, financially, politically and morally, that no story of the Islands would be complete without consideration of them. I sought every available source of information, trying without prejudice to get a fair, honest idea of them. Only by gathering the evidence of both sides, by superimposing the one picture over the other, could any adequate likeness be obtained. The composite result was at once splendid, fearful and grotesque.

The most finished pictures of them were drawn by the missionaries themselves, quite unwittingly, in their letters, diaries, reports and books depicting the Hawaiians and their plight to the home Missions. These documents were better than painted portraits in revealing their zeal, sincerity and high purpose while convicting them of bigotry, narrowmindedness and blundering. One wept for the converters and the converts; for the dutiful and the damned.

They were good with the grim, conscientious goodness of saints and martyrs to whom haircloth was velvet and the salt of tears was wine. The undiluted blood of Puritans flowed in them; they were heirs to the iron codes and prejudices of the witch-hangers of Salem; children of a people who considered it a sin for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday. They were armed with the experience of their fathers, who put pants on the savage Red Skin.

Can you see that small, intrepid band landing on those Paradise Islands, among acres of bare, sinful flesh, among a people who fought and fornicated with wholesome relish, thinking that those were the manly and natural things to do, not knowing the civilized code of hypocrisy which makes war sinful only when the other fellow does it, and sex palatable only when seasoned with sham, garnished with false values and served with a sauce of pretense. The white men whom the Hawaiians had known during the fifty years that preceded the missionaries' arrival, added complexity and difficulty to the situation. Undoubtedly they were, as a whole, the scum of the seas, rotten, lawless and godless, but (the Hawaiians asked, naturally enough), were they not declaredly Christians; did they not pray to this same God of the missionaries? It was all very puzzling to the Polynesians.

One cannot question the sincerity and bravery of the missionaries. People do not voyage into the terrors of the unknown, on year-long cruises, under the hardships and dangers of early sailing days, without a blazing beacon of conviction to lead them. They endured privation, misery and want, which they made more acute by their suspicion of all goodness which was not measured by the yardstick of their own virtues. They wanted to save the souls of the Hawaiians, not through any apparent love of them as a lovable people (which they are and undoubtedly were then), but because of that fanatical necessity which drives prohibitionists to prohibit, reformers to reform and censors to censor. It is difficult to feel properly sorry for them because, after all, a good soldier likes a good battle, a painter loves a difficult subject to demonstrate his skill, and a mountain climber welcomes the challenge of an unsurmountable peak. Anyone who has seen the savage relish with which a good housewife attacks a nice, dirty spring house-cleaning can see those worthy people getting out their spiritual brooms, mops and lye in preparation for their job.

I find in few of their writings any appreciation of beauty, virtue or fineness in the natives. The generous hospitality (which their thrifty New Englandism used to the full) was called "sinful improvidence and waste." The bravery and courage in war was classified as "savagery and barbarous cruelty" (this in the face of an outrage by the whites when cannon were discharged into boatloads of friendly visiting Hawaiians a few years before). There's an almost indecent gusto in the righteous horror that permeates the missionary letters; the words "degraded heathen," "abased savages," "lewd, licentious and lascivious people," are used constantly. As a matter of fact, the Hawaiians learned more about lewdness and license in their first fifty years' association with the whites than they had known in centuries of savagery.

A history of the Hawaiian Islands, written by Sheldon Dibble, an honest and sincere worker in the Missions in the early days, is burdened with such uncompromising phrases, descriptive of the Hawaiians, as "lowest degradation and imbecility," "besotted state," and "you find that the ingredients of their character are lust, anger, strife, malice, sensuality, revenge and the worship of idols." There is no mention of the grandeur of their epic poetry, the grace and beauty of their dancing, or the sweep and rhythm of their unwritten literature. It is a pity that the Hawaiians had no historians to record their impressions of the whites of that time, for comparative study. "Lust"; the white men violated the native women at every opportunity. "Anger"; whenever the Hawaiians objected to the depredations of the invaders they were shot down without mercy. "Strife"; the storm of strife followed the white men's footsteps. "Malice," "sensuality," "revenge"; the simple natives were mere kindergarten children as compared with their white teachers.

But the missionaries were a courageous, indomitable lot. Souls they would save. They rode through storm and heat, over precipice and through jungle, to remote villages, to plant the seed of salvation and to weed out sin. With their singleness of vision, they uprooted many customs and habits which, although not strictly within the category of Christian virtues, were necessary to the life and health of the people. Songs, unless they were hymns, were regarded as lewd, suggestive and vulgar; the hula went unqualifiedly into the classification of sexual, depraved and licentious. I quote from Dibble: "*All* of their traditions (Hawaiian) bear the impress of degradation, pollution and blood." For anyone who has studied the legends and history of the Hawaiian, that sentence of Dibble's is a portrait of the man.

This wholesale condemnation of all things of the old Hawaiian life aroused and still arouses the indignation of the educated, intelligent Hawaiians. They point out that many of their myths and legends duplicate many of the Bible stories in everything except the names and settings. There was a Polynesian story of the flood, of a Jonah, a Joshua who stopped the sun, and a Joseph with many brethren. Even Dibble grants that a large number of the *tabus,* fastings and religious tenets are so like the old Hebraic customs that the Hawaiians might well be a part of the scattered tribes of Israel.

The writings of intelligent men, contemporary with the missionary output, bear much evidence of a friendly, generous people, beautiful in body and spirit, with all of the sins and weakness of the flesh that man, Christian or heathen, has been heir to since the Garden of Eden, which must have resembled Hawaii in many respects.

There is one thing that one can hardly doubt; the missionaries must have been meek . . . did not they inherit the earth, at least the larger part of the Hawaiian earth? The majority of names of Honolulu's wealthiest and most powerful families are to be found in the listings of the first five batches of missionaries who arrived in the Islands. How this came about, I hesitate to discuss; the subject is always good for a battle, and innocent bystanders, even with helmets and gas-mask protection, are likely to be struck with flying shrapnel. It is an incontrovertible fact that, in the Islands at least, religion did pay large dividends . . . to its purveyors.

Regardless of the spiritual benefits they received from the professional Christians, the Hawaiians did suffer from contact with the white people. If one boat brought missionaries, salvation, education, trousers and Mother Hubbards, another brought syphilis, measles, consumption, firearms, liquor and the highly developed vices of civilization. Disease killed off the natives by thousands; they were exploited as mercilessly as the American Indians.

Religious and commercial interests fought for the power behind the Hawaiian throne. Finally the two battling forces, through intermarriage and general overlapping of properties, combined. The Hawaiian monarchy was overthrown. The white man reigned supreme. It's not a pretty story. I shall probably be condemned for even hinting at it. I feel that I should be given a medal for withholding the pen. However it would be only a carbon copy of the saga of the white man wherever he has gone among a primitive people. It was done less brutally here than in most places. The victim was chloroformed while his pockets were picked.

The missionaries were gypped out of the righteous joy of demolishing other peoples' false gods and idols by the Hawaiians themselves. The rule of pagan priests with the ten thousand *tabus* that had held the natives in iron bondage, was overthrown shortly before the good people arrived. Probably due to the example of the white men, whom the Hawaiians saw violating their own strange *tabus* and getting away with it unscathed, the local *tabus* were tested. Since no wrath of the gods was evidenced they tried a few other violations. Suddenly a frenzy of revolution swept the Islands; idols were thrown into the sea or burned, the *heiaus,* temples, were desecrated, and the whole age-old religion was tossed over the left shoulder.

The missionaries found a people without gods, and, since the need of gods is old and ever new, here was a peculiarly fertile field for spreading the gospel. The comic element entered into the scene when the Hawaiians, caught by the novelty of the new religion, took to it with such enthusiasm that the churches were S.R.O. for every performance, and they could not handle the crowds. This fervor diminished after a bit; the opposing forces of traders, seamen, and other sinful souls got in some powerful propaganda, and things became rather tense. Gradually, however, the good folk gained dominance, as their wealth and holdings (gifts of the Hawaiians) increased, and their control of the rulers became stronger. Even in 1916 they wielded such power that there was no industry, political movement or social circle that was not controlled by the missionary families.

Missionary ideas of modesty dominated the dress of the people so much that, when a pageant of old Hawaii was presented for a visiting dignitary, the Hawaiian warriors were dressed in badly dyed long drawers and long-sleeved undershirts, to their vast discomfort and complete loss of natural dignity.

This did not prevent Honolulu having one of the most lurid Red Light districts in the world. Iwilei was known around the globe. It was the equal of Port Said, Marseilles, Port au Prince or the Yoshiwara district of Japan, though not so picturesque. One of the Kings of the Underworld there boasted that he could produce, in Iwilei, a *girl* of any nationality. This statement was challenged by a man who asked for an Esquimo. After a search it was admitted that, while they hadn't one of the Esquimo brand, they did have a "Cherry Malotte" of the Alaska dance halls, and wouldn't that be just as good?

The better element of the city finally succeeded in having this plague spot eliminated, with the usual result; the prostitutes distributed through the town and continued their profitable profession.

During the clean-up it was discovered that some of the holdings of the scarlet area were owned by one of the sanctified males of the O.M.F.'s. No one was more surprised than he, which was curious in a town that knows to the last detail the income, habits, birthmarks and brands of cigarettes of practically every inhabitant.

Until very recently, being "old missionary family" was the equivalent of being a Cabot or a Lodge in Boston. The numerous descendants basked in the glory of their ancestors' deeds, and, there's no denying it, became rather smug, in the way of most old families in isolated small places.

There's an amusing story told of one of the well-known and well-publicised missionary families, a very large and important clan. An annual round-up of relatives was arranged. The "by bloods" and the "by marriages" were gathered in solemn conclave at a huge dinner. There were speeches. One of the "by bloods" rose and delivered a lengthy eulogy of the tribe, telling how, in the early days, the illustrious forbears had come "around the Horn" bringing religion to the benighted heathen. Then another "by blood" rose and told how these same saintly people had come "around the Horn" bringing education. Many speakers followed, and in each eulogy the term "around the Horn" sounded the theme song of the talks. Finally a "by marriage," a maverick and a black sheep and a rebellionist, stood up. He admitted that never before had he appreciated sufficiently the distinction, in fact the honor, that was his in belonging, even by toleration, to these chosen people; but he wanted to remark that, while the speakers had all mentioned that the founders of the clan had "come around the Horn," they had failed to say that they had undoubtedly brought the Horn with them, because they had been blowing it ever since. Probably the most thunderous silence that the Islands have ever known, followed this blasphemous utterance.

The relative who told me this story (a "by marriage," I hasten to say) found the high altitudes and rarefied atmosphere of the good family too much for her. She withdrew and married a commoner, whose forbears had not had the benefit of the sea-voyage "around the Horn"; his people had merely traveled via the *Mayflower*, and later by the "Covered Wagon, Ltd."

In the case of the missionaries and the Hawaiians, something happened which has many precedents in history; to a large extent the conquerors were conquered by the conquered. The hardy New Englanders, while teaching the natives thrift (after a fashion), sanitation, religion and the use of diapers, learned from their pupils laughter, tolerance, generosity and the value of large families. The exchange benefited both sides. The present-day Hawaiians (what remains of them) are fine citizens, law abiding and the most lovable people alive. They are hospitable to a fault, peaceable and full of the joy of living. I find small evidence that they were ever otherwise. The present-day missionary descendants are as nice people as you'd want to know. The Hawaiians have *converted* them emotionally in exchange for spiritual salvation. Between the two, they have made Honolulu one of the most livable places on this delightful earth.

One of my very good friends was a man of missionary parentage, mellow with living, full of laughter and wisdom. He gave me an interesting sketch of his people.

"My mother and father and my grandparents were typical missionaries," he said. "They were good people, honest, sincere and fine, but narrow, harsh in judgment, limited in vision. When I told them I wanted to be a painter it nearly killed them. They hadn't the faintest conception of beauty. They were suspicious of it; it might be a snare of the Devil. They

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had two measures for everything . . . good or bad, Heaven or Hell, right or wrong. There were no shadings. And they had no more understandings of the Hawaiians than I would have of a Martian . . . not as much." He laughed reminiscently, "I was a thorn in their flesh. I loved to sneak away and go to *luaus* and hula dances. They wore out their knees praying for me . . . not that it did much good.

"Take my grandfather, for instance," he continued. "The old boy didn't know it, but he was sex-ridden as Heck. He could spot a nice, ripe sin where my healthy, dirty mind wouldn't even suspicion it. It's lucky there weren't any books on psychoanalysis, because he might have read one and found out what was the matter with him. It would have killed him. He died fighting the Devil and his works."

"Do you think they did any real good?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "They did. The Hawaiians and their lands were due to fall into white hands ultimately, and it was better that the missionaries have it than other less scrupulous people. They turned the soil into money and then turned the money (part of it, anyway) back into charities, churches, schools, and good works."

"What about the rich man and the needle's eye? I'm rather vague about the quotation."

My friend laughed. "Trust a missionary to polish his halo and fix things with the higher-ups."

I asked Aunty Pinau for her opinions. She had watched the passing of the Hawaiian rule, and had done much thinking in her time.

"I'll tell you honestly, boy," she said. "Here's the way I see things. I know Hawaiians, because I am a Hawaiian; and I know something about white men, because I married one. The white man was made to rule the earth. The Hawaiians were not numerous enough or strong enough to resist them. If it hadn't been one nation it would have been another that would have taken the Islands. When we were Hawaiians by ourselves, we were not the bad people that the missionaries said we were. They did not understand us. We loved love and laughter, song and dancing. Our men liked to fight; they were not weaklings. We had our gods and we worshipped them . . . better than the *haoles* who went to church on Sunday and then broke all the commandments on week days. But after the *haoles* came, things were very bad for us. We were free and easy people. We liked good times. The first *haoles* that came were *bad haloes.* They taught my people many dreadful things. They were strong with firearms and ships. They brought disease and liquor. They ruined our women and taught our men their bad ways. It was a sad day when those first ships came to Hawaii."

"What about the missionaries? Did they do good for your people?"

"Yes," she said. "They were good people . . . better than the other kind. They did not understand us. They thought we were bad, but they tried to save us. The women made clothes for us and they taught us good habits. They nursed us and took care of us when we were sick. Yes, the missionaries were good . . . but," she laughed, "they were *sour* like lemons."

She sighed a long, regretful sigh. "It doesn't make much difference about us. The pure Hawaiians are not many any more. They mixed with other bloods. Soon they will all be gone. Auwe!"

Patterns of Fury

V*OLCANO. Eruption.* Fearful, ominous words. They called to mind spectacular pictures of people fleeing from their homes, of skies aflame with infernal fires, of a mountain sweating red lava-blood. All of these ideas flashed to mind when the word came to Honolulu, "Kilauea is erupting . . . the pit is filling."

People fled from their homes. By sampan, yacht, steamer, tug, and even plane they fled . . . *to* the Island of Hawaii to see the greatest fireworks in the world. It might last for a day, it might continue for months; this might be the last eruption for years.

I slept on deck in order to get passage on one of the little Inter-Island boats. The sea, as usual, was so choppy that, by comparison, crossing the English channel was like roller skating on a smooth floor. If misery loved company, misery had plenty of it. All of the nationalities of the Islands were represented. It was a smelly, jolly, informal crowd conjecturing largely:

"Will it still be going? Did you ever see it before? Isn't it dangerous?"

I felt a certain anxiety. Volcanos can turn sulky and refuse to erupt for centuries, and I hadn't time to wait that long. I wanted to see the big show.

We entered Hilo Harbor at dawn. The mountain Mauna Loa lifted its stupendous mass into and through the clouds. The snow on the peak caught the early light of morning. It looked like pink syrup poured over the top of a titanic *sundae*. Perhaps my appetite suggested the simile.

The town was just waking from sleep; the fish market oozed its strong effluvium, which is a stench or an interesting smell according to your attitude. Hilo is more typically the lazy, lovely tropical town than Honolulu; we were tempted to delay and investigate, but ahead lay our objective.

The approach to the volcano was an example of splendid natural staging of dramatic climax. Hours of winding through jungle roads, canopied by gigantic tree ferns, past picturesque huts and cottages, gay with luxuriant bloom. Up and up. From the soft balmy air of sea level, we climbed to the chill of higher altitudes, through damp cloud mists and into bright glaring sunlight, always through tunnels of trees and tangled vines with ten thousand flowers offering their colors and fragrances.

Abruptly we arrived at a place of desolation thrice desolated. Here the forest lost courage; it hesitated, greenly timorous, on the edge of the black lava flows and watched the spectacle of Kilauea from afar. Only the scraggy *lehua* trees ventured into the desert of cinders and rock. Kilauea seemed to be sending out advance guards of her fiery fury to meet us, because these trees were in blossom, and the red pompoms of flowers looked like glowing embers of old fires. Gray-green lichens and a few ferns, those frail, brave adventurers, gave faint veiling to the ravaged ugliness of the bleak area. Impalpable dust sifted into our hair and eyes and nostrils, until our complexions were a consistent terra cotta.

In the distance a column of smoke, yellowish-gray, rose into the sky and joined the low-hanging clouds. A wind, poisoned with the acrid stench of sulphur, bit at our lungs. We approached inferno.

The great crater, called Halemaumau, meaning House of Eternal Fires, surrounds the pit of Kilauea. The Crater House, a hotel for tourists, perches precariously on the brink of Halemaumau. We walked a long distance from the hotel to the pit, over broken lava, shattered and sharp, which cut our shoes to ribbons. We felt the shudder and vibration of turbulent forces beneath our feet, and in many places the ground was uncomfortably warm.

As we dropped over the edge of the large crater I had a glimpse of an incongruous bit of color. Sprawling beds of flowers lifted painted faces in frivolous disregard of the grand desolation about them. Fuchsias, looking like ballet dancers in dresses of cerise and purple, tossed their skirts airily in the poisonous breeze.

There were steam vents, puffing and wheezing asthmatically along our path, and patches of scabby sulphur encrustations. Small puff-holes of escaping gas provided us with the novelty of having the goddess Pele autograph picture postcards by charring them with her scorching breath. A heavy, sullen rumble increased to a confused thunder, as of distant artillery, as we neared the brink. I approached with every sense keyed to the highest anticipation of a spectacle of unparalleled gorgeousness. By all calculations, there should be raw vermilions, glowing scarlets, boiling carmines, and furious reds. Nature at her lithographic best. I had a moment of sickening disappointment. I expected chromo and found pastel. The bright sunlight of noon diluted the fires to pale, dusty rose, a faded veil of shimmering mist over a lake of gray, sluggish mud.

After the first minutes of adjustment, I began to grasp the hideous beauty of the pit. If Haleakala, the dead crater of Maui, was a great scar, Kilauea was a suppurating wound oozing the fluids of new worlds from sources deep in the earth.

Thirty feet below the brink where I stood fascinated, flowed rivers of lava in reptilian curves. A heavy scum, elephant-skin gray, lifted and fell as though monsters were breathing below the surface. Sometimes a violent tossing broke the ugly skin, and I saw the slimy shapes of half-born prehistoric creatures, squirming and writhing, showing raw red flesh. Constant groans and vast sighs accompanied the endless disturbances . . . earth seemed to be in labor, producing new mountains.

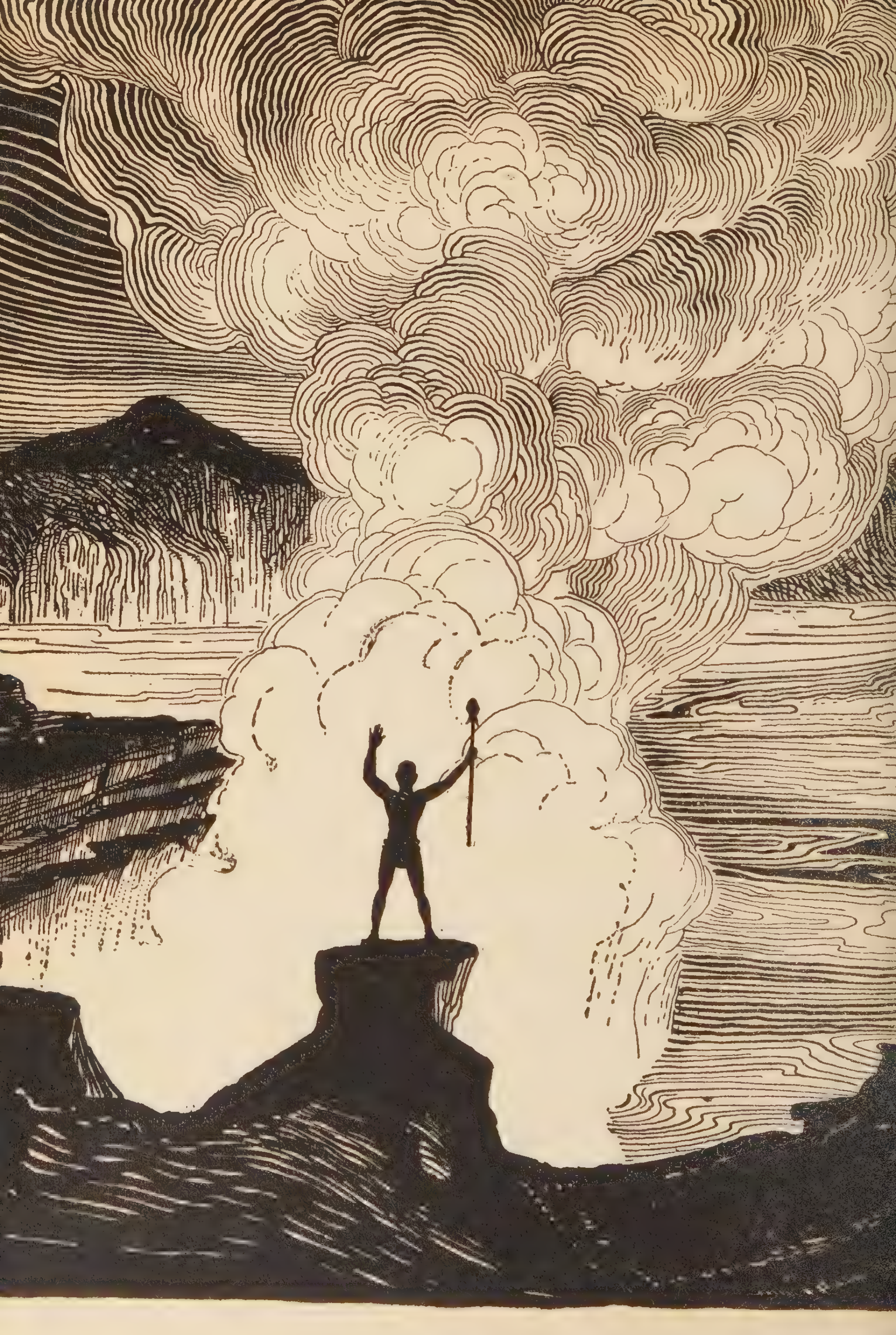
I threw an orange into the pit. It landed on the squirming gray surface. There was a gulping sound, a puff of steam; the scum writhed sullenly . . . and there was no more orange. My imagination pictured a human sacrifice cast into the pit; the horror, the scream of agony, the grabbing scorching fingers of lava clutching at soft flesh—the end.

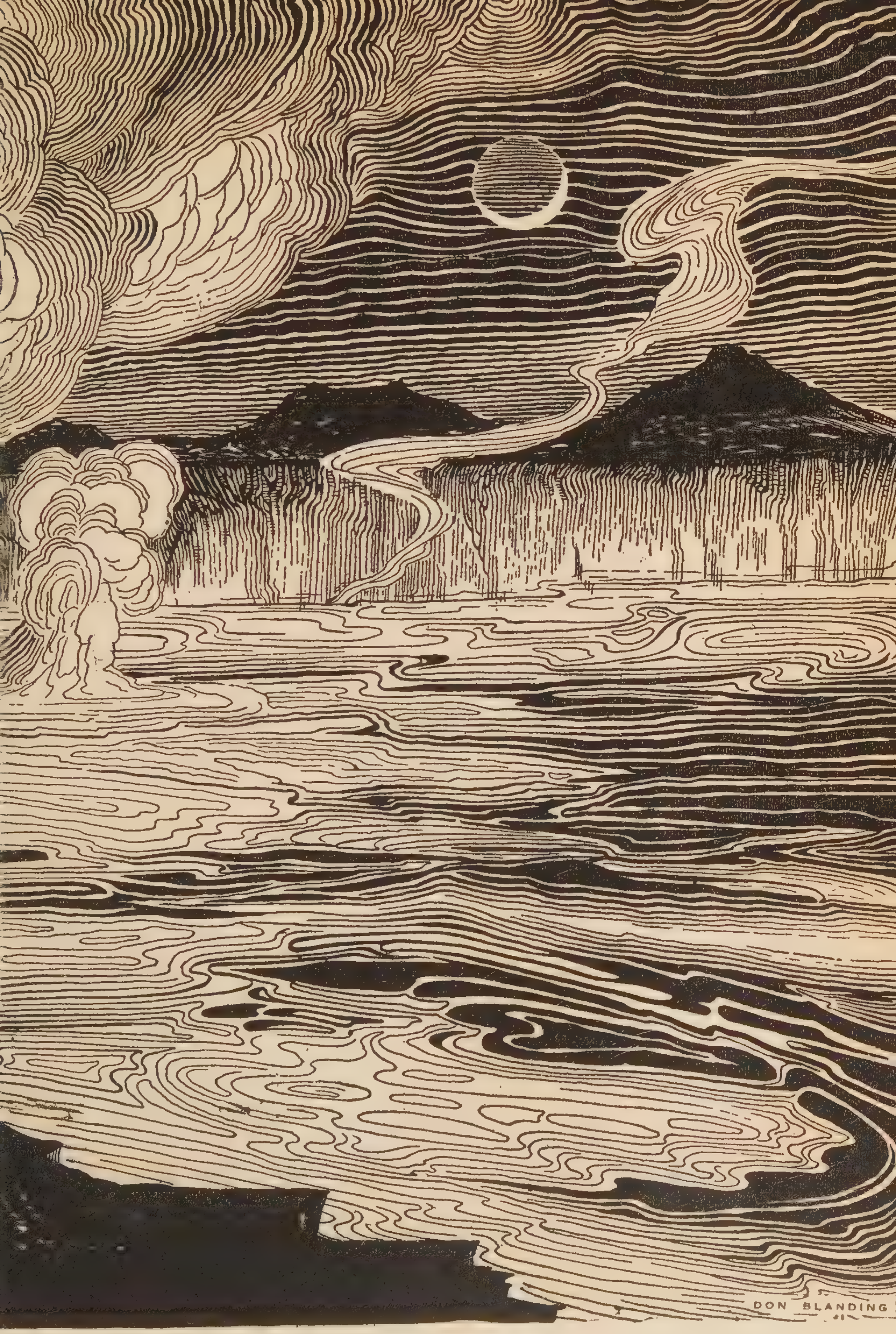
The scene was so repellently fascinating that it held my eyes for hours. The heat was terrific. We had to improvise masks to prevent our faces from blistering. The acrid smoke stung our eyes and cracked our lips.

There were intervals of quiet; the lake would become ominously still except for the labored breathing. A sudden release of gases surging through the thick slime would start a devil dance, tossing gray lava imps into the air. Several times large sections of the far wall fell into the pit, raising an enormous wave that crossed the lake and crashed against the crater rim. We fled. The surf splashed high into the air and fell with hot splatterings.

The afternoon passed swiftly, with a constantly shifting picture of horror. Sunset time withdrew the sunlight. The faint rose glow of the lake intensified to a warm red. The thick haze of bluish mist that hung over the crater caught the increasing glare; an exquisite violet veil floated frailly over the inferno. As darkness settled, the sultry colors blazed into vermilion.

Patterns of fury, etched in flame. The gray crust turned




DON BLANDING

Patterns of Fury

black. It became a blood-stained shroud, rent and torn by appalling forces. There was constant change. The chill air of night congealed the lake, imprisoning the rebellious lavas. A comparative calm, a threatening quiet would hold for a short while. Suddenly a lava fountain, fifty feet high, would break out on the far side of the pit and travel across the lake, spouting red spray. In those moments one seemed to see the red, raging Pele dancing a furious bacchanal on hot cinders. The black crust would be broken into jagged pieces and tossed into the air. The infection of violence would spread until the great lake boiled. Waves dashed white-hot spray onto the dark crags. Lurid waterfalls splashed back into the crater. The cloud banks, high in the sky, took the red reflection and seemed to glow with internal fire. A new moon, blenched and pallid, peered timorously through soiled banners of smoke. We stared at Hell with the lid off.

The icy cold of night crept up behind us. We moved closer to the pit. Our faces blistered and our backs froze. We were on a spit of our own turning, alternately warming backs and fronts.

Kilauea is a friendly volcano . . . usually. It is an open-throated crater, and in consequence there have been few of those devastating eruptions which inundate a land with fiery death; but she does at times claim victims. Two soldiers, standing in full view of spectators, on a ledge of rock on the far side of the pit, were there, visible to all at one moment. The crater sighed. A section of wall caved in. When the debris cleared the soldiers were gone, to a death so horrible that the mind cringes at conceiving of it.

Within recent years a pitiful attempt was made to revive old customs. Pele, the goddess, had been sullenly inert for a long time. The Hawaiians, thinking she might have been offended in some way, sought to propitiate her with old ceremonies and invocations. A great pageant was prepared, and old Kahunas, outlawed by the law of the whites, were granted immunity for the time. Hundreds of natives assembled at the crater brink, in capes, feathers, and ceremonial regalia. Chants and *meles* relating to Pele were rehearsed, and dances of the lava prepared for the occasion. Despite protest from the Hawaiians, curious sightseers gathered to witness the spectacle.

The pit lay dark and silent in the night. The torches were lighted, the songs sung, the offerings cast into the crater, and the prayers chanted. Then an interval of waiting. It was a tense moment. A sudden chill of fear seized everyone. The scoffing tourists felt the creeping terror of a suspicion that Pele might hear, and respond with violence and fury; the Hawaiians trembled lest the goddess, offended by the irreverent *haoles,* would withdraw forever from their sight. A drizzling rain, possibly nostalgic tears of the gods, quenched the torches. Performers and spectators fled, with fear clutching at their heels.

Pele rarely hurt her people. Recently, however, a great flow broke out on the side of the volcano and poured a river of lava down thousands of feet to the sea, burying a little native village beneath a black shroud. At night the waterfalls, rapids, whirlpools of fire, plunging down the cliffs made a spectacle of infernal beauty.

When the hot lava flowed into the sea there was a column of steam that billowed and climbed beyond the skies. Hundreds of boiled fishes were washed onto the beach. Thunder and lightning laced the steam clouds. Forests wilted in the scalding steam.

There is always a battle between the forest and the lava. A flood of the hot earth-blood burns a black way down the mountain. Rains and sunshine disintegrate the flinty surface. Lichens, mosses, ferns, and small creepers invade the desolated area. Shrubs and grasses follow. Soon trees appear. The jungle reclaims the earth.

On the night of our visit to the pit we were unable to tear ourselves away from the fascinating sight. Our guide, worried lest we miss our boat, begged and pleaded. Reluctantly as Mrs. Lot, we withdrew slowly, glancing backward. I turned for a last photographic flash of the hideous loveliness. Against the glow of the pit, large jagged blocks of lava reared shattered walls, jet black, and as a final macabre touch, huge rats, which had come up out of the forest to warm their noses at the gargantuan hearth, raced and leaped in silhouette along the red glare. They looked like fantastic creatures summoned from Hades.

White Honolulu

AT a literary tea in New York I was describing the glamours of Hawaii to an inquiring lady. Fanny Heaslip Lea, whose stories of romance in the tropics helped put the Islands on the map, passed just in time to hear me say, "Honolulu is so small that we live almost in each other's laps."

"In each other's lapses," she corrected me neatly.

Her phrase explains *white* Honolulu, the social surface, the pale foam on the melting pot. Below this select cream, flow the brown and yellow bloods that give color and atmosphere of foreignness to the Island life. The city has more than a hundred thousand population; over half of the people are Japanese; possibly a fourth of them are white; the rest are Chinese, Koreans, Philippinos, Portuguese, and intermixtures of all.

Socially the whites form a village within the city, and this small village has the limitations and the advantages of its size; almost everyone knows everything about everybody. The newspapers publish the news, while the word-of-mouth carries the gossip, scandal, conjecture and rumor which makes three-fourths of the conversation of the Islanders. Honolulu loves its dish of scandal; it keeps itself thoroughly misinformed about the private life of its public figures at all times. Anyone who thinks he gets away with anything there just doesn't know his Honolulu.

The financial, which means the social, rulers of this white group are unofficial royalty in a Graustarkian kingdom at once delightful, fascinating and faintly absurd. Until the overthrow of the Hawaiian Monarchy, the Islands had a toy court, gorgeous with uniforms, plumes, presentations, bowings and scrapings, ceremonies and rituals. The beatings of drums and the blowings of trumpets accompanied any occasions of note. The white people walked with a certain softness as a matter of policy. But intrigue flourished as luxuriantly as the tropical vegetation. The power behind the throne was usually some shrewd white man or woman acting in advisory capacity.

A bloodless revolution removed Queen Liliuokalani from the throne. White money seized the scepter politically, while white women fought polite battles (with more actual casualties) for the social crown and robes.

The missionary families came into their own. Their children and their dividends from rich lands increased apace. The one married, the other merged, until all Hawaii came under their control. The odor of sanctity clung to the garments of the third and fourth generations, aided and augmented by a golden and social aura, until the words "of old missionary family" became the equivalent of "one of de Medici." They were no less dukes, earls, lords, and princes of the realm because the Islands were American territory. But, as a whole it was a benevolent despotism they exercised. A social life developed which was charming beyond description for those who *belonged.* Lavish hospitality, great friendliness, a demi-family association which included almost everyone in the Islands. Visitors who passed inspection were absorbed into the groups. They became "Vivian, Jim, Mary, and Consuelo" to all; not familiarly, but in a disarmingly nice way.

Before the days of increased transportation between the Mainland and the Islands, *malihinis* were welcomed as bringers of news, fashions and new stories. A stranger, uncatalogued, was a subject for unlimited conjecture. It is astonishing that the people were not "taken in" more often by charlatans and adventurers. Charm and good manners were passports. If the local society held aloof until a check-up could be made on a visitor, he might be gone before his credentials were verified.

Although the missionary spirit dominated the place somewhat, its dehydrated goodness was moistened and warmed by the climate and association with the laughter loving Hawaiians, until a society developed which resembled the "old South" in its romance and delightfulness.

A few maverick families (I quote) who came by their money and lands by the accepted methods of Big Business, established their own dynasties and became so powerful that they had to be accepted by the missionary descendants, although one suspected that the Flit spray probably followed the departure of these commoners after a social call.

The missionary families are still the ruling force in the Islands, but their sway is being disputed. Between the years 1925 and 1930 one of these non-missionary families rose into foremost power. The social crown shifted to the gracious and charming head of a woman who was not even born in the Islands. During the upheaval much laundry was aired on both sides, to the vast amusement of the noncombatants.

The revolution was aided by the younger generation of missionary descendants, restive under the rigid rules of the powerful dowagers. They joined with the *malihinis* to establish a more democratic social order. Wealthy people from the States, charmed with the Islands, built beautiful homes and established their own circles, less conservative and more suited to the lively fancies of the youngsters. Now the missionary set, the fast younger group, the beach crowds, the Army and Navy and the *malihinis,* overlap to such an extent that the social fabric is a plaid of such varied pattern that those society chameleons, the bachelors, can play rainbow changes enough to satisfy the most capricious taste.

With the exception of a couple of months in the summer time, Honolulu is one continuous whirl of gaiety. Every boat brings visitors with letters, and each visitor must be entertained in the generous tradition of Hawaii. Dances, beach parties, teas and receptions crowd the calendar. The genius for entertaining delightfully is a heritage of all Island-born people. Homes are planned for it. Large *lanais* for dancing are as integral a part of the house as the bathroom. The constant influx of visitors from all parts of the globe, and the fact that Honolulu people are inveterate travelers, keeps the tropical city in immediate touch with the smart outside world. The entertainments are sophisticatedly informal, . . . and always large.

Dame Nellie Melba stopped on her last tour. She was the *motif* for a series of grand parties. After about the eighth affair, a charming Australian girl, a guest of the great singer, asked me puzzledly, "Do you Americans never congregate in groups of less than fifty?"

Celebrities below the rank of princes have the unusual experience of being taken for granted. If they are charming they are accepted, if not they are ignored. They, in turn, are completely charmed or absolutely irritated by their reception. Hollywood stars have been greatly upset by the lack of excitement their visits occasioned.

Honolulu loves music. All classes turn out in response to Kreisler, Heifetz, and the touring singers who stop at the Islands. There is one *faux pas* that nearly every musician or singer makes. He feels obliged to render "Aloha Oe" at the end of his programme. The sentiment for this simple song is so deep and sincere in Hawaii, that coloratura and pyrotechnic tatting of the theme is resented, and the applause is usually damningly restrained. On the other hand, Anna Case, singing "Aloha Oe," simply and sympathetically, *Kanaka* fashion, received the adulation of native and white audience alike. On her departure half of the town went down to the boat to see her off. She was swamped with *leis*. As the boat left the dock, and after the Royal Hawaiian Band had finished the Aloha, Farewell, she responded, leaning over the rail with a white *lei* in her hands. She sang with feeling so sincere that her eyes were wet with tears. The graceful tribute won her an everlasting place in the affections of all.

A new girl if she is attractive, gets an avalanche of attention . . . as long as she is new. But she's yesterday's newspaper as soon as another feminine meteor blazes the zenith. Island boys and girls, having learned their ABC's together, seek outsiders for most of their matrimonial ventures. This prevents interbreeding, and is good for the local blood. A few, through sheer inertia, marry home stock. The Army and Navy have supplied husbands for the sugar and pineapple heiresses. Usually heavy pressure from the tribe gets them out of the Government's service, and into Family Service, and they become deskholders in Hawaii.

Hawaii is old fashioned in one respect. People go in for babies in a large way there. *Malihinis* are warned to keep close guard on their tongues when discussing anyone in the Islands . . . the person discussed is probably a relative of the one to whom he is talking. After bachelors have married into the family they have the usual sniping privileges of any *relative*.

There are two old families in Honolulu that take their family duties very seriously. They are keenly competitive in the production of progeny. There's an annual round-up, and counting of noses . . . possibly branding or ear notching is employed. The scores are watched eagerly. One year, there were, I believe, two hundred and one living X's and two hundred and two Y's. The losers did not feel particularly downcast, however, since the winners had sprung twins, which was quite legitimate (Oh, quite) but hardly sporting. They took defeat gallantly; each X or Y determined that *next* year he would be the one to bring the prized cup or platinum nursing bottle into the family.

One of the younger married women of one of the tribes confessed to friends that she had had a baby in self-defence. Her nerves were giving under the bombardment of solicitous inquiries, admonitions, and even reproaches of her numerous in-laws. Having won her chevrons, life became more bearable, and she was once again her happy self.

Until quite recently Honolulu had no Middle Class or Lower Middle Class. There were the Very Wealthy, the Well-to-do, the Try-to-do and the Poor-but-Nice. Then came a gap in the ratings, due to the fact that in business most of the positions below heads of departments, etc., were held by Orientals trained in the colleges and business schools of commerce.

A Honolulu man credited the peculiar charm of Island people to the following reason:

"If you're born here," he said, "you have the tropics in your blood; if not, you must have had a screw loose or a germ of adventure to bring you here in the first place. That gives anyone charm."

There is an exotic pattern in the social fabric which is very facinating, and peculiar to Hawaii. This is the intermingling of whites, Hawaiians, and Orientals. Hawaii is one of the places in the world where the word *half-caste* is almost *tabu*. One doesn't use it; nor, after a short while, does one think it. That stigma which usually attaches to the mixed blood is scarcely in evidence, if at all. Chinese, Japanese, Philippinos, Koreans, Portuguese, Russians, and all of the fair-skinned, blue-eyed races meet, interbreed, and often marry, and live in a happiness which is quite amazing. Many women, high in social favor in the Islands, may have as many as four bloods, at least three of them dark. Negro blood is not accepted.

These men and women are subjected to few of the slights and side glances which make the life of the person of mixed blood so unhappy in other places. This friendly tolerance has served to disprove the old theory that interracial mixture bequeaths the worst rather than the best characteristics of the parent bloods. Living normally without suspicions and repressions as soil for their growth, the Chinese-Hawaiian-white-man develops into a worthy, splendid citizen, respected and valued in the community.

The women are, quite often, dangerously beautiful. There is danger for themselves and others in the exotic charm which comes from the blended bloods. Their white blood thins the warm brown of the Hawaiian complexion to a soft ivory-tan, satiny and luscious. The voluptuous Polynesian curviness is tempered by the finer modeling of the Chinese in them. The Oriental blood also gives a bewitching tilt to large dark eyes.

Give a woman the mystery of the East, the sensuous femininity of the Tropics, and the sophistication of the Occident. Auwe!

A red-haired Irishman must have stopped off between boats in the early days, because every so often one sees a *hapa-haole* girl with an unusual, almost bizarre beauty which combines

Erin and Hawaii. She has biscuit-brown skin, flushed with natural rose in the cheeks, ripe lips with Irish dimples, red-bronze hair in heavy waves about her head, and hazel, pale-blue, or even green eyes, fringed with lashes that are so heavy that they seem to be "rubbed in with a sooty finger." This girl usually has a difficult time of it because the predatory white male finds her particularly attractive. She may retain her virtue, but seldom her reputation. She looks the ultimate siren, which is circumstantial evidence enough to send any woman to the social gallows.

Occasionally when some celebration calls out the various nationalities for a Pageant of the Pacific, the congress of beauties would make Ziegfeld revise his list of renowned showgirls and discard many of them in favor of the hybrid charmers of the Islands. The white girls, too, raised in the tropics, take on some of this exotic bloom.

White men of the best families frequently marry Hawaiian or half-Hawaiian women. Their children attend schools and parties with the children of full white blood. The Hawaiians, rightly enough, make no apology for brown skin, in fact a few of the older wealthy Hawaiian women form a conservative and exclusive set.

But Honolulu is essentially a white man's town, despite the preponderance of Oriental and Polynesian population. Remove the tropical background and you might have any prosperous California city. The business section caters almost exclusively to Occidental demands. This arrogant assumption on the part of the whites that their ways, products and interests are the *right* ones has, by suggestion, accomplished a very successful Americanization of all the nationalities in Hawaii. Movies, radio, newspapers and magazines have aided this standardization. Now, except for a few details of living, they are citizens of the United States in thought, dress and manners as well as in actuality.

Most of the children of well-to-do whites are sent to private schools or to Europe or the States for their education. In the public schools there will be one white face among a hundred brown and yellow ones. All of these children of alien blood are being taught by our text books, our teachers; they are learning our ideals, our virtues and our faults.

The Japanese are the most recalcitrant, but even they are being modeled to our desires. The Japanese grandparents came to the cane fields as peasant workers; their children attended plantation or town schools and learned many of our ways, although they remained clannish; the third generation, except for tilted eyes and tinted skins, might be any American youngsters. Babe Ruth, Dempsey, Lindbergh are their heroes; they are Boy Scouts; they play baseball and learn our cuss words. The little girls ape Mary Pickford or Norma Talmadge; the Garbo hair-do is theirs to copy. The flappers are snappy little chicks, silk-stockinged and rouged. And they are cuter than dolls.

The connoisseur of femininity has a large and fascinating field to browse. The Portuguese girls are lively, Spanishy-looking, with overtones of Gypsy in their make-up; the Chinese girls, old style, wear satin coats and trousers, embroidered in gay colors; the modern ones affect the current fashions and wear them smartly.

The white stranger may flirt with simpering *geisha* in their fan-doll kimonos, with brilliant *obis* and white *tabis* at tea houses, or he may have the disconcerting experience of getting fresh with a trim little tilted-eyed beauty and being told, in perfect English, just where he can go. There are Korean girls in quaint dresses of purple, magenta and leaf green, and there are Korean girls in middy blouses or Girl Scout uniforms.

Now that boats have become an almost daily occurrence in Honolulu, the great hostesses of the Islands find the tradition of Hawaiian hospitality a real burden. Visitors have such a good time that they sell the Islands to their friends, and apparently toss letters of introduction around as they would advertising circulars. The hostesses of Hawaii stand the brunt of this lavish gesture. A letter of introduction now rates along with monthly bills as welcome mail.

Honolulu's generosity is best evinced in its charities. There are few places in the world where the appeal of need is answered so splendidly. The Junior League is powerfully organized and endlessly busy in its activities. There is a minimum of misery and want, due to the open-handedness of Honolulans.

The Islanders love sports. Polo is quite an institution, both Inter-Island and Civilian-Army polo games are attended by all who can get tickets. Swimming rates as the greatest sport. Hawaiian-born swimmers are represented in all world meets.

I am often asked these questions: "Don't you find Hawaii enervating? Does the climate *get* the white man? Doesn't he go to pot in the Islands?"

Hawaii is more exhausting than enervating. Keeping up with the frivolous, gay social life is strenuous, and after a couple of years he feels the need of getting away. As for the climate *getting* him, it is so perfect throughout the year that the perfection gets monotonous; he longs for a gray day or a cold one for a change. Nearly everyone manages to take a trip away at least every second year. He returns with renewed enthusiasm for the Islands, the comparison with other places makes Hawaii more enchanting than ever. And as for going to pot, I can say that the beach comber of fiction is practically non-existent there. The trouble with Hawaii is that one stays in a constant emulsion of purposeless effort, as a whole.

The charm of the climate, the gaiety of the social life, the thousand and one physical and sensuous diversions do interfere with prolonged effort. On the other hand, the disintegrating heat of the real tropics and the conditions which corrode the Nordic fibre are not present in Hawaii. In the real tropics a man can sink so low that he strikes bottom with a thud and either goes completely out or rebounds to some sort of rehabilitation of himself.

In Hawaii he neither rises to heights nor sinks to real depths. He develops acute *polynesia* which is related to the Mexican *mañana* . . . a realization that tomorrow will be very like today, that nothing is of colossal importance beyond the moment. The days slip away uncounted, a month, a year, a lifetime passes with nothing to mark its passing except a blurr of happiness, tainted only by a vague feeling that he "should do something about something."

Hawaii is such an absurdly happy place. Visitors and residents become infected with this pervasive happiness. It's no Pollyanna happiness. It's real. Sorrow, although genuine, seems to leave its mark less deeply cut. There is more laughter than tears. In fact tears are like the sudden showers that come and go so evanescently and are called "liquid sunshine"; quickly shed and quickly evaporated under the steady glow of sunshine. There is so much sunlight that even the shadows are invaded by it. Ibsen gloom, which is like a damp mold, does not thrive where there are no gray days. The golden torch of the sun flings its radiance into every nook and corner of the land; and, at night, the great Hawaiian moon cheers everywhere with its luminous silver.

Colors are gay; flowers are blooming on every hand in stimulating reds, yellows and oranges, and the white ones are fragrant to a degree. Music is in the air at all times, and, although it is usually called melancholy or sad, I think it comes under the same classification as that pleasant melancholy of Indian summer. I even suspect the languid sobbing of the guitar of being the result of sheer laziness. The happiness of Hawaii is as spontaneous and unquenchable as the bubbles in champagne.

But this gaiety and effervescence is distracting. It's a curious thing that with a history covering a hundred years, so colorful and vivid, including the overthrow of paganism, the coming of missionaries and traders, the turbulent life in the towns where the whalers gathered, the splendid pageantry of native life and the progress of civilization, there have been no pictures, no epic poems, no novels of any importance produced. Sustained effort or objective is difficult.

Writers have produced short stories, articles, poems, etc., but few novels of any merit. Painters have, as a whole, confined their brushes to palm trees, beaches, flowers, and sunlight. There have been no murals or large canvases of note. Whether it's the climate or the lack of outlet for the efforts, is difficult to decide. But in every line of expression the *sketch* seems to have been the ultimate attainment.

Armine von Tempsky with her "Hula" and "Dust" brought the first ambitious attempts to portray either the contemporary or old life of the Islands in the form of a novel. Only an Islander can know what courage and persistence was needed to produce them. It may be significant that she lived high on the slopes of Haleakala under conditions corresponding to the colder temperate zones. If the manuscripts of all the incompleted "great Hawaiian novel" were laid end to end, there'd be no end. Every newspaper man, teacher, *malihini* and *kamaaina* starts one at one time or another.

There's one person in Hawaii who seems to have found his ideal life work and has stuck to it through rain and shine. He is the Statue-Worshiper. His name is Joe Mederos. For twenty-seven years he has stood in front of the statue of King Kamehameha, apparently expecting it to come to life and greet him. He is not communicative.

Someone suggested to our gardener, Ah Goo, that the man might be *pupule* (foolish). Ah Goo smiled and shrugged. "Him no *hana-hana* (work) for twenty-fi' year. He got *kaukau* (something to eat) and place for *moi-moi* (sleep). . . . he no *pupule*. He smart man."

Chasing Rainbows

I HAD to find a rainbow. Ordinarily that would not have been difficult in Hawaii where there's hardly an hour of the day without its luminous banner of raw opals across the sky. The Islands might be called, appropriately enough, "Rainbow Islands." Innumerable little quick showers of fine misty rain, called "liquid sunshine," that cool the air and keep the earth green and fresh, also provide curtains against which the sun flings its brilliant spotlight, making rainbows. And at night, when the moon is full and low in the sky, there are *lunar* rainbows, elusive pastel phantoms of the day's glorious arch. I have often seen the twin curves of a double moon rainbow over Diamond Head in an effect as theatrical as a stage set in the Folies Bergère.

But I was not looking for ordinary rainbows this day. The ones I sought were allied with white magic . . . they sounded like pure phantasy when described by the fliers who patrolled the prairies of clouds high in the blue Hawaiian sky. I had to go eight thousand feet into the air to find them.

I had always been a bit dotty about flying. As a youngster at home near Fort Sill, Oklahoma, I used to watch the early fliers frightening big slow-winged buzzards out of the arid sky. Those gallant men usurped the pedestals of the Crusaders, Captain Kidd and Buffalo Bill as objects of my youthful hero worship. They were, for me, a race apart, members of a secret cult. I say secret cult because I have found few flyers who are articulate about their experiences. They will not grant glory to themselves.

One man, whom I questioned exhaustively, said, "It's quiet, up there." Another said, "If anything happens, it means a clean finish, usually. That's something."

I longed for the day when I, too, could survey the earth from the high places where the gods lived . . . where it was *quiet.*

I had had only one experience in the air, flying from London to Paris in a big twelve-passenger Handley-Paige. But it had been like a lumbering, air-minded street car, and, as we had flown through stuffy fog most of the way, the experience had been vastly disappointing.

There was another reason besides curiosity for finding these strange, and probably mythical, rainbows. I had been called in to help with the decoration of the Bachelor Flyers' Hall of the Air Station at Luke Field, which is on Ford Island in the middle of Pearl Harbor. The men had wanted something striking for the central point of decorative interest in the main room. I had suggested using the trick rainbow on the ceiling. I had never seen it, but it sounded unusual. The idea was accepted at once, but an argument arose as to whether blue or purple held the outside arc of color in the pattern.

Commander McComb solved the difficulty. In a casual, offhand way he pointed to me and said, "Here's your color expert; there's your plane, and there (indicating a mountainous mass of trade clouds above the Waianae range) is where your rainbows are. Get together!"

Fine. Simple as anything. But flying in the Islands at that time was supposed to be tricky business. A few commercial flyers had made racketty flights and pancakeish landings. Clark, one of the first military flyers, was still worshiped by the Hawaiians, who called him "Ewa," the bird, and decorated his plane with *leis* of adoration. There were rumors of treacherous air currents due to the conformation of the mountainous country; landing fields were few; men had cracked-up in inaccessible valleys and been rescued with difficulty or blown to sea and lost forever.

I looked at the remote clouds lolling lazily thousands of feet in the air; then I looked at the dear old firm solid earth under my feet. Good old earth; so completely *there,* so dependable. And yet . . . had I not spent hours enviously watching lone fliers circling above the Islands, and tried to imagine the rare beauties that they must be viewing from that height? I had seen Hawaii from every other angle, from the sea, from below the surface of the water, from mountains and from valleys . . . and now, I might see it from the air. What price experience!

"Not scared, are you?"

The question flicked me like a whip lash. Yes, I *was* scared . . . scared as one is heart-stoppingly scared at the top of a chute-the-chutes. Scared and thrilled.

There was the plane at rest on the crushed coral of the flying field; man-made wings awaiting Icarus . . . for flight or for fall. Perfect flying weather. White palisades of clouds at the edge of the sky. Flawless blue above. The noon sun beckoning.

"Let's go," I said shakily.

Lieutenant J. C. Williams, a trusted friend, was to pilot the plane. He grinned understandingly.

"Buck up," he said; "it's safer than riding in a taxi."

Safe or not safe, I was committed to it. Friendly hands bundled me into flying outfit, helmet, goggles and suit (like rompers). Everyone was extremely casual about it. I tried to look unconcerned but dynamos of excitement were thump-thumping inside me. I was hoisted into my parachute rig and instructed about counting ten before pulling the release ring in case . . . that ominous *in case.*

The plane was a DH–4. It snortled savagely, like a skittish horse, as we approached. We climbed in, Lieutenant Williams in front, me behind. There was a large square hole in the bottom of the plane under my feet, for photographic purposes, so I had a foot on either side of nothing. Not a calming position. Williams turned and cocked a questioning goggle-rim at me. I gulped and nodded. The engine snorted deafeningly and steadied to a continuous thunder. We were off.

I wish that I might erase the memory of those first gorgeous moments from my mind so that I could experience them all over. First love, first sorrow, first flight . . . they can't be repeated.

Galumph . . . galumph. A heavy, rubbery bounce. Roar of motors . . . clouds of white coral dust . . . slow start down the long field. Faster . . . faster.

I couldn't tell exactly when we cleared the ground. Maybe I shut my eyes. I had a feeling that was the reverse of that pit-of-the-stomach emptiness of a long elevator drop. Suddenly we were up. Apparently we weren't rising, the earth was just slipping sickeningly away, lurching drunkenly down the abyss of space, swooping away into infinity. A banshee wind screamed in the wires. The air was a hurricane.

I poked my head over the side of the plane and had it nearly snapped off. I opened my mouth (I don't know why) and it was instantly filled with an almost palpable pulp of air. I swallowed enough to fill a toy balloon, and settled down to a comparatively calm viewing of the scenery.

We were up over the buildings and hangars. Over the sea. Rising and circling. All normal values were gone. Waikiki Beach became a strip of yellow ribbon edged with foamy lace. Diamond Head, the old crater, commonplacely familiar from many ground viewings, turned to a gaping scar or the decayed cavity of a monstrous tooth, the empty setting for a titanic jewel or a pock mark on the moon. The ocean, fluid turquoise clotted among bronze and rust colored coral.

I felt as though I were looking into a kaleidoscope. Colors blurred, changed, glittered and shifted dizzyingly. The Island of Oahu became a cloisonné. Long jade fingers of cane fields stretched into golden-yellow placques of earth.

Scars of fevered lava soil splashed against the dusty feathery green of *kiawe* forests. Roads traced odd angles through bluish blankets of pineapple fields. Bright roofs clustered in jewel-gleaming globs.

Did you ever see an opal matrix with the radiant colors spilled through the enclosing stone? That was the sea. Citron-green and peacock-blue near shore. Lapis and indigo where the water deepened. There were curdled blots of tawny brown where coral reefs broke the blue; ultramarine and purple where great water-valleys gashed the ocean bed. Moving blue shadows of wind-blown clouds trailed across the lacquered water.

As we gained altitude we could see the other islands like masses of dark flotsam on a limitless sea. We were among the clouds in a new world unlike anything I had ever seen or imagined.

The roar of the engines and the blurr of whirling propellers told me that we were rushing through space at terrific speed, but we seemed to be hanging still, suspended by invisible wires, unmoving while a cyclone wind raged by. We were in a vast bubble of illusion. The wood and steel of the plane were real; Williams and I were real; all else was mirage. I did not have the giddy feeling of height, as on mountain peaks or skyscrapers, because I had nothing to measure by. The earth was a painted papier-mâché shell; Honolulu was a handful of broken beads on a rumpled cloth; forests were smears of green; roads were threads; mountains were frozen waves; the land was a fragment from a mandarin's robe; the sea was a blue porcelain bowl; ships were flaws on the gleaming surface.

We flew through a cloud. Can you imagine being inside the milky, translucent globe of a moonstone? White wraiths of mist swept by touching our cheeks with cold vaporous fingers; the wind shrieking in the wires was the sound of their mournful voices.

When we gained the clear air Williams turned to see how I was getting on. I semaphored "great stuff" with my eyebrows, and he turned his attention to the controls. He seemed to be as much at ease as though he were driving a car down Kalakaua Avenue. He was jaunty, assured. With his close-fitting flyer's helmet, gauntleted gloves, and gallant bearing, he looked like a twentieth century knight riding his aerial chargers. Flyers. The last crusaders.

He pointed to the side. I looked. There was another plane, swinging alongside so close that we could have flung a cat to it . . . if cat-flinging had been in order. A cheery wave and a couple of grins, and it dropped smoothly away. Two eagles passing in the sky. It made the great spaces seem somehow less terribly vast, more neighborly, friendly.

We climbed rapidly, slanting upward toward the towering cloud walls that I had watched from the ground. They were white precipices, glacier walls. It seemed that we would dash ourselves against them in another moment, but they lost outline and became fog. We shot up and over the grayish-white mass. We were above a field of dazzling, blinding glory, a surf of froth and foam.

Williams gestured vigorously downward urging me to look. I peered over the side of the plane. There, fifty feet below us, the shadow of our plane raced with us on the gleaming cloud, a fleeting blue ghost of our air eagle. But . . . miracle of beauty . . . around the shadow, circling and ringing it, from wing tip to wing tip, burned the brilliant halo of a complete rainbow.

Blue, intense sapphire blue, fading into leaf-green, which blended to radiant yellow. Yellow flowed into clear orange; orange into transparent pigeon-blood, and outside the red was a radiance of purple . . . almost bougainvillea in its vividness. It seemed that I might reach down and snatch a handful of the colored mist. It moved with us. Sometimes it faded into a creamy pastel tint like the colors in a white opal; again it intensified to the lambent hues of a Mexican fire opal.

Six times we traced the loveliness of this pattern on the clouds, then, while the unearthly mystic symbol still glowed in my dazzled eyes, we swooped down, down and down to earth.

In remembering the experience, there seemed to me to be something significant, something splendidly right in that beautiful phenomenon, as though Nature offered tribute to all the flyers who had defied her and triumphed in their defiance. To have flung one's flame-haloed shadow on a cloud. Glorious!

When we arrived on ground I felt like echoing the phrase of one who comes out of a faint, "Where am I?" Earth

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looked dusty, worn and old. After its glamorous beauty as viewed from the clouds, it looked like an actress, slightly *passée,* with her make-up off. I could still feel the buoyant swoop and dip of our careening through space. After the cold, pure winds of the sky, the air seemed thick and cottony, like outing-flannel.

Nowadays, with daily plane service between the Islands, with day and night flyers stirring the air with the vibrant roar of motors, some of the glamour is gone for the Islanders. But it will be a long time before they forget the tense night of waiting for Maitland and Hegenberger to appear in that first completed Coast-to-Hawaii flight. And again, when the planes of the ill-fated and cruelly mismanaged Dole flight wavered into sight. The agonizing days that followed will be remembered, too, when the world waited for news of the lost ones, those who were taken by the sea, leaving no record or memento of their going.

In the months that followed, rumors and more rumors sent searching parties into the mountains, following will-o'-the-wisp lights which might be distress signals. False news of rescue renewed the fires of hope. Smoke on the mountains, wreckage on the shore lines, any and every clue brought out the army, navy and civilian rescue forces . . . fruitlessly.

The Islands are very small specks on the great expanse of the Pacific Ocean. Finding them will always be uncertain and dangerous business for the intrepid flyers. They will ever receive tribute from Hawaii.

May I be forgiven for presenting this offering to:

FLYERS

To the eagle, God gave wings for strong exalted flight;
And to each northward-flying swan a second sight,
To compass it through darkness to its distant home.
The black-plumed condors and the hawks that roam
The wind-swept spaces of the sky found in their hearts
God-given knowledge greater than uncertain charts
To guide them. But to restless man He gave
Only the power to dream, joined with the urge to brave
Vast unknown heights. Man took his deathless dream
And, through the years, with strange device and curious scheme,
Sought the great hidden secret ceaselessly, until
He saw the product of his vision-driven skill
Take form. . . . With singing heart he faced the sun's gold light,
And spread courageous man-made wings in godlike flight.

. . . .

And, though wings may fail and compass go awry
Each flight brings nearer man's dominion of the sky.

Torches in Paradise

MY memories of years in Hawaii are lighted by torches, torches flickering faintly, glowing warmly, flaring fiercely.

The torch of the sun, that genial incendiary, lighting the *poinciana* trees to flame and starting strange, pleasant fires in the hearts of visitors from cold countries.

By night, the silver-gilt torch of the moon, spilling its shining ashes over jungle and beach, dusting the white flowers. Friendly *kukui* torches lending their brightness to feasts, and midasing the sand beaches into pavements of gold.

The old dead torch of Haleakala. The awful torch of the volcano, Kilauea, kindling a mountain to fire, distilling the resins of the earth, scorching the peaks until they sweat red lava. The tiny ghost-fires that burn in the phosphorescence of the waters; the phantom fires of a lunar rainbow tracing a path of cooling embers across the sky. The opal fire of day rainbows burning gloriously in the valleys of Manoa.

Particularly I remember the torches in the hands of night fishermen, glimmering along the coral reefs like gigantic fireflies on the horizon.

Ka Lama-lama. The torch fishermen!

I met my old fisherman friend, the Walrus, in Honolulu and asked him to arrange things so that I could go out with the torch men some night. He said that he wanted to go himself, and that I was certainly welcome to go along. By the way, his name was really Kealoha Kealakakua Kalauokalani Kaneoehe. It was much simpler to use the name of the sea creature he so closely resembled.

He could set no definite date, since a still night was necessary, so that the water might have a glassy smooth surface . . . and who could predict the whimsy of Hawaiian breezes? Within a couple of weeks I had a hurry call from the Walrus. I chucked several engagements in favor of the anticipated sport of torch fishing.

The Walrus and several of his friends were waiting on the beach when I arrived. They had nets, torches, spears ready. Our sports clothes were simple and smart—G-strings and heavy shoes to keep the coral from cutting our feet to ribbons. The good old Walrus had prepared *kukui* torches for us, to give the authentic atmosphere; but his friends had kerosene torches, which are the modern substitute for the picturesque primitive lights of old days.

We lighted the torches and started to wade out through the shallows toward the reef. Already there were many lights flickering along the skyline. Brief silhouettes of men appeared against the light, dispelling the illusion of giant fireflies floating above the sea.

As we splashed and paddled through the clear water our torches threw ragged banners of light on the surface. Oily serpents of gold coiled and darted on the ripples. The little pools among the coral and seaweed held myriads of tiny fishes. They goggled stupidly at the light and did not move until we brushed them with our feet; then they darted away like streaks of quicksilver. They were small fry (literally) and we did not bother with them.

I had used the fantastic little fishes in illustrations and as decorative motifs on screens, posters and in stage productions so much that I felt a certain sentimental disinclination to spear them, so I was allowed to hold the bag, a capacious canvas receptacle for our loot.

We were soon in water which came up to our waists. It was tepid and silken. In the distance we could see the vague whiteness of surf crashing on the reef, and hear its dull thunder.

The fun began. One of the fishermen spotted a sizeable fish. For a moment he poised with torch aloft and spear ready. A splash, followed by a flurry of floundering. He lifted the spear. A silvery white fish with mottlings of blue and green flashed glittering scales. Its flat, blank eyes stared with a sort of dumb terror, and its foolish mouth gaped. It went protestingly into the bag, the first of many, each more gorgeous or grotesque than the last.

Big tiger-eels slithered among the coral. I regarded them with lively mistrust. They are the most evil-looking things. They have small, ugly eyes and large, cruel mouths filled with teeth as sharp as splinters of glass. They are dangerous. If a fisherman steps on one he is likely to get a badly lacerated leg or foot. Their markings are beautiful; some of them are patterned like a Paisley shawl, others have tiger stripes or blotches of green and brown in shadow design which makes them difficult to see. They put up violent battle with the spears, biting at the shaft and twisting the prongs out of shape with their powerful coils. One method of catching them is by putting out lengths of hollow tile or tubing for the night. The eels crawl into the dark holes to hide. The fishermen clamp the ends shut. Quite simple.

I became very much occupied rushing from one fisherman to another with the bag as the spears flashed more and more frequently. Red fishes and blue ones, green, yellow and orange ones, and many with more colors than the rainbow. I had moments, however, when I could turn appreciative attention to the rare beauty about me. The coral fenced off small pools that looked like enormous aquamarines or opals. Slow crayfish twiddled their claws or peered with their bead eyes from crevices. Schools of absurd little butterfly fishes swam about. Against the yellow sand or the dull seaweeds they made patterns like modernistic, gay chintzes.

The men caught a number of the devilfish or octopus, loathsome creatures with writhing tentacles, and evil eyes. The fishermen killed them by the simple process of biting through the flesh between their eyes to the brain. I regarded them with large distaste as they went into the canvas bag that I carried.

"You make that kind plenty *ma-ke,"* I insisted cautiously.

"Shuah," said the Walrus with friendly tolerance of my *haole* squeamishness.

We had about eight devilfish in the bag. I eased my dislike of them by remembering how good they taste when cooked in cocoanut cream. In time I forgot about them. The shifting kaleidoscope of color absorbed my attention completely, and for a while I became lost in a dreamy enjoyment of the scene, lulled to unguarded relaxation by the constant roar of the surf and the caress of the soft water.

Suddenly something cold and slimy and clinging slid up across my bare belly and chest. It clasped me lovingly by the neck. What happened next was chaotic, undignified and very, very hasty. The torch went one way and the fish bag another. The Walrus insists that I rose several feet out of the water and that my yell rivaled the best fire sirens in town. Probably he was right. I know that I never felt anything more clammy and horrible than that cold embrace. My skin became a carborundum of gooseflesh. A long line of red traced the trail of suckers across my flesh. It was hours before I rid myself of the feeling of that corpse-like tentacle.

I had my revenge later when, with frank relish, I dropped the octopus into a boiling pot and watched him turn a deep, angry red, as his tentacles changed from a flabby pulp to beautiful whorls of firm meat, more delicate and delicious than lobster meat.

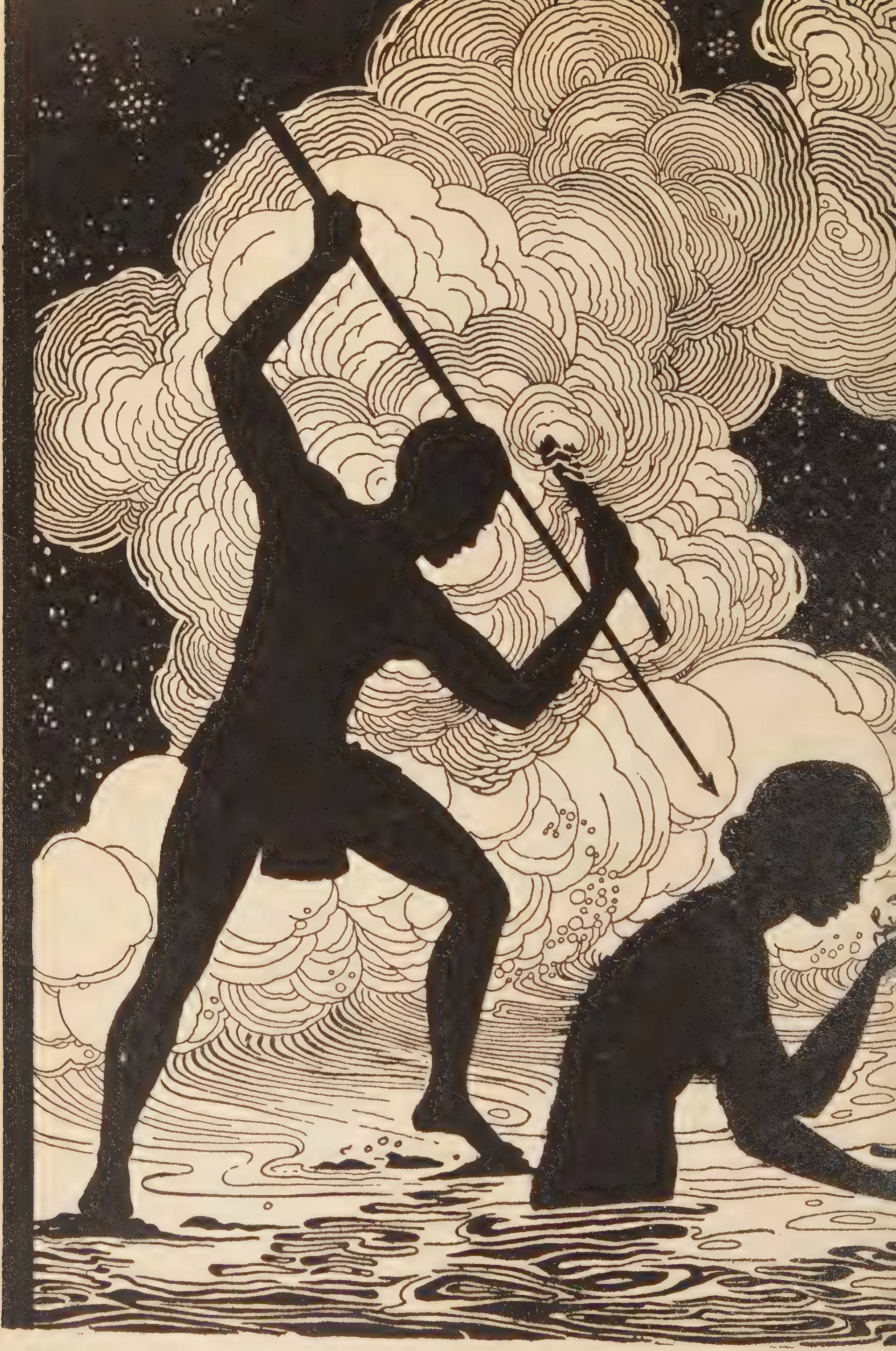
The fishermen thought the joke was a good one. I suspected that they had not *ma-ke'd* the last devilfish, hoping for some such display.

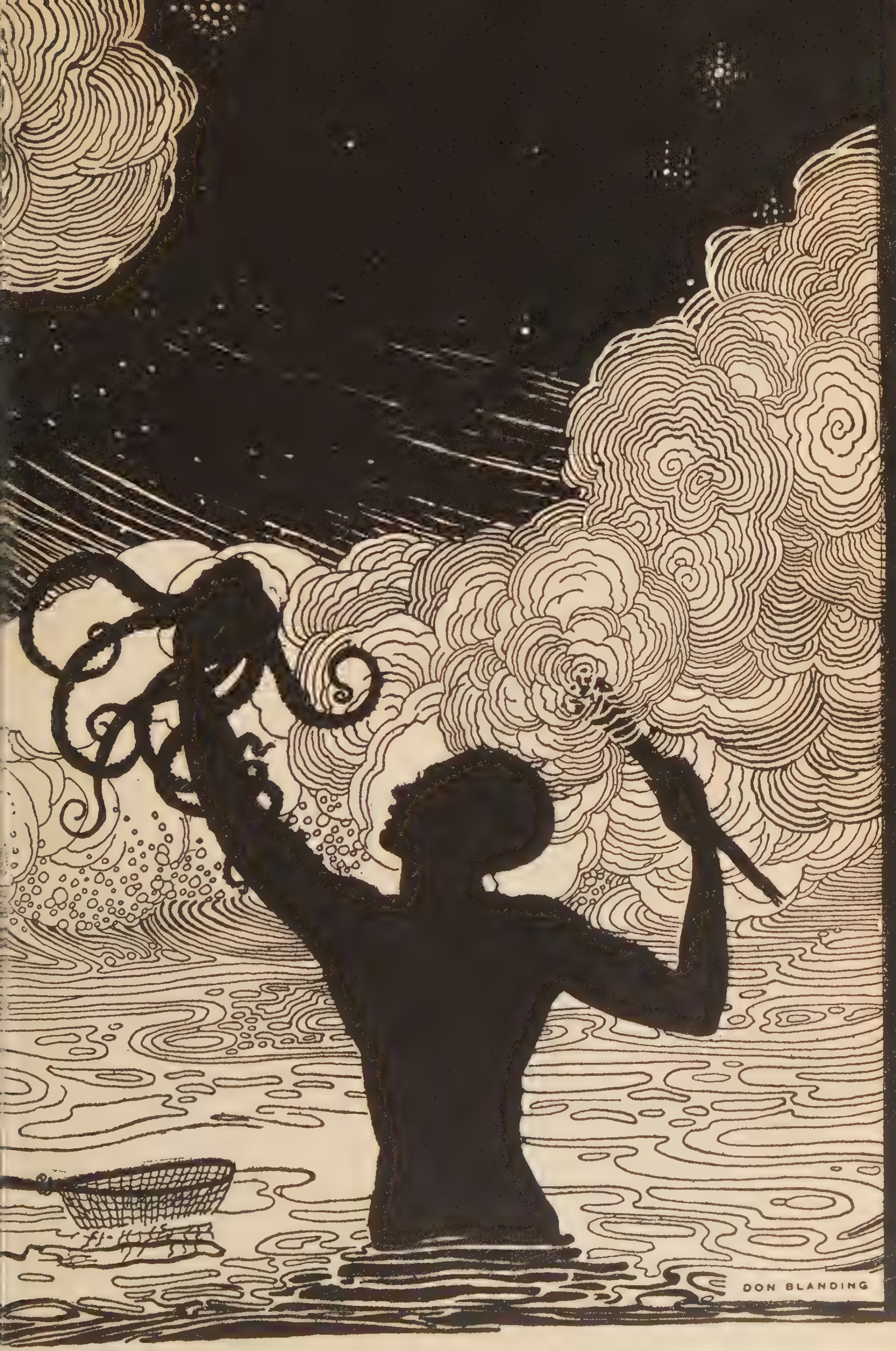
Many of the smaller fish were quite fearless, and evidently very curious about us. If we kept still they swam up and nibbled at the hairs on our legs, but the least gesture of catching them sent them streaking away like flashes of light. The Walrus didn't mind them, but I was never certain that they might not take a nip of my *malihini* skin. Besides, they tickled.

The varieties and beauty of the fishes of the warm South Sea waters are beyond comprehension of people who have never seen them. Utterly fantastic, they are, these butterfly fishes swimming out of the dark grottos into the glow of our torches, gaudy as pheasants' wings, grotesque as medieval sculptors' caricatures, vivid as broken rainbows. Mother Nature had a twinkle in her eye and imps in her fingers when she created them, for in nearly every case she balanced delicate, rare colorings and markings with ludicrous shapes, often reminiscent of land creatures for which they are named.

There are unicorn fishes with horns on their heads, and sea toads, hideous with warts, spines and formidable jaws, pets of a sea witch. Also, sea porcupines, sea scorpions, sea needles. Water dragons and gnomes suggested a black-magic forest. Gnomes? Unmistakably gnomes . . . lumpy mottled fishes that looked like bits of rock until they spread iridescent gossamer fins and sailed heavily away to settle on another point of coral and take on the colorings of the new location. Some of the fishes reflected the glimmer and gleam of diamonds; others had the misty shimmer of moonstones. There were tinsled ones and ones spangled as garishly as a gypsy's headdress. One had a little, tight mouth, suggesting a prim old maid; another had the markings of a clown's face.

A flashing of wet silver traced disappearing shafts of light as a school of flying fish swept past.




DON BLANDING

Ka Lama-lama. Torch Light Fishermen

"Maolo," said the Walrus, "crazy fish."

Crazy or sane, it's one of the most delicious morsels for an epicure's taste.

The accuracy of the men's aim with the spears was a matter of envy to me. The water distorts perspective. My few attempts discouraged me, and I returned to my position of bag holder.

I saw many of my favorites, the little *kihikihis,* quaint little fellows with black and white markings touched with cerulean, trailing a thin, long plume of white behind them. Often a dozen paraded by in formal line, wheeling as at a signal, as though they were executing a strange ceremonial of their own mysterious devising. Their small faces were so seriously comic that I laughed aloud to see them. They looked like vanity cases. Their snubby noses suggested buttons which when pressed might open to them and reveal the latest thing in powder compacts and rouge. They are called Moorish Idols by some classifications, because of their resemblance to the tiny gods that natives make from baked clay and colored earth.

I wandered about talking to myself half the time, wishing I had someone to share my amazement and delight in all the interesting things. The fishermen took it all for granted. At one time, when a particularly striking fish came to the bag, I exclaimed over its beauty.

"It can't be real," I said.

"Shuah," said the Walrus, "it's real. Good *kaukau* (food)."

I'd as soon contemplate eating the scraps from a milliner's basket or the jewels from a tray in Tiffany's window.

Occasionally we picked *opihis,* a small shellfish that clings to the rocks. The Walrus seemed to relish them, but they were tough and rubbery and they afforded me little satisfaction. He introduced me to *pipipis,* too. They are small water-snails. Half an hour's diligent work with a bent pin might extract meat enough from them to fill a hollow tooth; but I hadn't the Polynesian brand of patience, so passed them by.

Certain fishes have two razor-sharp blades in their tails. If a fisherman is careless enough to grasp one, he is likely to have several fingers neatly amputated. We found a few puffers, funny balloon fishes that inflate themselves with air and bob to the surface of the water to escape pursuit by other fishes. They float helplessly for hours until they can deflate. Japanese people use them for lanterns after they are dried. They are good to eat at times, and at other times can give the eater a rousing stomach-ache.

Jelly fishes abound in the seas of Hawaii. Once I saw a migration of hundreds of them in the clear waters of Pearl Harbor. They pulsed along like floating chiffon scarves, shedding delicate tints as the bright sunlight reflected on their thin membranes.

My friends, the torch fishermen, are a brave lot. They prowl among the corals on the edge of the reef where the high surf boils and swirls. Sometimes they are washed away into deep water and drowned, or battered against the sharp points of coral. With the lights of the torches playing over their bodies, which gleam with oil, as they change from pose to posture of statuesque grace, they are inspiration for sculptors.

We stayed out until all of the bags were filled with fishes, octopi and eels. By this time we were thoroughly chilled and hungry. We came back to the hut on the beach and looked over the haul. Aladdin's treasure of jewels. One of the men produced a bottle of *okolehao* which we drank; it revived our spirits mightily. The Walrus prepared a savory fish stew. We sprawled around a fire while the men told stories of the sea and of prodigious feats of fishing. They bewailed the passing of their honorable profession on account of mechanical and commercial methods. The Japanese have almost complete control of the fishing industry. Their small sampans go for days' journeys out to the big fishing grounds to supply Hawaii's tables with delectable sea food. Fish is expensive, due to their control of the market and hoisting of prices.

Whenever I have been away from the Islands for some time, one of my first trips after my return is to the bay on Oahu where the Walrus lives. We recall the trips we have had and plan new ones. He always has some treasure of the sea as a gift for me. I value highly a "jewel case" (not that I have jewels, but it does very well for shirt studs) which he dug from the reef as a souvenir of one of our jaunts. It is a small, hinged shell set in a clot of coral. The outside is lime white but the inside has the luster of Venetian glass and the edge is delicately pinked like the border of a fourteenth-century lady's sleeve.

I am always a little anxious until I find that the Walrus is still there in his hut. His life is strenuous and fraught with danger. An extra high wave coming unexpectedly might wash him away; he might become entangled in his nets, though that is not likely, or he might be seized with the fatal cramps which occur even in those tepid waters—and the Walrus is no longer young.

May the gods of the sea protect him, although I suspect he would be the last one to wish to die on land.

Tourists who do not care for the adventure of going among the coral forests may see the rare beauties of the sea at the Aquarium in Kapiolani Park. There, behind glass, are wonders innumerable. Then there are the glass-bottom boats that tour the shallows around Haleiwa and Kaneohe Bay.

Honolulu hostesses, overcoming their æsthetic prejudices against eating anything as beautiful as the Hawaiian fishes, have learned to use them as tempting delicacies for the appetites of their mainland guests. The mullet always call forth admiring comment when served in the green *ti* leaves in which they are cooked. Fish chowder is very popular on Honolulu tables, and the lobster, shrimp, and fish curries are remembered wistfully by anyone who has been fortunate enough to eat them.

Your real *Kamaaina,* considers the sun-dried fish of the Kanaka menu a delicacy greater than anchovy or caviar.

Shark fishing is enjoyed by some of the sports fishermen of the Islands. A *ma-ke loa* (very dead) horse is trailed out to sea. When the sharks gather to the feast they are harpooned, shot with rifles or caught on hooks. Hawaiian swimmers dare to go down among the sharks with a knife in hand and slit the sharks' bellies. I am not belittling their bravery when I say that fatalities from sharks are practically unheard of in Hawaii. This should ease the minds of timid tourists.

A great institution among the Hawaiians is the *hukilau*. A whole village, with visitors from neighboring districts, gather on a beach. Swimmers take hundreds of feet of net far out. A great splashing and noise is set up with the idea of driving the fish shoreward. The nets are dropped; the weighted bottoms sink them, while corks keep the tops afloat. Men, women and children join in pulling the nets to shore. If the catch is good, the nets are heavy with the haul. Every person who touches the net is entitled to a share. Usually a *luau* accompanies a *hukilau*. There is much dancing and song.

Whenever I see one of the incredible little fishes of the Islands I marvel anew at the genius of the great Creator who can paint a titanic canvas of vermilion and gold across a tropical sunset sky, and then reproduce the masterpiece in miniature on the body of a tiny fish.

Waikiki

FAMED "Waikiki, by the sobbing sea" is, these days a large body of beach entirely surrounded by tourists. It is the first place that the traveler wants to go when he lands in Honolulu. The song writers with their "moon, spoon, croon" lyrics have made it an oasis in the modern desert of boredom where tired and retired business men seek to recharge their burned-out batteries. Movie stars, widows (grass, sod and ashes), and misunderstood, vacationing wives seek there that hardy Hawaiian perennial, the night blooming frivolous.

The ardent gardeners who supply this charming blossom for the feminine visitors are local bachelors, Hawaiian beachboys, Army and Navy, and some of the town's married men who find the marital bonds elastic. Some of these men are so enthusiastic and persistent in furnishing the flower of romance to the *tourines* that their amateur rating has been questioned.

Ponce de Leon should have sailed a bit further in search of his fountain of youth. Waikiki surf does have an amazing rejuvenating effect on uncomfortable middle age. Fair, fat and forty becomes twenty and twittery; elderly men quit speculating on the value of gland operations and acquire sunburn and ambition, and quite plain girls blossom into synthetic tropicalia under a calcium moon.

Most visitors expect to see the beach strewn with hula maidens and hear the whisper of grass skirts, punctuated with the agitated ardency of ukuleles and the melancholy moan of steel guitars. The ukuleles are there (God, how they are there!); likewise the steel guitars; but the whisper of grass skirts are the whispers of anxious gentlemen inquiring guardedly (so their wives won't know) "Where can we see the *real* hula . . . you know . . . the hot stuff?"

At one time Waikiki *was* peopled with languorous hula girls and very rampant grass skirts; it was the playground of Hawaiian kings. Drums and chants sounded throughout nights of celebration for victories won in battle; dozens of pigs and mountains of bananas and yams were roasted in the underground oven for triumphant warriors; torches flared in the cocoanut groves, illuminating scenes of bacchanalian revelry and pagan abandon, approaching at times the wildness of some of our New York night clubs. There the whalers and the sea men of early days learned the lure of the tropics in the arms of acquiescent native women. It was a Lotos Land, eagerly anticipated by voyagers in sailing ships . . . a place of gorgeous forgetfulness, a haven.

Stevenson knew and loved Waikiki. There in the beautiful Sans Souci he knew the gentle, tragic Princess Kaiulani and her mother, Princess Likelike. From them he heard the legends of Hawaii and the stories which he incorporated into his writings, immortalizing Hawaii. Jack London and Charmion found the old Waikiki an enchanted spot. Even the dry-boned missionaries went there to absorb, or possibly to purify, the sinful, delightful waters. Many a grizzled sea-dog of the Navy gets a misty, faraway look in his eyes (the kind that makes wives thoughtful) when Waikiki is mentioned. He is remembering gay days and mad nights, when feastings and hulas lasted until dawn, in the days when his blood was hot and his heart leapt to the challenge of inviting eyes, both brown and blue.

In later days the beach became a place of homes, spacious, gracious homes beneath the palms, set in wide lawns and smothered in flowers. Memorable parties were staged, unequaled anywhere in the world for charm and hospitality. Welcome that was heart-warming awaited friend and stranger alike.

Hawaii produces lovely women. The Hawaiian women have a lush, exciting, tropical beauty; and the second and third generations of white women, born in the Islands, acquire something of this exotic bloom. Against the wild jungle background they seemed even more charming to visitors, who did not expect to find polished manners, sophistication and smart gowns in a tropical Eden, lost in the middle of the Pacific.

Within the last few years the old homes of Waikiki have given way to so many bungalow courts, apartment houses and lodging places for tourists, that Honolulu people seek the beaches on the other parts of the Island by preference. They have ceded the Beach to *malihinis*. Now, a huge Florida-style, gilt-and-glory hotel squats like a monstrous, gaudy hen surrounded by innumerable chicks, which are the little bungalows of the beach dwellers. Kalakaua Avenue, which used to run its picturesque way beachward along the smelly, colorful duck ponds, is now lined with Ye Olde Grasse Skirte Inn and gas stations (with polar pie and hot dog service). The effluvium of the duck ponds is replaced by Quelques Whatnot; phonographs and radio compete with wandering Hawaiian minstrels.

But the tourists find the place an everlasting joy. The surf is always glorious; the sky is Hawaiian blue; the moon is ever a hula moon, and the singing boys supply a fairly authentic local color . . . and there are many gaudy postcards to send home.

I do not mean to say that all of the old charm is gone; it's only comparison with the departed glory of Waikiki that makes the new seem rather commercial, tawdry and synthetic. Beauty clings to it still.

The area surrounding the two big hotels, the Moana and the Royal Hawaiian, is known as Flappers' Acre. There in the little shoe-box cottages are the school teachers, business women and girl vagabonds, six to a two-by-four bungalow, lured to the Islands by the wistful hope that they will find something of the promised romance of the story books. Sometimes they find it. To many of them, however, at the mercy of a glamorous moon and the murmur of a whispering sea, the place is like the gay, painted fruit in a shop window, beautiful but flavorless. A pretty girl or a snappy one will have a dizzy whirl from the local blades and beaux, but if she is plain or hasn't IT, she will probably weep her lonely heart out longing for the unattainable, or, worse still, accept the second-rate, soiled substitute offered by the horde of social beach combers who idle on the sands. To some of these little miscalled "flappers," stark hunger of life is more often companion than starry-eyed romance.

People are always asking: "Is Waikiki as immoral as it's reported to be?" It is no worse or better morally or immorally speaking than any summering or wintering place where folk congregate who have time and money on the loose. There is certainly something about Hawaiian moonlight and the climate that changes one's prejudices and predilections; undoubtedly there is a faint tint of scarlet, or at least a warm rose, in the memory of many who depart reluctantly from the enchanted spot.

The Beach is an informal place, to say the mildest. It exists for gaiety and pleasure. Of course there are many respectable, upright people who come, see and depart in unscathed rectitude, with the air of conscious virtue which comes from having thoroughly disapproved of everything. The professional disapprover has a perfect orgy of it. Waikiki is so gold-fish-bowl in its manner of living that nothing is concealed.

One Irish poet, who came to the Islands for inspiration, stayed at the Beach near the house of a lively hostess who entertained lavishly and noisily. One night he trailed out in his pajamas, protesting in shrill fury against the clamor from next door.

"If you don't stop that abominable noise," he said, "I'll call the police."

"Oh, please do," responded the lady gratefully, "and ask them to send two attractive ones. I'm two men short for my party."

Waikiki believes that if you go to Rome, do a lot of roaming.

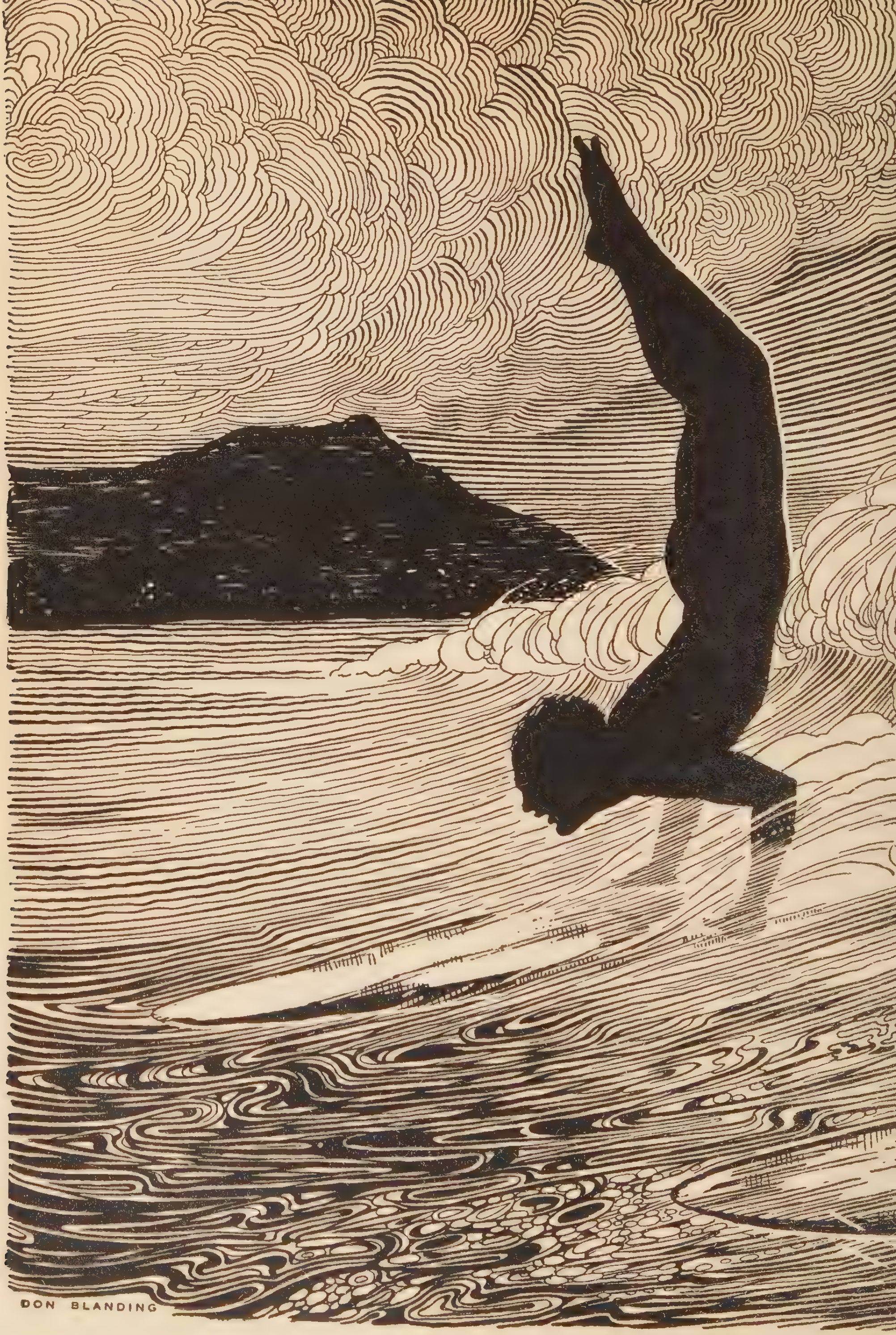
Then there is something about traveling West that seems to affect people. Travelers who have survived European trips and visits to Paris, without any particular alteration of their emotional lives, seem to get humid and open-pored when they start following the setting sun.

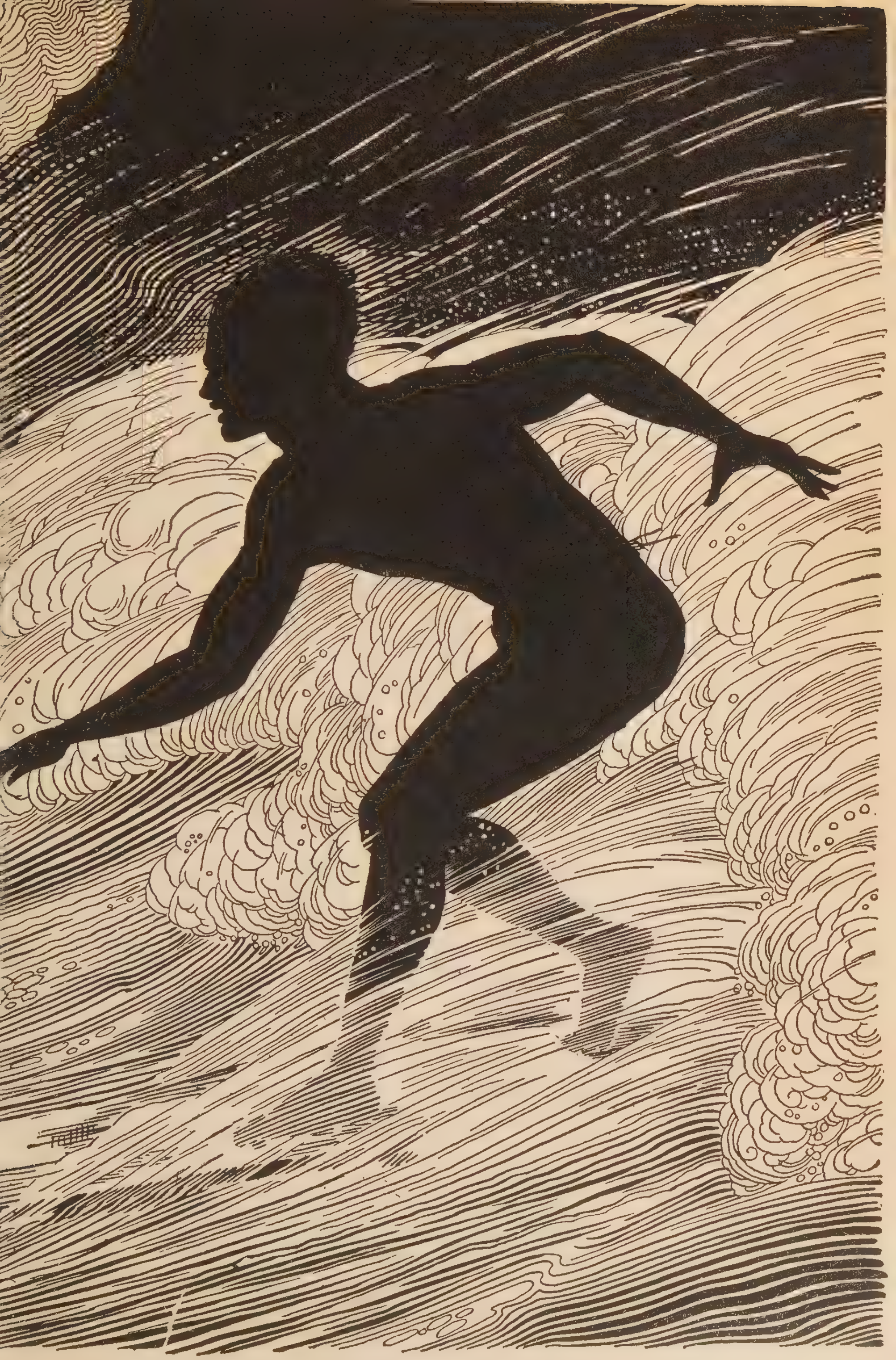
Possibly the climate has something to do with it. Certainly there are some curious changes wrought in things brought to the Islands from other lands. The wild cats of the mountains were once respectable tabbies belonging to the missionaries. They heard the jungle call, and answered it. A very busy Manx cat blended his blood with these abandoned pussies of the hills, bequeathing an odd physical appearance to the kittens. They inherit their sire's elevated rear, which makes them look like quaint rabbits, but on the tail situation a compromise was established. The present-day Hawaiian cat's tail may run in regulation manner for a couple of inches, then veer sharply to the right or left; on the other hand it may end abruptly in a boyish bob a few inches from the body. A few of the snappier ones have two and sometimes three bends in their tails. If that can happen to cats, just contemplate the possible alterings in human characteristics.

The wild cattle, pigs and dogs of the Islands had the same domestic start. Once they were quiet homebodies. Even the plants respond to this call of the wild in the tropics. The lantana, for instance. It was brought from England by a homesick Britisher as a flower border for his garden walks. It probably intended to follow this straight and narrow path docilely. But the climate got to it.

Some seed of a wild Romany forbear seeped through, and the mild little flower fled to the jungle. It changed to a thorny bush, abandoning its flowers and waxing strong and prolific. Now it covers acres of land, making impenetrable thickets which offer only desultory blooming as an excuse for existing. It turns most of its energy toward being the pest of the Islands, and costs the government and the plantation owners thousands of dollars annually.

The mongoose, too, was brought to the Islands in the fond hope that it would exterminate its ancient enemy, the rat. But the rats and the mongoose (or mongeese) had a confer-


DON BLANDING



Surf Riders

ence and made amicable division of the land. The rats took to the trees and the mongoose (or mongooses, or possibly mongii) held to the ground, and between them they have killed off most of the bird life of Hawaii, except, of course, the mynah bird, a black version of the annoying English sparrow, whose demise would be welcomed with clamors.

And so, the wild women of the beaches are principally tourists and *malihinis* who have blossomed into strange hybrids under the change of temperature. The government now provides a quarantine station for plants and animals where they are observed and restrained until some prophesiable judgment of their possible development may be made. This precaution, however desirable, cannot be applied to tourists.

There is no such thing as privacy at the Beach. The small bungalows are so close together and so flimsy in structure that anything as intimate and personal as a bath is practically broadcasted throughout the neighborhood. Housemaids, bootleggers' addresses and clothes lines for bathing suits are community affairs. It is an unwritten law of the district that if the window shades along the sidewalk are pulled half up (that would be *down* elsewhere) there's no fair looking in even if you're tall; but if the shades are down (*up,* elsewhere) the view is public property . . . and people are careless in the Flappers' Acre.

In fact I know some statistical-minded people who abandoned cross-word puzzles and ask-me-another games for a new sport which their second-story point of vantage provided them. They divided the two sides of the street and kept competitive scores on their neighbors' home activities. A bath counted five, kisses were three, a good brawl registered twenty-five and so on . . . make your own score card.

The famous plumbing symphony is renowned on Kalia Road, the main stem of Flappers' Acre. I was spending the night at Waikiki. At about three in the morning, when comparative quiet had descended on the frivolous district, a shriek, sudden, piercing and bloodcurdling, ripped the stilly night into shreds. It lifted the Waikikites from their virtuous (pardon, my mistake) couches. A good murder, perhaps.

Everyone had gotten to the trousers or kimono stage of dressing when a liquorish voice, tearful, infinitely reproachful asked: "What've yuh contrib . . . contrib . . . (a fresh start) . . . what've yuh done for our married life? Huh? Nothin'. Ab-so-lu-telly nothin'. Have yuh?"

Sniffles (feminine).

The male voice continued: "Don't lemme hear another peep outa yuh! Yuh hear that? One more peep . . ."

No peeps were forthcoming.

Waikiki breathed a disappointed sigh. Just another marital passage-at-arms. There were only a few things one *could* do at that hour of the night, and then go to sleep. The plumbing symphony began. At first a sizeable volume of rushings, gurglings and snortlings, with an occasional soprano whee-e-e. After the first movement of the symphony the soloists came in for their part, belated lingerers at the refrigerator. It sounded like a radio rendition of the "Road to Mandalay" with heavy static. Then came intervals of quiet, while sleep crept timorously near only to be routed by a coloratura effect from the plumbing in the third cottage to the left. The modernistic musical treat lasted for a full hour providing insomniacs with something new to lie awake for.

Waikiki is a little kingdom by itself, no more representative of Honolulu than Honolulu is representative of Hawaii. It is a beach on which the floating, amusement-seeking driftwood of humanity rests transiently before wandering away with the next rip tide. The visitor who knows only the Beach knows nothing of the real charm of life in Honolulu. Since there are few cafés, cabarets or night-life places, the social existence of the city is almost entirely in the homes. *Malihinis* who are fortunate enough to have acquaintances in the city are completely enchanted with the friendly spirit of the place.

The Beach is a frivolous place, harmless as a whole. The passion-game is played with a lighter touch in the Islands. Most of the visitors are there for a limited time, so they make gay while the moon shines. The atmosphere of Waikiki is rather *champagne* to people and does go to their heads. The constant shift of the tourists, coming and going, makes for easy contacts, brief-burning flames of romance. Men who frequent the beach are emotional quick-change artists of the first order . . . off with the old and on with the new. Meet 'em, rush 'em, give 'em a *lei* and see 'em off on the boat.

The Beach Boys, the Hawaiian swimming and singing boys, are an institution of Waikiki. They are the play-boys of the Pacific, cavorting all day in the surf, teaching swimming, surf riding and the finer shadings of tropical love making to the *tourines* and *tourettes* who evince a desire for it. They used to be a delightful gang of unspoiled troubadours, singing with whole hearted Polynesian gusto as long as anyone would listen. If a number of them have become tropical gigolos, it is the fault of silly women who make utter damn fools of themselves over them.

The men are superb physical specimens. Their active life in the water keeps them in excellent training. The sun gives them a healthy polish, which they aid with coatings of cocoanut oil. They seem to have an irresistible appeal to many impressionable female visitors who murmur "bronze gods" and swoon on the sands in the same sort of fluttering ecstasy that they offer to the radio "crooners" and to movie heroes. The boys sprawl on the beach, strumming ukuleles or steel guitars, singing melting love songs in Hawaiian, and looking unutterable things at the glazed-eyed ladies who sigh like leaky valves, happily unaware that the boys are quite likely to be improvising scandalous ditties of comment on their fair admirers. There is very little viciousness in the Hawaiian nature, otherwise the boys would have become completely rotten. Several of the men are splendid fellows, contemptuous of the bubble-headed women who fling themselves at their heads.

There is one time when the beach boys really justify the phrase "bronze gods." On the surf boards, riding the wind-swift waves. A dozen of them will paddle lazily out, lying on the long *koa*-wood boards, a third of a mile toward the horizon, where the smoking breakers roll shoreward.

There is where the King's Surf begins. Huge deep-water waves charge toward the land; they trip on the edge of the reef and the tops topple forward in enormous foaming crests; a rushing terrace of water, translucent jade green, speeds landward, breaking into welters of snowy froth on the beach.

The boys idle and play on the reef line allowing wave after wave to pass. They toss handfuls of water over their shoulders to the sea gods. Long intervals of waiting for the wave of waves . . . frantic, furious paddling to gain speed . . . breathless seconds while the combers grabble at the boards with fingers of foam . . . triumph as the powerful surf catches boards and riders, hurling them swiftly forward, tobogganing down rushing avalanches of water . . . all in jeopardy as they rise to their feet and then . . . arms outstretched, they ride the crested foam and spray, balancing like ski racers, swift as sea eagles in flight to the waiting sands.

They are an impressive sight from the shore. The boards are lost from sight in the white foam. They seem to be Mercurys speeding with winged feet over the water or mad horsemen standing on the backs of stampeding white-maned stallions of Neptune. Sometimes two riders guide their boards close together and, nimble as acrobats, step from one board to another, changing mounts. A few of the boys are able to ride double, one seated on the other's shoulders. They are truly more at home in the water than on land.

The trick of surf riding is not learned easily or quickly. A delicate sense of balance is requisite, combined with a knowledge of the capricious ways of the waves.

The tourists may enjoy, however, an equally thrilling sport in the outrigger canoes. The beach boys take the long banana-shaped boats, which are hollowed logs with the protecting and balancing outrigger on the side, out to the deep water. Favored passengers sit in the bows. The others hang on for dear life and yell. As the chosen wave approaches the boys holler; *"Huki! Huki!* Pull! Pull!"

The canoe gains speed under the powerful impetus of swift paddle strokes. It lifts and starts its lunging flight. Faster and faster. Stinging spray slashes the faces of the passengers until they gasp for air. The Hawaiians in the two ends of the boat are busy as fleas keeping the canoe from upending. It must be kept ahead of the wave or it will do a nosedive, or be passed by the racing water. Only occasionally a canoe upsets. Then the air is filled with sprawling bodies and howls of fear or delight. If the boat keeps right-side-up the tourists have almost a half mile toboggan at race-horse speed to the shore.

Surf riders race alongside cheering and doing stunts. The beach boys are amusing clowns. Their antics divert frightened ladies in the canoes. Also they are handy for rescue work if the canoes do swamp.

There are several amusing slants on the surf board situation. They are excellent marine equivalents of a chummy roadster. A beau puts his belle on the big board and swims along behind, pushing it out through the tumbling surf to the comparative calm of the great swells that rise and fall oilily beyond the reef. There he does as fancy and the limitations of a surf board dictate. Unfortunately for the uninitiate, he does not know that light-minded folk, cursed with curiosity and idle time, go to the top of the hotel and there, with spy glasses, see what they may see. As I said, there is no privacy at the Beach.

Waikiki at night is rather charming. Music, or at least happy noise, issues from every tiny cottage. The moon sifts broken silver through the palm trees that guard the little houses. There are flowers everywhere. Bands of musicians roam the streets singing Hawaiian songs. Youngsters, hardly as large as the guitars that they strum, join in groups of six or a dozen and prowl in search of parties. When they find one (which is not difficult, each block usually has a dozen festivities in progress) they perch beneath the windows and warble enchantingly for hours.

The jazz bands from the two beach hotels fling dance tunes over Flappers' Acre. Automobiles swish in and out of the narrow streets, filled with pretty girls and their escorts. Couples stroll arm in arm in the shadows of the palms.

Moonlight swimming parties keep the beach merry. Singing boys in outrigger canoes patrol the shallow waters. The big rafts, anchored off shore, are overflowing with sportive mermaids and mermen. It's no wonder that visitors get emotionally lost, and drop a stitch or two in their discreet knitting.

Parties are usually progressive affairs. After exhausting the amusement resources of one bungalow, the entire group will move on, invited or uninvited, to another house; there they join forces, and the movement grows until it becomes a neighborhood affair. Someone remembers that there's a party under way in someone's mountain house on Tantalus. Everyone piles into cars that speed up the cool heights for hours of dancing. The next trek is to the beach at Kailua, on the other side of the Island for a moonlight or sunrise swim. And so on, and so on.

The Pier is a favorite haunt of Waikikites on moony nights. It is a board walk, a long lovers' lane over the waters of Waikiki. Every Honolulu Romeo knows it. It is a sharpshooter's perch in the hunt for hearts. In the evenings the rails on right and left are lined with men and girls, an invisible cordon of murmured confidences and hands held in the dark. Diamond Head, silhouetted against a silver-amber moon, crouches in the distance, a tolerant chaperon. Mist and spray from the passing surf weave gauzy veils of illusion. The little open cupola at the end of the Pier is a hothouse of romance where many a flower of love undergoes forced growth. Honolulu girls, raised with the Hawaiian moon for godmother, are fairly inured to the persuasive ways of the Pier, but visitors find it irresistible.

However, there is the frequent dry-souled person who is immune to the delights of the Beach. One evening I was at the Moana Hotel, which is very dear to the hearts of Honolulans because it retains the atmosphere of the old city, with its broad *lanais* for dancing and the big banyan in the court. It was a between-season time; there were few tourists about. The night was still and lovely. Moonlight beat down into the courtyard. A *lei* of gardenias near by breathed sweet incense onto the breeze. The beach boys were humming *"Imi au i oe,"* a poignantly haunting melody. Everyone seemed to feel the spell of Hawaii. The pleasant quiet was rent by a harsh nasal voice which rasped into the night from behind us.

"Well," the voice said firmly, "I don't see this famous lure (pronounced *loor*) of the tropics. I'd choose Atlantic City any day."

Everyone jumped. We looked around and saw a large, beefy woman with a red, perspirey face. She had a rat-trap mouth and underslung jaw. A moist and cowed small man with her nodded frightened acquiescence to her statement. His eyes wandered wistfully after a group of girls in bathing suits, who were heading toward the silver-gleaming water. He looked very unhappy.

I was seized with a fine poetic fury and flew to the defence of Hawaii. On the back of a cold-drink card I scribbled my sentiments and reactions to her declaration. Some New England blood in me urged me to keep a copy of my fervent words, which I did . . . poets must be practical. I deposited the original on the *tourine's* table. Whether she drew any moral from my blurb, I do not know, but I felt better. This is what she read:

GLAMOUR'S GONE

(To a tourist who could find no lure or charm in Hawaii)

What thin and tepid blood must flow in veins of you who say the glamour's gone
From all these fair, far islands of the seas beneath the Southern Cross!
If there's not a scarlet witchery in the perfume of ylang-ylang,
If all the lingering sweetness of white ginger bloom has lost its subtle thrill,
If scented moonlight, vibrant with the throbbing song of hot native voices, can not raise the rhythm of your heart one beat,
If thrushes, singing poignant beauty in lost blue valleys of Manoa, can not make you dream of Pan,
If all the secret whisperings of palms, and sighing, swooning croon of restless surf on beaches made for all the lovers in the world, are naught to you,
If with white coral and fine gold sand you can not build the castle of your dreams,
If your cold flesh can still be calm beneath the silk caresses of scent-burdened breezes,
If your light fancy can not climb the sky-flung curve of that pale moonstone arch, the lunar rainbow, to steal one jeweled star for your sweet love,
If one long, sobbing note of steel guitar, slid from a moaning minor to a tremulous treble sigh, can not search out your slow-beating heart and trip its sluggish pulsing for one quick moment,
If all these things have lost their power . . . for *they* are

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not gone . . . then romance is dead, beauty is a hag, love is an idle tale, and blood can know no sultry fevers of desire. . . .
and glamour's gone from Hawaii . . .
and from all the world . . .
. . . for you . . . !

Baby Street

I walk quite slowly down Baby street.
Babies are everywhere . . . under my feet,
Sprawled on the sidewalks, perched on the walls,
Babies in dydies, and blue overalls,
Babies in rompers of flowered cretonne,
Babies with not much of anything on. . . .

DOWN Aala Park Way, where the sediment of the Pacific melting pot settles in the tenement district around the markets, there's a crooked street running between two broad avenues. It has an official name which I do not know, but its unofficial name is Baby Street, for the very obvious reason that it is cluttered to overflowing with babies—babies of every size, color and degree of grubbiness, brown babies and yellow ones, white, half-white, black-and-tan, and "assorted mixture."

It is an informal, outdoor nursery. The women of the various nationalities, who work as servants in the town or in the canneries, park or check their youngsters in charge of a few older children. It is a kindergarten where all of the languages are pooled to a common tongue and a mutual understanding.

An overflow of children spills into the street from gray alley ways and from vine-draped huts. As colorful as a flower garden, these babies and leggy youngsters. China contributes slant-eyed, ivory-faced little imps, in flappy trousers and jackets, who play very much the same pranks with which young John and Jenny of exclusive Nuuanu try the patience of their parents.

The little biscuit-colored, animated dolls, with beady eyes and button noses, are Japanese. They flit about in butterfly kimonos; the k-lank-k-lut of their sandals, a constant accompaniment to their shrill cries and bubbling laughter. The sandals are kept on by miraculous toe power. Japanese children move in clusters. Taki, eleven-year-old big sister, carries young Koto, her pout-mouthed, chubby baby brother, pick-a-back. He holds a miserable kitten firmly by the middle, practicing the national fraternity grip, jiujitsu, on it. He is absorbed in watching his greatly admired older brother play lum-sum-po with Manuel Vierra, a nine-year-old hopeful whose parents hail from Portugal.

On a high boulder at the side perches Maria Joseph Escallao, once removed from the teeming jungles of the

Philippines. He is having a heavy argument with Kahunakahunanui Kapiohanahana Kalakauakaneohi. An ink spot from Africa shoots marbles with the son of a Korean carpenter. The czar of the street is a husky young gamin of indeterminate bloods. His mother explains that he is "half Hawaiian and half soldier."

This tenement district of Honolulu is not the miserable, depressing place that the same district would be either in the mainland cities or in the further tropics. More people live in less space; it's crowded and not as sanitary as it might be, but it is lacking in the apparent misery that puts its drab color on the similar districts elsewhere. A few panhandlers may ask for dimes "to buy a cup of coffee," but their duplicates may be found in New York, Chicago or San Francisco. The beggars in rags, displaying sores for sympathy, are absent. The inhabitants share the same golden sunshine that the well-upholstered tourists of Waikiki spend many dollars to enjoy. Starvation, cold, and want of the terrible sort are not felt so acutely here. The charities of Honolulu provide clinics and supervision to such a degree that it is improving yearly.

It is a lively place and adjoins the Aala Park which is the Bowery of Honolulu. It is far more picturesque than any other part of the city.

Squonk! A battered flivver hurtles by, loaded to glory with purple and white asters, with day lilies and snapdragons from the gardens of Upper Manoa. Mr. Nakamoto, the proud Japanese who owns the flivver, supplies flowers to the florists of Fort Street. He is working to earn money to send his young Nakamotos to the University of Hawaii or the Normal School, so that the boys may have white-collar jobs and the girls may be teachers or stenographers.

Chew Gum Duck, an old friend of mine, slightly lower in the social and financial scale than Nakamoto, raises vegetables for Honolulu housewives, adding many curious fruits and roots from China to the variety of their tables. In his two-by-four bit of swampy ground he works from dawn to darkness, getting every bit of production from the soil. He has only pole-and-basket delivery. Within a couple of years he too will have a Ford delivery wagon, and I'll guarantee that within ten years, or fifteen, his sons and daughters will be in the social notes of the local papers.

In this crowded district lives enough human dynamite to blow up the Islands. Races with centuries of antagonism between them live cheek by jowl in peace and friendliness; their differences will be personal, not racial. Chinese and Japanese, century-old enemies, have adjoining residences, but their squabbles are the usual neighborly warfare over children, chickens, dogs or local politics. The Koreans, corroded by hatred for the Japanese who have almost exterminated them as a race, adjust to the district amity. The Philippinos, who are quick to anger and to action, join with the Portuguese, who are volatile and fiery in the general tolerant acceptance of a rule of peace. Hawaiian *lei* women have their sidewalk flower stations in front of Yung Kow's clothing emporium; they are patronized by Orientals and whites alike.

All of the children of the district go to school together.

They will wear the same kind of clothes, attend the same movies, learn the same ideals. It's a grand and successful demonstration of Americanization by friendliness.

The boys of Aala Park and of Squattersville had an experience that any youngsters in any part of the world might envy. They found BURIED TREASURE, real treasure of coins, dug from the ground.

The increase in size of ships entering Honolulu harbor necessitated deepening of the slips at the docks. Suction dredgers were used to pull out the muck and mud, which was carried by great hose to a near-by swampy area, as filler. Any such activity would naturally attract boys of all ages.

Some bright chap remembered that for years there had been coins tossed to the diving boys in the harbors, and that many had escaped the clutching hands. The coins would be in the harbor muck. The muck was pouring out on the ground. Money . . . muck. Hurray and *welakahao.*

A few minutes of digging with an improvised spade. The gleam of metal. A half dollar. A dime. Quarters. Pennies. Chinese coins. English coins. Buried treasure.

Within half an hour the entire area was filled with flying mud. Grubby youngsters rooted and dug. Word spread to the farthest reaches of the city. From Nuuanu and Kaimuki, from Aala and Kahala, the boys of all ages swarmed to the gold rush. There were battles with mud slinging and blackened eyes.

The big boys took possession of the richer diggings, garnering the real coins, while the little fellows perched around the edges like mynah birds. To them went the Chinese pennies of copper with square holes, and the coins of uncertain mintage.

There was other loot too—spoons, door knobs, trinkets and doodads that had been dropped into the harbor accidentally by tourists. One small Japanese boy started to leave the grounds with a sack of tins which he thought contained potted meat. He had several thousand dollars worth of opium which had been tossed from a ship by smugglers.

Grown-up boys, men of the town, who came to watch the amusing sight, felt a shamefaced itch to be in on the loot. A casual scrape of an investigative shoe toe might reveal the glint of a coin. Very soon there would be white flannels badly smeared with the black muck, since few can resist the call of buried treasure.

The fish markets are part of the Aala district near Baby Street. They are probably the smelliest and most colorful markets in the Pacific. The ultimate of democracy is found there. Matrons from the white districts arrive in big cars to do their own household marketing. They rub elbows and chatter *hapa-haole* with the seven bloods of Hawaii. It is an exchange counter for town gossip.

On the counters are the beautiful rainbow fishes and the sea butterflies; there are devil-fish flushing and ebbing with color and coiling languid tentacles among crabs, lobsters and eels. *Opihis*, seaweed, great turtles and curious monsters of the deep intrigue the eye if not the appetite.

Each nationality is represented by tidbits peculiar to its taste. Each nation borrows ideas from the other. The Japanese and Hawaiians are enthusiastic patrons of Wo Fat's chop suey house. The white people browse among all of the foodstuffs, adding to their catalogues of edibles.

At the Chinese counters one sees varnished ducks, ancient eggs that have been buried in salt mud, bouquets of pigs' tails, strings of sweet sausages, dried oysters, and odd parts and bits that invite speculation.

The Japanese display their sweetmeats in violent colors, cerise, magenta and emerald green. They look as though their flavors might be interesting, but they prove to be insipid and flat. There are rice cakes, bean paste, noodles, radishes in brine, and little red fishes that have been dipped in rice flour batter and fried in deep fat.

Luau foodstuffs are on display in the Hawaiian section, *laulaus* and cooking bananas, roast pig and boiled devil-fish, yams, crabs and cocoanut pudding, and great bowls of lavender *poi.*

The vendors of red soda pop, polar pies, and hot dogs do a flourishing business. Children besmear themselves with the drippings from ice cream cones, or compete with swarms of flies for the delights of all-day-suckers. A babel of voices fills the air with clamor.

But Aala Park comes into its own after sundown. It becomes garish and bawdy, wild and rather sinister. There's usually a band concert in the open park, or, during the political flurries of the territory or city, speeches and fights. All about are the buildings where chop suey, vice (ungilded), sin and cinema, amusement and abusement are offered to the seeker.

From open windows come the sounds of the district, the thin twanging of a samisen from a Japanese tea house, the caterwauling of singers and the brazen clanging of gongs from a Chinese theatre. The pop of rifles in a shooting gallery punctuate the raucous braying of a radio or the bleating of phonographs. Street cars clang by from Fort Shafter. A sudden shouting brings the crowd to delighted enjoyment of a brawl between a Philippino chippy and her boy-friend. Knives may flash. The patrol wagon arrives and departs, leaving a momentary lull in its wake. Furtive figures slip out of alley-ways and whisper to soldiers and sailors. Some of them are bootleggers or pimps for low-class bawdy houses. Dope peddlers ply their rotten trade. Military patrols keep constant watch over the Park.

And yet it is not wholly rotten. There are little stores, brilliantly lighted because of the Oriental passion for electric lights, displaying beautiful kimonos of the old style or the garish horrors of the modern commercial production. In the doorways of Japanese hotels squat the respectable workmen, comfortable in their spotless kimonos after the soothing, scalding bath in the near-by bath house.

Chinese curio stores rub elbows with tattoo parlors, where artistic horrors are embroidered on human flesh. Near by, the sign "Massage Parlor" might lead the innocent stroller into thinking he could get a beneficial treatment. Well, he *might,* but he might also find that the pretty little Japanese girl of the parlor expects to show him some quaint tricks with an electric vibrator.

The initiate can find opium dens and gambling halls. Aala Park, in certain parts, caters to the driftwood of the Pacific. Its sin is not attractive; it hasn't the frank, savage sensuality of Port Said or the perfumed perversity of Paris. It is just soiled and smelly.

Speaking of smells, a potpourri of fragrances and stenches forms the bouquet of Aala. The smell of cooking celery, roast pig, preserved limes and green ginger floats through the windows of a chop suey restaurant to join with the vapors from *suki-yaki,* noodles and hot *saki* from the Japanese tea houses. The effluvium from rotting mud in the canal blends with gardenia and jasmine in the baskets of the *lei* sellers. A powerful odor of ferment betrays a home-brew factory. The stench of unwashed humanity competes with the curious medicinal smells of Chinese herbs. The cool, sweet fragrance of geranium soap, favorite of the Japanese, follows the strong scent of cocoanut oil from a Porto Rican girl's hair, or the subtle *bok-yok-lang-faa* flower that is caught in the gold hairpin of a Chinese woman's sleek coiffure. The fresh coolness of the jungle which crowds down to the borders of town is salted by the brine of the near-by sea or poisoned by motor fumes. A sensitive nostril may play a rhapsody of scents in a walk through the streets.

The beach comber of the old stories has abandoned the beach for the benches of the Park. Odd bits of humanity huddle around the U-don wagons where a nourishing bowl of steaming noodles, with bits of fish, green onions and dried shrimps, may be had for ten cents.

There is never a time of rest in Aala. Before Vice turns her raddled face to the pillow in the hour of dawn, the fish markets are clamorous with the cries of the fish vendors. During the morning there is the furious activity of marketing. Ball games occupy the park in the afternoon. In the evening the parade of nations starts, and so on and so on, year in and year out.

The Beach of Skulls

WAIKIKI BEACH and the Beach of Skulls. The quick and the dead. The breezes of Waikiki whisper of romance. The trade winds that sweep over the Beach of Skulls cry of death.

The white surf at Waikiki sweeps up the beach, splashes white foam over alive, gleaming bodies, and retreats, murmuring softly. The waves crash on the desolate sands of the Beach of Skulls, break into spray, swirl and withdraw, exposing white bones. At the gay resort, brown eyes gaze meltingly into blue ones. At the Beach of Skulls, there are only empty sockets staring wearily over a blue sea, looking for the great *Waa* of the chief with his warriors returning from war.

I wish that I might look through the eyes of these dead warriors and see the pageantry of life as they saw it in past days. I wish that I might see the bay filled with canoes, the chiefs in cloaks of yellow feathers, the warriors singing a savage song of victory.

The early history of the Hawaiians is misted by time, so that only blurry pictures emerge from the *meles* and legends. There are stories of great voyagings and of intrepid adventurers who sought the lands of their origin. Probably the first Hawaiians came from the islands to the south and west. They made lengthy trips in outrigger canoes—single ones, or the double ones large enough to carry their families, foodstuffs, animals and plants. They were the Vikings of the Pacific. They took advantage of winds, using *lauhala* mats for sails, and guiding by the stars. The possibility of their being Asiatics is strong. Within recent years there have been boats that have drifted for days from the seas near Japan to the far shores of Hawaii, with survivors to tell the story.

At any rate, the first people discovered a rich land and a pleasant one. When the white explorers found the Islands they met also a numerous people, with culture highly developed. A few pictures from the past may suggest something of the barbaric beauty of those times.

There were two main classes of people, the *alii* or highborn, and the commoners. Although physically all of the Hawaiians were a splendid lot, the *alii* were of a finer fiber. Men destined for chiefhood or war were developed from in-fancy with massage, exercise and training, until they were much larger in stature than other men.

A Hawaiian chief presented a regal appearance on state occasions. He wore a cape that hung from his shoulders to the ground in voluminous folds. This cloak represented the highest development of Hawaiian art. In softness, thickness and pliability it had the texture of ermine. It was made of tiny canary-yellow feathers, no larger than a woman's finger nail, which were stitched separately to a fine mesh. As it rippled in the wind, with the sunlight playing on the folds, it looked like live, flowing gold. Some of the cloaks had bold decorations worked out with feathers of black or vermilion.

The few of these cloaks remaining, in a museum, are priceless beyond any money evaluation. The time spent in gathering the feathers may be surmised, when it is considered that each bird yielded only two of these minute feathers, and that uncounted thousands of them had to be stitched one by one into the fabric. Several generations of a family might give their time wholly to the assembling and manufacturing of one of these magnificent garments. The Hawaiians, in their generous way, made gifts of these priceless relics to visitors in the early days, until only a few remained in the Islands. The government and historical societies are now trying to recover them. The cloaks in the museum are kept in air-tight vaults, and are exhibited only once a month.

The helmets, strangely like those of the Greeks in shape, were made of these same feathers, as were the shorter shoulder capes, worn by the chiefs into battle. The chiefesses wore *leis* of the same rare workmanship around their hair and throats. The chief also wore a *malo* around his loins, and chains of boars' or dogs' teeth, strung on finely braided human hair, with a striking pendant carved from a human thigh bone.

The men were often six feet five or six inches, with the physical development resultant from a vigorous outdoor life. Their features, too, were so much finer in chiseling than those of the commoners that they might almost appear to be of a different race. They lived a life of constant warfare. The people of one valley fought with the people of another valley —for fishing grounds, temple sites, or for any of the reasons that make for eternal dissension, and there was warfare between the Islands.

King Kamehameha, the great, a man of military genius, finally united all Hawaii under his control, just in time to deliver the neatly bound parcel to the whites.

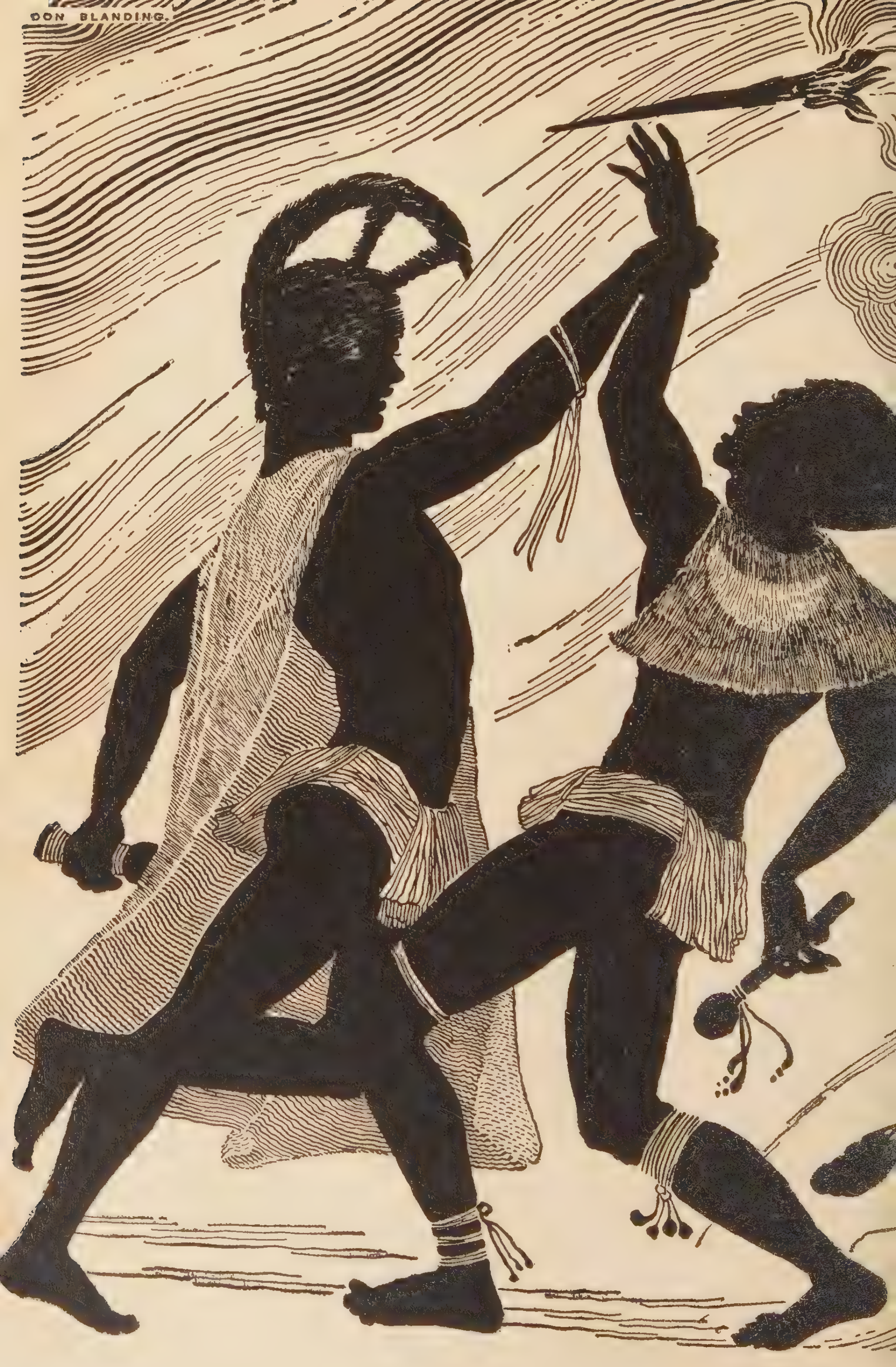
The priests were next to the war lords in power. They developed a religion of rigid *tabus* which assured such strength of position that at times they threatened even the power of kings. The priesthood was hereditary. Boys destined for this high position had to learn the genealogies of kings, all the *meles* and legends, the secrets of burial places, and all facts, relevant and irrelevant, pertaining to their people. In consequence, only men of the highest intelligence could qualify. In life and death the *alii* moved in pomp and ceremony.

The disposal of the body of a chief or a king was surrounded with secrecy. Trusted retainers were commissioned to find hidden caves in which to hide these bodies. These burial caves have been the principal source of information and relics for the museum.

The Trail and Mountain Club, an organization of hikers, has discovered many of the caves, with skeletons, capes, implements of war, and canoes, high in the mountains. There is a report, unconfirmed, of a great cave on the sea coast, which can be entered only under water, that has been a mausoleum for kings and chiefs for centuries. Like buried treasure (which it would be if found), it is sought constantly by ethnologists and souvenir hunters alike.

A white man, born in the islands, claims that he was taken there as a youngster by an old Hawaiian. He gives a Poeesque description of the approach under water, and the amazing sight of the huge cavern, with its ledges crowded with the skeletons of long dead chiefs, surrounded by rotting canoes, capes, drums and spears. He also claims that he was taken there by such a circuitous route that he remembers only the general location of it, and that he is bound by triple oaths of secrecy never to reënter the cavern or divulge its whereabouts.

A Hawaiian told me of the ceremonies attendant on the hewing of the *waa* (war canoe). A tree of the required size was first selected. A *kahuna* was employed to choose the day for beginning the work. The branches were lopped from the tree, and the trunk roughly hewn to the proper proportions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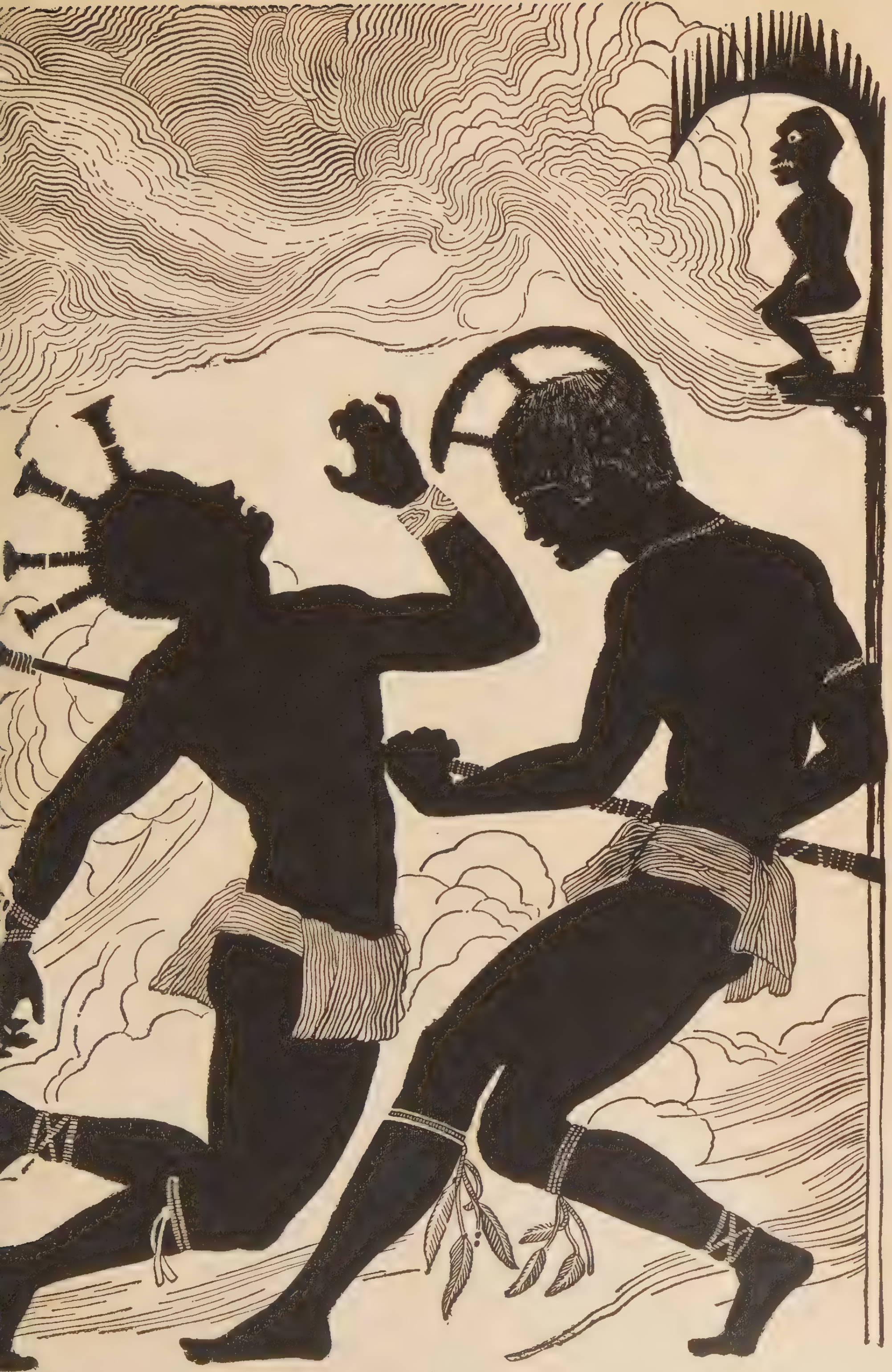

Warriors

before felling. At a certain hour the *kahuna* and the craftsmen came to the "ship in the forest standing" and, after a ceremony of sacrifice and prayer, struck the blow that severed the tree from its roots. This was a critical moment, because, accordingly as it fell toward the mountain or toward the sea, it belonged to the land or the water. It meant the death penalty for any man to complete the canoe that belonged to the land, and either use, give, or sell it; because he would thus incur the wrath of the gods by violating their obvious decision.

There are ruins of many temples scattered over the Islands. These *heiaus* made of enormous, roughly squared blocks of black stone, are more like great altars than temples. They are built on the Aztec or Egyptian plan; the rocks are fitted together skilfully without cement, and the pyramids sloped in at the top. One can only imagine the ceremonies, with torches blazing among forests of feather standards—the *kahilis*—with sacrifice of fowls and pigs, accompanied by the beat of shark-skin drums and feasting and dancing.

The quality of *alii* blood is shown by an incident in the early Christianization of the Islanders. The Princess Kapiolani became a convert to the religion of the white man. In her fervent desire to bring her people to her new beliefs, she sought some gesture dramatic enough to sweep aside all the old superstitions and *tabus*. Against the protests of all, except the missionaries of course, she chose to defy Pele, the volcano goddess. She made a pilgrimage to Kilauea. Her retainers fled in terror fearing the wrath of the vengeful fire goddess. On the brink of the infernal pit, with centuries of pagan fears at her back, with the imaginary brimstones of the Calvinistic hell battling in her mind with the sulphurous fumes of the fiery furnace of Kilauea, she vilified Pele, throwing stones into the pit, while calling on God to protect her. This magnificent iconoclasm encouraged the people to reject paganism, and made the way easier for the missionaries to complete their conversions. I sincerely hope that her reward in heaven was great, because her earthly immortalization was most inadequate—she had a small park named after her.

The old men and women of Hawaii are nearly all gone. The chanters, the hula masters and court retainers, who are the only sources of information for research into the life that was Hawaii, are dying or dead. Photographs and dry statistics can keep only the shadow. Now that it is almost too late, there are frantic efforts under way to retain some records of the passing culture which had beauty although it was savage. The Hawaiians themselves, now that they are able to think independently of missionary guidance, see that they have reason to be proud of the attainments of their forefathers. But Yesterday's Men are gone; the warriors are now policemen; the leaders are politicians; the hula women are *lei* makers, and the younger generation do not care for the old days, they are too busy living in the new.

YESTERDAY'S MEN

Back in the days that are dimmed by distance,
Back in the days that are told in legend,
These men sailed from a far off island
Sailed in boats that were hewed in the jungle
    They knew hunger
    They knew danger
Storms at sea and the fear of monsters.
    Brought their women
    Brought their children,
Brought the trees and the plants they cherished.

Landed here on an unknown island
Builded houses, planted breadfruit,
    Builded fishponds
    Builded altars,
Made some new gods, kept some old ones.

Named the islands, named the mountains,
Wove their curious tales about them,
Lived in awe of the great volcano,
Sacrificed to the goddess Pele
    a-a-auwe . . .
    the voice of wailing
    a-a-auwe
    the voice of mourning.

Days of feasting, days of labor,
Days of waging wars and battles,
Days of hunger, days of plenty,

The Beach of Skulls

a-a-auwe
the *poi* and mullet
a-a-auwe
pig in the *imu*
Prophets rose and the great *kahunas,*
Chiefs who were known in war and hunting,
Found the foods that were in the ocean,
Found the herbs that were in the mountains,
ti for *awa,*
ti for houses,
Wove the mats of *lauhala,*
Wove the nets of bark and fiber.

Heroes lived and established history,
Romance grew in the songs of poets
Beat the drums to rhythmic madness,
Hollow logs with heads of shark skin,
bom . . bom . . bom . .
the beat of the war drum
bom . . bom . . bom . .
the hula *pahu*
small *pu niu* . . seeds in a gourd shell,

. . . .

Gone the old gods, gone the fierce ones,
Only shadows in the sunset,
Only voices in the trade winds
a-a-auwe
the voice of Maui
a-a-auwe
the voice of Lono

Hula Moons

Gone are the capes and the feather helmets,
Gone are the songs or half forgotten,
    Now there are new gods,
    New strange customs,
Seven bloods that are intermingled.

    What is the future
    What new glories,
What for the sons of chiefs and warriors?
    Yours to determine,
    Yours to vision,
Yours to carry the old tradition,
Hew new boats to sail new oceans
    Make new heroes.
    Young Hawaiians,
Guide your course by the stars of future,
Weave your sails with strands of courage,
Bom-bom-bom—in the sound of thunder
Hear the voice of your fathers' fathers,
    "Go you forward
    Face the future."
Those are the words in the voice of thunder.

Flowers of the Rainbow

A HAWAIIAN garden is a friendly, informal place, a perfect expression of the happy, generous land that is Hawaii. Honolulu is one great garden, and one's own is just a corner in it. Colorful, fragrant, filled to the last inch with ground-growing and tree-climbing plants, vines and shrubs, it is a year-round spot of beauty. A few people of stern New England stock, who want a trim and tidy lawn and primly bordered walk, harry and chivvy the rebellious flowers into neat beds; but most of the cheerfully shiftless folk allow the plants to vagabond at will about the yard in sweet profusion uncontrolled.

When I describe my garden I describe all. My studio was set in the middle of a yard large enough to contain everything I wanted in it, and yet small enough to require the minimum of care. It had been owned once by a famous hostess whose guests were world travelers, captains of ships, visiting officials from other countries, etc. Usually upon departure, wishing to repay the lavish hospitality, they asked, "What may I bring or send you as a gift of remembrance from Baluchistan (or Zamboanga or Tegucigalpa or Paramaribo or Madagascar or wherever)?" Her invariable reply was, "Something that grows in a garden, please." In consequence the yard became a League of Nations or a Pan-Pacific Conference, with flowers as delegates. The vivid tints and perfumes of the blossoms fought for dominance in a perfectly friendly way.

I had an aged Chinese, Ah Goo, as gardener, but he had little to do besides shooing the invading vines and creepers out of the house. He spent most of his time singing dismal songs of Shanghai, to the accompaniment of (if I judged by sound) a morbid and introspective cat. Perhaps the melodies of Cathay satisfied the flowers, for they grew in riotous and robust fashion. Like Topsy, the garden "just growed." People in Northern countries, whose flowers are prizes won in battle with frost, storms, worms, blights and late springs, can appreciate what it meant to have a garden that looked after itself.

Although Ah Goo was faithfulness itself, as far as my interests were concerned, he had no compunctions or inhibitions as regards neighbors. I had but to express an admiration for a flower or plant and, within a day or two, it would appear in our garden. His policy was, "Ask me no questions; I'll tell you no lies." God rest his heathen soul!

The view through any window or door of the studio was like a square from a gypsy's skirt or a Spanish shawl, colorful to the point of garishness. Fully sixty percent of the flowers of Hawaii are some shade of red; most of the rest are orange, yellow or country-girl-hair-ribbon pink. The one missing color is blue; but that, of course, is supplied by the sea in any Hawaiian landscape.

Six splendid Hawaiian palm trees (of which I was inordinately proud) lifted their slim, graceful trunks and ragged, windblown heads in guardianship of the studio. They whispered and gossiped like lean gray women in the trade winds at night. Sometimes I was awakened by a thundrous crash that jarred the house. Just the falling of a leaf. A palm frond weighs around fifty pounds. Also there was a big mango tree that overhung the shack, and during the fruiting season it too forcibly reminded me of its presence by dropping luscious mangoes on the roof. Like everything in Hawaii it was *kapakahi* in its seasonal coloring. In the springtime its leaves were the autumnal brown of new leather, and in the fall they were tender green. I had only to reach through the window to pick a basket of the gooey, mussy, but delicious fruit. Small boys invaded the tree at all hours and acquired thumping stomach-aches. The mynah birds and the tree rats pillaged the tree, and still the fruit rotted on the ground and smelled vilely. Ah Goo, with his Chinese immunity to stinks and stenches, had to be reminded pointedly that Occidental noses were not attuned to the fine shadings of Oriental ideas of fragrance. I ran across a recipe for making mango wine which I relayed to him. I think he did a thriving bootleg business on the side, but I was careful to avoid confirming my suspicions. I know the ground was mangoless from that time on.

Several banana trees waved tattered banners outside the window and dangled their phallic flower stems. Incidentally the bananas grow pointing *up* instead of down in direct violation of the fruit-store tradition.

There was a small pond, with a bench under the palm trees; a pleasant spot given over to ferns, water lilies, and water hyacinths, which are little green-leaf-boats with mauve and purple sails of blossoms. A thriving family of frogs shared the pool with some amazing Japanese goldfishes. The frogs were neither colorful nor fragrant, but worthy of mention on account of their resonant voices; and any Broadway producers of shows featuring legs could have gotten a fine chorus from the pond.

Two bougainvillea vines vied with each other to hang the more gorgeous drapery over the roof of my *lanai;* one was a strident magenta which really did unfair battle with any other colors in the neighborhood, and the other was a terracotta shade. A sweetheart vine hung flaming orange-colored trumpets against these two clamorous vines; the effect was the equivalent of the blare of a jazz band.

Quaint little green hug-me-tight vines crawled along the ceiling of the *lanai,* like a green embroidery stitched by memory from a half-forgotten pattern. Small, transparent lizards hid among the leaves, and pounced upon gnats and mosquitoes by day; at night they haunted the big, translucent light globe, and warmed their cold bellies against the genial glow. I could see their internal workings as they digested their gnattish fare. If I touched their tails they promptly dropped them off. The tails wiggled independently for a long time, affording large occupation for Ornery, the small kitten that adopted us.

As the year unrolled its months, I had a succession of flowers, each, seemingly, more beautiful than the last. There was the *cadena d'amor,* a Mexican émigrée with a charming and appropriate name, "Chain of love"; a fragile vine, with green, heart-shaped leaves, and small, bright pink blossoms that were diminutive valentines, draping in sentimental festoons across the windows. Begonias spread delicate waxen lace in pink and white among the larger patterns of spider lilies. Wax-ginger stalks drooped with their weight of porcelain flower cups. The cup-of-gold offered chalices of molded metal filled to the brim with heavy, fruity fragrance. They were the color of new coins, in the morning, but in a day they changed to the old, weary gold found on Chinese temple carvings. A hedge of poinsettias along the back fence masked the rubbish piles with tatters of scarlet, and the yellow alamanda vines interwoven with jasmine made a sun-and-star design over the garage. Ixoras flaunted Pierrot pom-poms of gay red in competition with the ruffled petticoats of the Pierrettish pink *hibiscus.*

The *hibiscus,* "gay as the laughter of Hawaii, red as the hot blood of Hawaii, lavish as the hospitality of Hawaii"; it *is* the flower of Hawaii. It blossomed everywhere and in every variety. During the last fifty years it has been developed from the simple, red, morning-glory shaped native blossom into more than two thousand kinds, ranging from scarlet through all shades of orange, pink and yellow to pure paper-white. They are single and double, and double-double, with pinked, ruffled, fluted and picot petals and with elaborate pistils and stamens.

The wife of a prominent man, whose fad was floriculture, named each new variety that he produced after one of her friends. She planted the new bushes in a particular spot in her yard, until she had what she called her "Friendship Garden," where she could sit surrounded by pleasant reminders of the past and the present.

Hibiscus are most convenient for the house. If they are picked before dawn they last all day without water. One hostess, having almost ebony black floors in her house, used to walk through the rooms with baskets of the many-tinted flowers, tossing them here and there in bright splotches, where they lay all day watching their fresh, unwithered, gypsy faces in the dark mirror.

They have one trick, however, which often brings disaster on the *malihini* visitor. A woman from the States, a congenital "dinner-giver," who prided herself on her table decorations, seized upon the *hibiscus* as a brilliant and original inspiration. She gathered heaps of them and placed them in many colors in elaborate pattern over the table and about the room, carefully working out a distribution of harmonious tints. She filled vases and bowls until the room was what is called, in the social items, a "bower."

She retired, weary but satisfied, purring over the charming effect she had attained. After the interval needed for the mysterious female rites of prettyfying, she swept down just in time to greet her guests. This occupied her so completely that she noticed nothing wrong until the party entered the dining room. The *hibiscus* blossoms . . . loyal little Union workers, keeping Union hours . . . had closed tight with the coming of night. The anguished hostess faced decorations that looked like tastefully arranged curl-papers, and slightly soiled ones at that.

Matsu, the diminutive Japanese maid who looked after my studio, kept the place gay with sprays of these flowers. Her Japanese sense of arrangement was flawless, and she achieved beautiful effects in matching the bouquets to the pictures or hangings in the room. She had one trick which was effective. She put the blossoms, detached from the stem, on the ends of long bamboo splints about the size of match stems. They looked like modernistic flowers of fine blown glass or silk, completely artificial. They remained unwilted all day, swaying lightly with every breeze.

Sometimes when my eyes wearied of the continual impact of color by day, I anticipated the relief of darkness; but there was no rest from flowers. When the vividly tinted blossoms went off day shift, they were replaced by the night workers; most of the white night flowers were intensely fragrant, and sometimes the combined perfumes of gardenias, which grow in the hedge-rows, and moon-flowers, stephanotis, jasmine and plumeria, were heavy to the point of nausea.

The Arabian jasmine is a curious flower; it "buds in white and blooms in mauve and dies a purple death." In one day it runs the entire range of purple shades. Its fragrance will permeate an entire yard in the evening. The *ylang-ylang,* too, has a strange odor, sweet and rancid. It comes from the Philippines. It has the syrupy heaviness of gardenia, cut with the fresh fragrance of apples, and an undertone of Roquefort, a sinister suggestion of decay.

There is a "Perfume Pool" on a country place near Pearl Harbor. It is a big swimming pool surrounded by all of the sweet-smelling flowers that can be made to grow there. A tree overhangs it. Moon-flowers, fragrant petal-silk discs, have climbed to the topmost branches, from which they hang dark tapestries studded with diminutive moons to screen the pool. Gardenias, *ylang-ylang,* jasmine, ginger, petunias . . . imagine the potpourri of fragrance. On moonlight nights it is the most dream-garden place imaginable. Wet flesh absorbs the perfumes, so that hours later the faint waftings remind one of the charmed spot.

Flowers of the Rainbow

During the months of May, June, and July, Honolulu which is always a sea of color, is swept by a tidal wave of vivid blossoming. Flowering trees, gathered from the four points of the globe, choose this as their springtime. The Poinciana Regis trees explode bombs of vermilion. The pink shower trees conjure ghosts of peach blossoms in other lands. The golden showers have obviously been touched by Midas. The rainbow shower trees turn chameleon and mimic the tints of all the other flowers.

At this time a little street up Makiki way . . . a very ordinary little street . . . becomes the Road of Flame. Red umbrellas of Poinciana cover the pavement with live coals for blocks. Running into this street with an almost audible clash of color, is the Street of Gold. The sidewalks on either side are lined with golden shower trees. The flowers, which are as large as apple blossoms, are a bright, butter yellow, and they hang in tassels a yard long, tier after tier of them. They are as brilliant as the cloaks of Hawaiian chiefs. To catalogue more names would be wearisome, but the mountainsides and valleys, the plains and the beaches ooze color. The Islands wear motley.

One of the events of the Island's floral calendar is more an experience than a spectacle; the blossoming of the night blooming cereus. Almost everyone living in a northern country has been invited at some time to a private conservatory to witness the opening of a single blossom of this strange plant. The sudden unclosing of one of these fragrant cups

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of loveliness is considered worth the trip. Multiply this by ten thousand, and you have a faint conception of what the cereus hedge at Punahou is.

About seventy-five years ago, the missionaries, so far departing from their accustomed routine as to spread beauty instead of beatitudes, planted cereus by the ten-foot stone wall which extends along three sides of the college campus, a distance equivalent to six city blocks. Now the wall is completely covered with a tangled growth of the gray-green spiney cactus, looking like interlaced serpents. For half of the year it is ugly and uninviting. The snakey plants lie torpid and stupid, gorging themselves with sunlight, feeding on volcanic ashes of the soil, until along each of the sections of the cactus little green nubbins appear . . . the buds of the flowers. They grow and swell and become fat with dews and rains and sunshine, until they stand up like candles in a candelabrum, nine or ten to a branch.

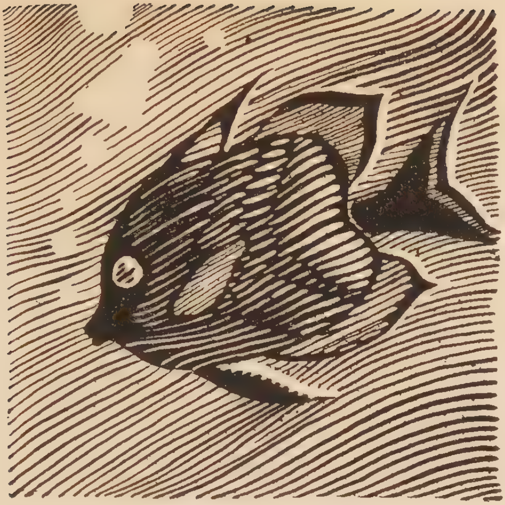
On a certain day, word is spread throughout the town that the hedge will blossom that night. It is announced in the papers, heralded from office to office, and from home to home. The visitors come from every part of the city. Before the hour set for the spectacle, perhaps a thousand persons have assembled. Some of them are native Hawaiians, some, travelers just arrived; others are old time residents who never tire of the sight.

Soon after sunset, there is a faint movement up and down the hedge, as though some secret signal had been given. Thousands of buds shudder open, revealing white chalices as large as one's two cupped hands. Frail, white, silken petals, with an inner fringe of trembling stamens which are like thin gold wires, and from the center of the cup a white stem thrusts, supporting a frayed star.

The hedge is so thick with blossoms that one cannot thrust an arm through to touch the wall without bruising delicate petals. Under the full moon, with the silvery light pouring into the cups and filling them, they seem to glow with an inner fire. So white and pure are they, that they suggest the Holy Grail. Throughout the night they offer their delicate perfumes, and the rare, unearthly beauty of their blossoming, until the first rays of the sun strike them. Then, after this flawless night of beauty, they become wilted and bedraggled. A few scattered blossoms may appear on the following nights, but the great blooming occurs only twice a year.

On Damon Island, near town, the cereus have been allowed to run wild in the forest. They climbed up the trees and down again, covered the ground, arched over foot paths and roadways, and spread along the beach. On the night of their blossoming we drove down to the Island and into a black cavern of forest darkness, faintly illumined by dim spots of whiteness. The headlights of our car penetrated the gloom, revealing curtain after curtain of the pale blossoms. Festoons of them hung from tree to tree; a wave of whiteness flowed over the ground, drowning boulders in a froth of creamy petals, and spreading to the sea where flower foam met sea foam.

It is a curious fact that the cactus flowers at Damon, Punahou hedge, Moana Lua gardens, and at Haleiwa, forty miles away, all open at the same moment, and by the same mysterious command.



Death Fish and other Signs and Portents

DO you believe what you see or see what you believe? This chapter will have significance for you only if you do the latter. There is an insidious power to the Hawaiian superstitions and *tabus* to which even the sceptical Northerner cannot long remain impervious if he stays in the Islands for any length of time. The white man born and raised in Hawaii, while outwardly scoffing, will often accept and believe incredible things, simply because he can offer no explanation that is more plausible than the Hawaiian ideas. Hawaiian statesmen, trained away from the *malo* by several generations of *haole* living and education, will revert to type at a feast to the extent of quietly setting aside a morsel of roast pig, or pouring out a libation of liquor to whatever gods there be.

The death of Queen Liliuokalani, last of the Hawaiian monarchs, was accompanied by a strange intermingling of fact and phantasy, earthly and unearthly tributes from gods and men. Many of the episodes attendant upon her passing may—I say may—be grouped as coincidence; others can hardly be explained away as easily as that. Extravagant as they might seem to foreign ears, they were carried as straight news items in the local newspapers. Since they involve tragic associations and were dramatically so *right,* I find it more interesting to regard them as signs from the old gods.

Liliuokalani, last of the Hawaiian rulers, deposed by the invading white men, ravaged by illness and disappointment, had lain ill for a long time. She was in a state of coma, unable to speak or receive messages, so that mental suggestion must be ruled out as an explanation when her death followed the signs and omens which were known to all who lived in the Islands.

Shortly after my return from Maui and my visit with Aunty Pinau I was riding along the harbor front with a friend, Island-born. I noticed that the waterfront was crowded with people of all sorts, Japanese, Chinese, Philippinos, Portuguese . . . all of them with fish rods, nets, scoops and buckets. The rods were flashing like whip lashes and a surf of chatter and excitement enlivened the lazy hour.

As casually as she might have mentioned a weather report, and apropos of nothing, apparently, my friend said, "Hmm! Poor old Liliuokalani. I guess she'll be *ma-ke* soon, now."

"What are you talking about?"

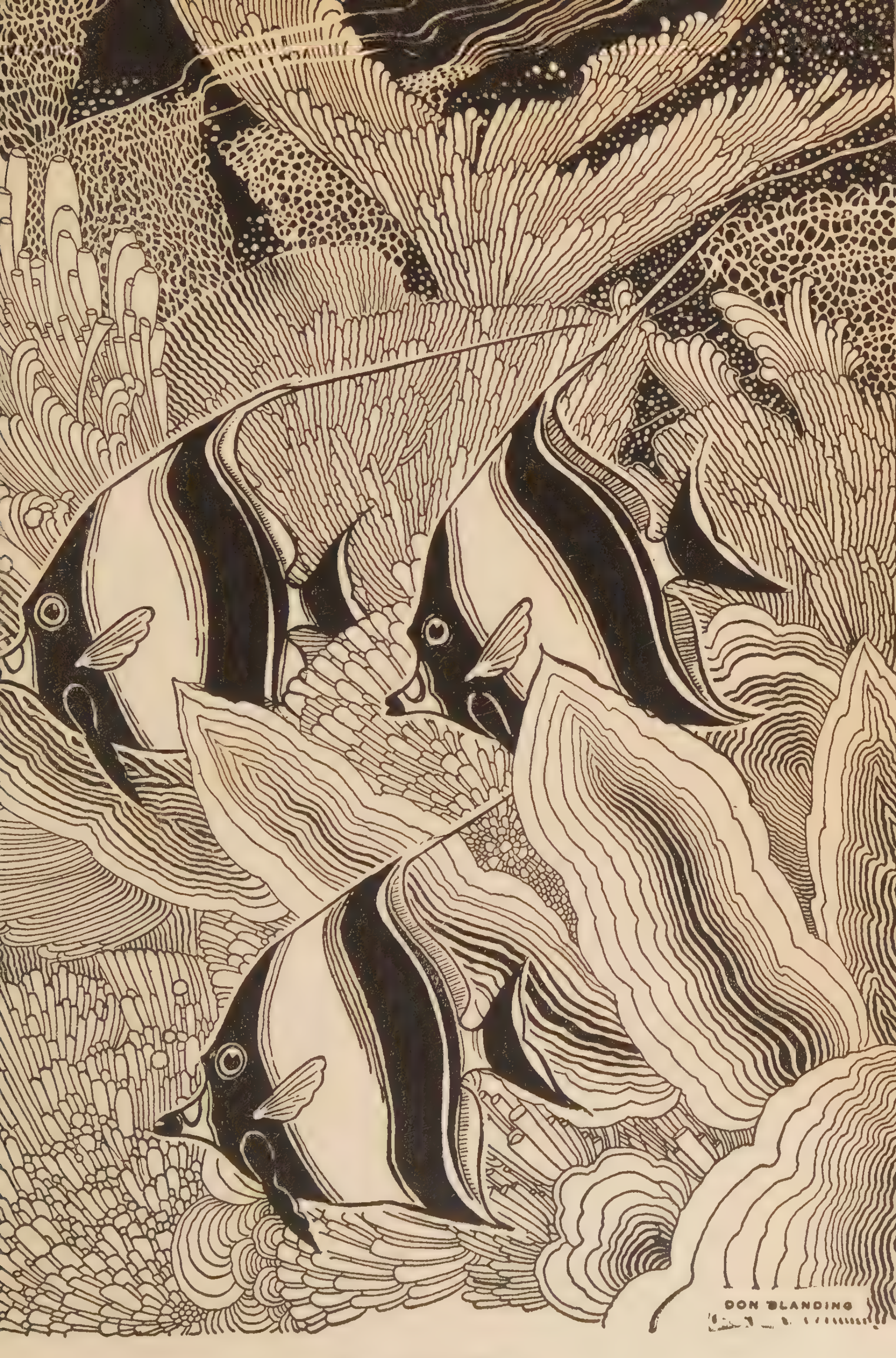
"The red fish . . . the death fish. They're in the harbor now."

My experiences on Maui had prepared me somewhat for what I heard when I asked for explanations. The harbor *was* swarming with small red fish, hundreds of thousands of them, so thick that the water seemed to be filled with new copper coins. The fishermen were making rich hauls of the tiny fish, about the size of goldfish. They were the death fish. They are not indigenous to the Hawaiian waters. Their arrival presages the passing of one of the royal blood.

"Do you really believe that they mean death?" I asked.

"Of course. It's happened twice before since the white people came to the Islands. The red fish will be here about eight days; then they'll disappear and the harbor will be full of white fish, a little larger in size, and within forty-eight hours one of the royalty will be dead. Liliu is the logical one."

I watched the mysteriously barometric waters with vast interest during the eight days that followed. The ominous blood-glint of red fins flashed in the harbor during their appointed time, then over night they vanished and in their place were droves of white fish. This omen was accepted with the respect and credence of an official bulletin. In far parts of the Islands preparations were made for the funeral. Tribal relics, ceremonial panoplies, old spears and feather *leis* were


DON BLANDING

Sea Butterflies

brought out and the beautiful feather work removed from *caches,* and held in readiness.

The morning after the arrival of the white fish, Queen Liliuokalani died.

Because of her resentment of the white government that had deposed her, the Queen had requested that there be no military participation in her funeral. Governmental red tape, however, demanded that full honor be shown her . . . or maybe someone had a new and ornate uniform to display. At any rate those who had disregarded the wishes of the living queen, held to their credo in her death.

Her body was removed on caissons from Washington Place, the home bequeathed her by the present government, to Kawaiahao, the old Hawaiian church. Washington Place was then set in the midst of a thick growth of trees, vines and tropical flowers, so compact in their luxuriant growth that the small courtyard was quite airless and unpenetrated by breezes. The place was musty and the air heavy and undisturbed.

But, as the royal body was borne through the door (this was witnessed by many) a whirlwind sprang up in the courtyard, lifting a swirling column of leaves and swaying the tree tops wildly. The Hawaiians whispered among themselves.

"That is the spirit of Queen Liliuokalani. She will not submit to the hands of the *haoles.*"

Later, as the procession entered the courtyard of Kawaiahao, the whirlwind reappeared and, crossing over the graves in the small cemetery, swept away in the direction of Diamond Head.

The body of the Queen lay in state in Kawaiahao in the most paganly impressive setting I have ever seen. The great casket was covered with one of the superb feather cloaks, a robe of imperial yellow, the golden yellow of Hawaiian sunlight. Forests of *kahilis,* tall standards branching into huge drums of feathers, were arranged about the body like fantastic trees of white and black. A glory of flowers drove the somber shadows of death to hiding in the far place of the room.

Hour after hour, through the days and nights, groups of Hawaiians, members of the various societies, The Sons of Warriors, Daughters of Chiefs, kept vigil over the body, waving feather wands back and forth with slow, hypnotic rhythm. As one group replaced another, the staffs, continuing the unbroken swaying, were given from hand to hand.

There was one tall girl (I shall never forget the gallant picture) straight and slender as a palm tree, her black hair wreathed with a *lei,* the long lines of a black cloak falling to her feet, who stood at the foot of the casket. Except for the slender hand that guided the tempo of the *kahili* waving, she never moved. Her eyes held their level gaze, although they were shadowed with weariness. In her face was the sorrow of a conquered race watching the vanishing visions of her people.

The quiet of the church would be broken at intervals by a thin quavering wail, the rising and falling of a chant. An old woman, retainer or friend of the queen, would enter the door, bent in reverence, reciting the genealogy and eulogy of the royal one. Even the ever-present and obnoxious tourist would fall momentarily quiet under the spell of this mourning for a dead dynasty.

The cortège that carried the body with its magnificent catafalque to the royal mausoleum, was impressive and colorful. Hundreds of Hawaiians, clad in long capes and wearing helmets, men serious and sad of mien, linked together by flower-twined ropes, dragged the black catafalque through the streets. Following it came chanting women, some in black and some in white, wearing capes with the insignia of their society or tribal background. There were children with flowers and more flowers, and every so often, an accent of deeper pathos, old women, bent with years and infirmity, dragged themselves along, choosing to walk the several miles to the cemetery as a last tribute to the Queen. Their chants quavered desolately in the brightness of the day.

The sidewalks were crowded with people. The Hawaiians must have had thoughts of bitter flavor as they looked at the spectators. Strange faces, strange eyes of alien people staring greedily at the spectacle; yellow faces and white, brown and black, Oriental, European and American. To most of the people it was a gorgeous show; to some it was a tragic procession.

As the catafalque was guided into the yard of the mausoleum beneath the wide-spreading branches of monkey-pod trees a curious thing happened. Perhaps the carriage lurched, perhaps it was the wind that swept down from the Pali, swaying the huge branches, but the Hawaiian crown atop the plumed canopy was struck from its place and rolled in the dust. At this sign a shudder, a frightened whisper swept the long line of mourners:

"The Hawaiian rule is at an end. The crown is at the feet of the *haoles.*"

That night, on the horizon off Diamond Head, a great mass of majestic trade clouds piled white mountains into the sky, shadowed and purpled with mourning and flashing ghost fires of lightning, and occasionally distant rumbles of thunder like far-off beaten drums. The thin crescent of a new moon hung close to the horizon, tilted on its side. As it sank to the sea the great mass of clouds moved toward it until, just as its crescent cut the sea line, it was masked by the enormous draperies of the storm.

"That" said the Hawaiians, "is the royal *waa,* the war canoe, sent out from the spirit world to welcome the soul of Queen Liliuokalani."

There have been numerous authenticated cases of "praying to death," a power possessed by *kahunas,* those patriarchs who are relics of the old, powerful priesthood of paganism. Apparently something belonging intimately to the intended victim, hair, finger-nail parings, sputum, etc., must be in the hands of the *kahuna,* who with a ceremony of white chickens and black swine, pronounces the spell. The victim wastes away, sinking into a heavy languor, which ends in death. A good or bad *kahuna* spell may be secured . . . at a price.

Many white people in the Islands, when planning a function or a political or financial move, will ask a Hawaiian friend to get good *kahuna* for him.

A Hawaiian woman whom I know, intelligent and well educated in *haole* ways, clings to many of the old native customs and superstitions. Her daughters, thoroughly *haole*-ized, are rather ashamed for her.

"Don't be a Kanaka, Mother!"

Their objections received a startling setback when their mother, while consulting the clouds for signs and omens, called out in distress one morning:

"I see a coffin in the clouds. There will be a death in our family before night."

She would not be consoled. At two o'clock that afternoon, word came from the other side of the Islands that the young son of the family had been drowned while fishing off the reef.

The Hawaiians interpret rain, rainbows, movements of the tides, appearances of birds and fishes in the terms of omens, often with startling prophetic accuracy.

In any number of instances white people who have bought property on which there were the ruins of old *heiaus,* or temples, and have disregarded the sanctity of the ground, have paid for it with death, disaster, and ill fortune of many kinds. Often on certain nights the *drums of the heiaus,* a vibration that is felt rather than heard, disturbs the inhabitants of certain valleys. No Hawaiian could be persuaded to go anywhere near the grounds of the temples on these nights.

Names for ships or buildings or estates, are chosen with great regard for their good influence.

The goddess Pele is supposed to appear among her people, sometimes in the guise of a beautiful young woman, sometimes as an aged crone, in the volcano district, at times preceding the eruptions of Kilauea.

Sometimes, when storm clouds are dark and low on the mountain peaks, there is a tension and vibration in the air . . . a brooding nearness of unknown forces, and it is easy to believe that the exiled old gods sit in conclave around the ruined *heiaus* in the high hanging valleys, sadly contemplating the future of their people, who still cling to them wistfully . . . if only with the small reverences and tributes of superstitions.

May Day is *Lei* Day in Hawaii

ALONG in the latter part of 1927 I had an idea; not that that gave me a headache, but it seemed such a good one that I had to tell some one about it, so I told the editors of the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin,* the paper on which I worked. They agreed that it was a good idea and that we ought to present it to the public, which we proceeded to do. It took hold at once and resulted in something decidedly beautiful.

This was the idea. The custom of weaving and wearing flower *leis* originated with the Hawaiians so long ago that they have no record of its beginning. The laughter-loving Polynesian, with his fondness for color and gayety, considered himself really undressed without a garland of flowers around his throat or hair. Wives, daughters, sisters or sweethearts, with all the time in the world at their disposal, and flowers crowding the roadside, spent hours weaving intricate and elaborate wreaths of scarlet *hibiscus,* fragrant plumeria, gaudy bougainvillea or golden *ilima* for themselves or their men. No feast, holiday or dance was complete without a plenitude of *leis,* and a boat departure or arrival was the occasion for extra effort in *lei* making. It was the symbol of *Aloha,* which means love, and is the key-word of Hawaii.

When the missionaries arrived from New England, they lost some of their austerity under the genial Hawaiian sun, and they too adopted the beautiful custom. It was a common thing to see a thin-lipped, prim missionary lady in black bombazine, or a liver colored cotton dress, with the incongruous pagan love-wreath relieving the drab joylessness of her appearance.

Until recent years almost all of the Island people wore *leis* as we wear hats or neckties. Men, on the way home would purchase *leis* from the *lei* women for their wives or sweethearts . . . or both . . . in lieu of chocolates or other peace offerings. When tourists discovered Hawaii, they loved the charming gesture and they spread the word of it until the *lei* became known around the world.

On steamer days the streets were gay with the baskets of flowers where groups of *lei* makers crowded the busy corners, offering their fragrant, beautiful wares to the passers-by, calling, *"Lei . . . lei . . .* buy *lei."* A quarter would purchase a *frangipanni lei,* fifty cents for a rose and pansy chaplet, and a dollar for a white boa of Hawaiian gardenias, which are larger and more fragrant than the expensive exotics of Fifth Avenue florists' windows. A popular visitor, with many friends, would stagger up the gangplank looking like a walking flower garden with dozens of *leis* swamping his hat, enveloping his throat and hanging from his arms. But with the influx of *malihinis,* with their painful self-consciousness and rigid adherence to mainland customs, many of the charming old ideas of Hawaii went the way of the *o-o* bird (or maybe it's the *i-i, e-e* or *a-a* bird . . . one of the vowels, at any rate) and the *lei* became almost entirely a steamer-day gesture of farewell or welcome. It seemed a pity that such a lovely and significant custom should die away.

Then there was another factor to consider. Hawaii as an American territory observed all of the mainland holidays as well as those of a number of the immigrant nationalities in the Islands. But there was no day that was peculiarly and completely Hawaii's own; that is, none that included all of the polyglot population there.

So, the bright idea that I presented was, "Why not have a *Lei* Day?" Let everyone wear a *lei* and give a *lei.* Let it be a day of general rejoicing over the fact that one lived in a Paradise. Let it be a day for remembering old friends, renewing neglected contacts, with the slogan "Aloha," allowing that flexible word to mean *friendliness* on that day.

The idea was proposed and the response was overwhelming . . . beyond any of our expectations. Schools, Hawaiian societies, Rotary clubs, chambers of commerce, churches, old timers and *malihinis* volunteered to help make the day a success. The natives naturally rejoiced to see old customs revived and respected, and they joined in with magnificent cooperation. The Island-born white people, who are beautifully sentimental about the Islands, contributed their support, and the tourists and *malihinis,* anxious to see anything diverting, entered into the spirit of it. Someone . . . I don't know who . . . expressed the voice of approval in the following:

"*Lei* Day is so appropriately linked with the inner life of Hawaii that it should become an established ceremony. The *lei* is already dear to thousands of visiting strangers. It is almost as much to them as to dwellers of this Paradise. No heart but must beat softer and gentler under the floral chain upon its breast. It symbolizes the memory line between smiles and tears. It chants welcome and farewell. And it pleads with low-voiced eloquence to be remembered.

"Hawaii has its place in the sun. And a gently smiling and temperate sun it is. With an annual *Lei* Day it should be distinguished by an event appropriate to no other place on earth. Having been born of love, the day should be immortal. Each year it should bloom as nature blooms in the springtime all round the earth to make glad the heart of man."

Having decided that Hawaii was to have a *Lei* Day, the question came up . . . when? Mrs. John Trenholm Warren proposed May Day for *Lei* Day. The Bank of Hawaii offered its beautiful spacious lobby for the display of *leis,* and for the ceremony of inaugurating the day. Prizes were offered. No one was too high-hat or too low-hat to help. Princess Kawananakoa lent her gracious presence and her splendid executive ability. The newspapers, society matrons, Junior Leaguers, school teachers, and school children . . . the idea spread to the farthest points of the Islands. But no one could know what the day would be like. As "father" of the idea I hoped it would be as beautiful as its promise.

Early on the morning of May first I turned out and walked from the studio in King Street to board a down town street car. A big truck lumbered by. A voice hailed me. I saw a Hawaiian boy that I knew, pointing excitedly to his hat and grinning broadly. A yellow *ilima lei,* three strands wide, encircled his hat like a triple chain of gold, and a loop of red *hibiscus* swung jauntily over the radiator cap. When the street car came by it resembled a florist's delivery wagon. Motorman, conductor, and passengers were laden with garlands. Japanese, Chinese, Philippine and white faces beamed over bright blossoms. Street workers rivaled the garden shrubs in brilliant blooming. School-children, housewives, milkmen and vegetable vendors celebrated with *leis.*

The down town streets were crowded with *lei* wearers. The baskets of the *lei* makers were emptied in an hour, and S.O.S. signals were sent out for flowers, and more flowers. The traffic cops on the corners were swamped under floral offerings from friends(the genial Hawaiian policemen *have* friends in the Islands). Well known and popular people were constantly being lassoed by friends and further bedecked with flowers until they staggered under their fragrant colorful burdens.

It was estimated that a hundred thousand people wore the badge of friendliness that day. Princesses and policemen, bankers and bawds, bootleggers and bond salesmen, debutantes and dock hands, *Kamaainas* and *malihinis* mingled democratically. Every school child in the Islands . . . I don't know how many thousands . . . was pledged to wear a *lei,* and make a *lei* to give away.

A well known capitalist, with about as much sentiment as a safety vault, yielded to the day and appeared, perspiringly aware that he looked like a fatted calf garlanded for the feast, wearing a string of pansies . . . for thoughts, maybe. Books were consulted for the language of flowers, and many a garland bore a cryptic message.

The air echoed with the word "Aloha," and every face wore a smile. Smiles were as much a part of the day as the flowers . . . not Pollyanna smiles, but irrepressible, spontaneous smiles as infectious as measles. Two steamers arrived that morning, and the passengers, officers and crew were all decorated as they came ashore.

I stopped in at the Bank of Hawaii to see how the competition *leis* were coming on. The place was swamped. Boxes, baskets, parcels, bundles of fern and cool moss contained jewel-like necklaces of flowers. Every moment brought messengers. A floral avalanche buried the perspiring helpers.

The most extravagant descriptions fail to do justice to the beauty of that scene in the lobby. A stage had been erected at one end for a tableau that lasted all day. Beautiful girls had been chosen to represent the different Islands, and each girl wore the flower of her Island as decoration. The *Lei* Queen, a girl of rare Polynesian loveliness, sat on a high throne, crowned with flowers. Her royal robe . . . and it was royal . . . fell from her shoulders over the throne and to the floor in brilliant Tyrian purple folds. It was made of purple bougainvillea petals, sewn on by hand by bands of faithful Hawaiian women during the night! The Queen and her attendants seemed to feel the responsibility for upholding the beauty of the day; they were as fresh and charming as the flowers they wore. From early morning until late at night, visitors filed by, exclaiming over the spectacle.

Literally thousands of *leis* were offered in the competition. The judges were nearly frantic trying to decide which was the most beautiful, the most original, the most typically Hawaiian, etc.

There were garlands of tiny red orchids, no larger than butterflies in a thick boa. Gardenias, lilies, *hibiscus* in countless colors and combinations, ginger blooms and plumeria. There were combinations of roses, violets, pansies and orchids.

Old time flowers, forgotten in the rush of progress, were assembled by Hawaiians in remote valleys of the Islands and brought to the ceremony. *Leis* of feathers and shells, of buds, seed pods and leaves competed with sea-moss and sea-flower *leis*. Sometimes a thin, quavering voice would pierce the confused babble of sound; all would fall silent while an aged Hawaiian women hobbled up to the display, touching it with reverent fingers, and weeping with joy to find honor being offered to this, the dearest of Hawaiian customs.

Let anyone who thinks there's anything sissified about *lei* making tell it to the burly policeman who took first prize for the most beautiful *lei* in the competition.

The fleet was in, and the gobs in hordes joined the snowy white of their uniforms with the gay colors of the crowd. They were promptly made welcome in Hawaii by wreaths presented by blushing, giggling girls. If anyone appeared without a *lei* he was promptly set upon by *lei* wearers, and made to join the spirit of the moment.

Old songs of Hawaii were sung by bands of minstrels. Hawaii, herself, the gracious spirit of the Islands, embraced and joined all of her numerous children with their many bloods into a splendid spirit of one-ness, and the bond was friendliness interpreted through flowers.

Honolulu was not the only place that celebrated. No village or small group of huts was without its *Lei* Day celebration, however modest.

The day was made official in 1929 and now *Lei* Day is established as a territorial holiday.

May Day is *Lei* Day in Hawaii.

The Gay Funeral

A FANTASTIC battle, a tragic death, and a gay funeral occurred within the brief span of two hours. Across a narrow line of sea wall, Hawaii's Past met her Future, and went down to defeat on the battle ground of the Present. *Kukui* torches from the sea paled before the electric spotlights from the land; the jittering of jazz triumphed over the solemn thunder of shark-skin drums; "Hot Mama," slangy impudent gamin, kicked her high heels contemptuously in the face of "Wahine ui" (Beautiful Woman), who stood with the white flowers of death as a *lei* about her brown throat. Only a few of the spectators realized that it was anything but a beautiful show; only a few heard the slow beat of the funeral march, or the poignant keening of the death *oli*.

The Gay Funeral

The occasion was the opening of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, that great hostelry erected for the reception of the hordes of tourists who, hearing the whisper of romance from afar, were seeking the Islands of Delight in increasing thousands each year.

For months all Hawaii had watched with vast interest as steel, concrete, tile and timber rose in towering masses outlining the bulk of the huge building. Landscape gardeners, decorators, electricians, efficiency experts; all of the stage hands of the pageant of progress worked feverishly and unceasingly to bring the production off on time, and in perfect order. They succeeded completely. In every detail they reproduced Palm Beach at Waikiki. Gilt and grandeur (in excellent taste) beach umbrellas, vistas, French chefs, Swiss salad men, imported orchestra (playing Hawaiian music) Italian frescoes . . . Ritz service. They provided a perfect haven for two classes of tourists, the ones who love to take their world with them when they travel, and the ones who want to live in the style they'd like to get accustomed to.

The wealthy and the smart of Honolulu society welcomed the hotel with glad clamorings. It brought to them the sophisticated world that they had had to seek in New York, London, and Paris heretofore, not realizing that they were killing their enviable appetite for cake by having it always on the table. A minority bewailed the inundation of the old charming simplicity of Island life under the rising tide of *malihini* ideas, but they were King Canutes futilely commanding the waves to halt.

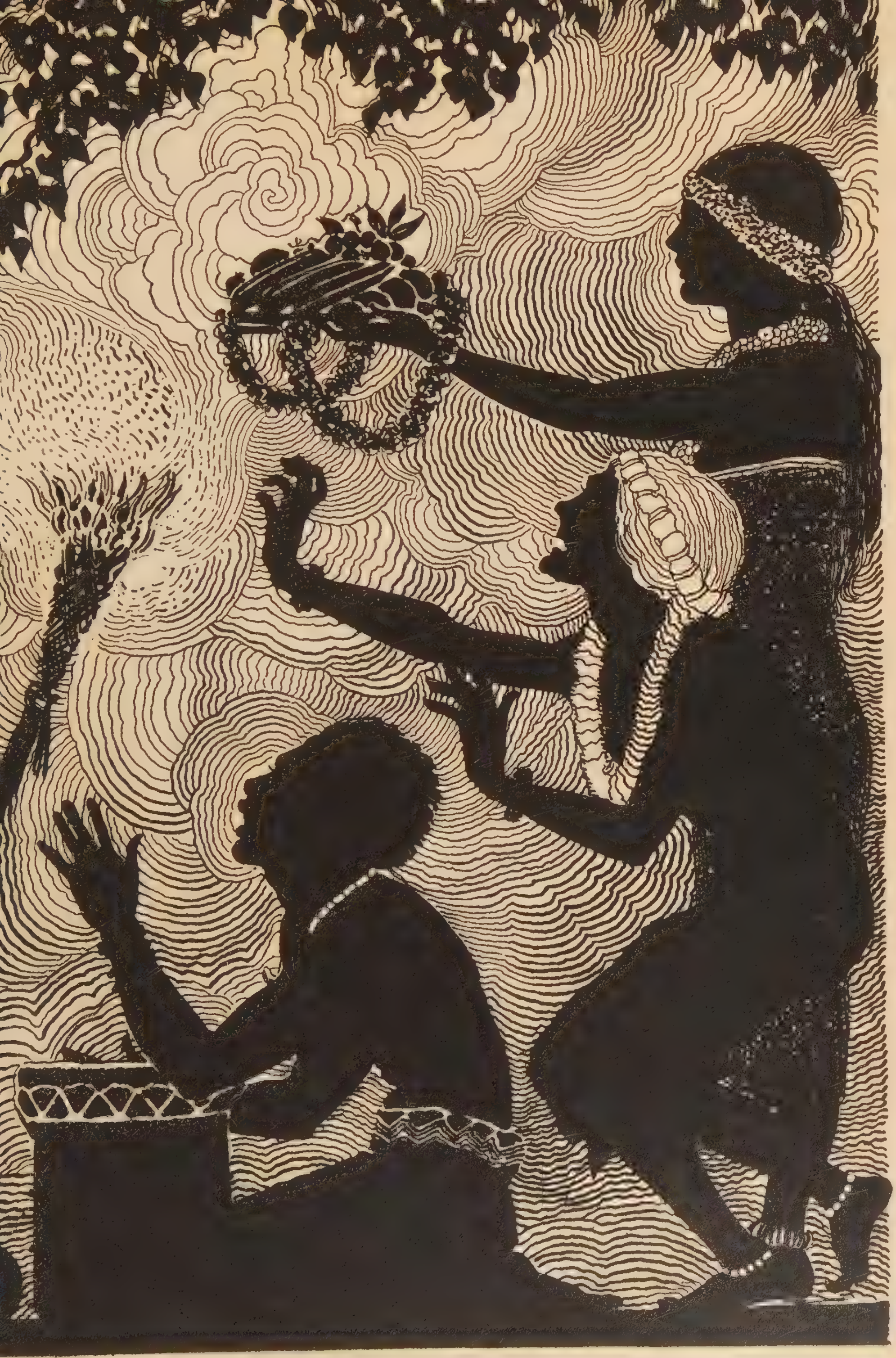
In one respect the management showed genius of conception and execution, in keeping the gardens and spacious grounds as nearly Hawaiian as possible. They spared neither expense nor effort in bringing the beautiful Island jungle to the visitors. They transplanted giant tree ferns from the high volcano district, and the finest palm trees from the beaches. They grouped shrubs, flowers, vines and trees in deliberate reproduction of the untamed confusion of the wilds, with such small disciplinings as were necessary for footpaths and roadways. In this they succeeded admirably.

In the meantime old Hawaii prepared a royal gesture of welcome in an assembling of the grandeurs of the past as greeting to the newcomer. Princess Kawananakoa, heading a large group of Hawaiians, gathered dancers, singers, chanters, costumes and stage properties for a ceremonial which, whether they recognized it or not, would be the act of abdication of the old régime. On the former playground of kings, these Hawaiians joined to relinquish, gallantly, their rights to the invaders from the twelve points of the globe who would look at a palm tree, dip in the surf, wear a *lei,* witness a professional hula, and depart thinking they had seen Hawaii. The beach boys were drafted into service. They abandoned their languorous dalliance with lady tourists, to regain transiently something of the dignity of their magnificent warrior forefathers.

The day of the opening found Honolulu as nervous and anxious as a bride before the wedding. Harried hotel officials doled out the last of the dinner reservations, which were sought as passionately as presentations to court, or tickets to a Dempsey-Tunney prizefight. Disappointed people used political pull and sex-appeal . . . everything but blackmail . . . to secure the coveted admissions, without avail. The city seethed with preparation for the grand event of the evening. Local dressmakers went mad, and tossed sequins like confetti in the air; florists stuck jasmine in their hair and swooned among tuberoses and orchids; hair dressers skimmed like flying fishes from one Marcel wave to another; disappointed society women considered major operations to alibi their non-appearance at the dinner; and husbands and fathers, contemplating the beautification bills of wives and daughters, wondered if the old home could stand another mortgage.

Zero hour neared as dusk fell with the hushing suddenness of house lights dimming in a theater. Kalakaua Avenue blazed with dragons' eyes from automobiles which streamed hotelward, jostling phalanxes of ghosts of Polynesian warriors on the old royal road. Arrogant gleaming limousines honked insolently at little Lizzies, that impudently claimed the cat's right to look at a king. The cars swung down the curving drive to the *porte cochère* of the great structure, which spurted and jetted with orange and rose jewel-lights from every window and door. Music filtered through the surf of voices from within. Motor after motor emptied its

DON BLANDING



Ancient Ceremonies

burden of guests, and purred away to make room for more and still more arrivals. It was brilliant. Palm Beach could not have sniffed otherwise than appreciatively.

The gowns, jewels, and grooming of the women proclaimed the fact that, while Honolulu might be isolated, it was not provincial. If a faint odor of moth balls blended with Tabac Blonde, it indicated only that the formality of "swallow-tails" for the men had been, until now, reserved for weddings and visiting royalty.

The dinner. Need I describe it further than to say that it was the last word of "caviar and pâté" de luxe service, standardized by the great wintering places of the world?

After an interval of strolling through the corridors and grounds of the hotel, the guests assembled on the balconies, *lanais,* and lawns in comfortable chairs facing the sea. The men wore relaxed, digestive expressions, of those who have dined heartily and well; the women were more restless, there being a few gowns which, in the crush, they had been so far unable to inspect and classify as *Paris or local.*

Three long, mournful blasts of a conch shell, primitive and dramatic, sounded from the sea. A hundred wavering points of light grew to enormous fireflies of orange flame . . . *kukui* torches out at the reef line. A dozen spotlights on the roof of the hotel spurted white searching beams into the darkness, focusing on a tableau, far out, which glowed with color like an opal cameo against the onyx sky.

A fleet of war canoes filled with helmeted and caped warriors, and flower garlanded women, moved majestically shore-ward, propelled as by a thunder of drums. In the prow of each canoe stood a chief, holding a tall staff topped with feathers. A large double canoe with a platform led the procession, carrying the central group, representing King Kamehameha and his court.

Through the heavy fabric of drum sounds came the thin thread of a woman's voice chanting the glory of the King. A mural by Zuloaga, come to life, could not have been more gorgeous. Dead silence from the spectators paid tribute to the impressive beauty of the spectacle.

As the canoes neared shore, groups of natives jumped into the sea and swam out to the canoes. They clung to the prows and, joining hands, made a human chain, linking the approaching fleet.

The chiefs in the canoes wore long yellow capes hanging in heavy folds from their shoulders, and feather helmets with crests that arched over their heads, after the Greek design. The warriors were naked except for loin cloths and short shoulder capes. They also were helmeted. Their bodies glistened with cocoanut oil as their arms moved rhythmically in rowing.

The role of King Kamehameha the Great was taken by a gigantic, splendidly formed Hawaiian at least six feet and six inches tall. Except for the cloak which billowed in the wind he might have been a figure of bronze, majestic and kingly. He stood immobile, one arm lifted in the pose of the statue which faces the old royal palace. At his feet knelt seven beautiful women representing the seven major islands.

Two slim girls and a youngster represented the tiny islands of the Hawaiian archipelago.

Behind Kamehameha were several chiefs, only a trifle smaller in stature. On either side of him were men, crouched to the shark-skin drums, which they beat with warlike frenzy. The many canoes advanced out of the night with perfectly held alignment. In the glare of spotlights the faces of the men showed stern and intent, the women looked toward the great hotel with a sort of sad wonderment.

The scene was inexpressibly gorgeous on either side of the sea-wall. The Hawaiians in the full panoply of their ancient glory; the white people in the last expensive word of civilization. I wondered if those people in their war canoes, feather capes, helmets and garlands realized that on this night they were performing funeral rites for the death of their racial greatness; that, while they reproduced the triumphal landing of their great King, their Napoleon, they were, in reality, unpaid mummers coming to an alien shore (only a few of them would ever see the inside of the hotel) to divert their conquerors for a brief hour with song and ceremony, with living shadows of the departed days when they were rulers of their own land. Did they realize that, when the show was over, they would depart without having crossed the line of footlights, real and racial, that divided performers from spectators? What were the thoughts of those simple people as they stared at white shoulders, white shirt fronts, white faces? Did the Hawaiian women, remembering the chidings of the missionaries, laugh bitterly to see white flesh more naked, in its revealing veilings of chiffon and laces, than their *tapa* wrapped, oiled bodies, garmented with flowers and gilded with the natural gold of Hawaiian summer suns.

I looked at the men in their splendid uniforms of muscle and bare flesh and, in my imagination, clothed them in the ugly garments which we have inflicted on them. Could they forgive us?

Knowing something about Hawaiians, I realized that they came, as always, bearing the generous gifts of their warm hearts . . . beauty, flowers and song.

As the canoes beached gently on the sands of Waikiki, groups of Hawaiians on the shore joined in the procession from the sea, and moved with slow step to a large stage in front of the hotel.

The King sat on a throne of carved wood, covered with regal feather capes, while the court assembled about him. For an hour, singers and dancers performed for his (our) enjoyment.

Because of the sincerity and earnestness of their performance, I could almost believe that, for the moment, the pageantry and make-believe of the old days was real to those Hawaiians.

A boy of eighteen, dressed as a warrior, had position about ten feet from me. During the hour he stood superbly erect, hardly a muscle of his face or body moving. A powerful electric torch light burned its corrosive light into his eyes, which never blinked. Near the end of the pageant a quick flurry of rain poured down. The chill water ran down the boy's body and I saw the shivers of cold ripple on his skin, but his set expression never changed. The spirit of the boy was the spirit of the entire group.

An old woman, wrapped in a white *tapa* cloth, barefoot and bare arms, with white hair streaming over her shoulders, approached the King, bearing tribute. She knelt, deposited the gift at the King's feet, and then, still kneeling, backed away for a distance of forty feet on her knees, keeping the seemly arrangement of her garments and maintaining a grace and dignity which presentees at court despairfully hope they achieve in withdrawing from the Royal Presence at St. James.

At first the large audience was impressed by the solemnity and grandeur of the pageant, but as the long ceremony continued there was an increased chattering, scraping of chairs and whispering which betrayed the restiveness of easily bored people. Before the echoes of the last haunting *mele* died on the night wind, a jazz band flung forth the latest tunes from the music factories of Broadway. The warriors, the chiefs and the chiefesses dissolved into wistful groups of lost Hawaiians, watching the festivities from the shadows of the great hotel.

The gay funeral was over. The King was dead. Long live the King.

Auwe!

Aloha Oe

When you decide to go away
  You must not say that we are cold
Or scold because we act so gay
  And laugh and chaff and do not hold
You to our hearts, or weep or cry
  Or say good-by. You see, we know
Before you go that you will try
  To stay away a year or so.
Before the year has gone, we're sure
  That you will wish with might and main
That you were here. You'll feel the lure
  And come galumphing back again.

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Hula Moons

THERE comes a time in the life of everyone who lives in Hawaii when he feels that if he sees one more cheerful rainbow, looks at one more nodding flower, hears the sweet word "Aloha" again or endures another sunshiny day or moonshiny night he will go out and bite an innocent child or kick an aged lady. Nerves are raw from constant stimulus of color, sound, pleasure and play. Things have fallen into a deadly monotony of repetition, which either maddens or deadens him according to his temperament. Beach parties, house parties, swims, business . . . everywhere he sees the same faces, hears the same jokes, dances to the same tunes. He knows by heart the liquor, foods and festivities of all his friends, and if, by any chance, a variation slips in, he resents it as unexpected, unfair and unpleasant. Perfection has cloyed on his tongue.

He consults his bank balance and the steamship agencies and books passage to . . . anywhere . . . so long as it is *away*. Immediately he feels better. The call of ambition and strife sounds pleasantly from beyond the beyond. Away! Away! Excelsior. Message to Garcia. To Arms! All of the platitudes that are so dear to Y.M.C.A. lecturers make strong appeal.

"Well, I'm sailing on Monday." He feels like telling it to the world . . . and does. The world is a little bored by the news. It means another trip to the docks, more *leis* and steamer gifts. However, Island people are punctilious in their ritual of farewell to guests.

"When you coming back?" The invariable query.

"Coming back? Ha!" (the ringing earnestness of that reply). "If I never see Hawaii again that'll be soon enough. It's a grand place to play around but . . ."

The Islander, listening, smiles a small secret smile; he has heard that line so often.

There's usually a whirl of farewell parties . . . Hawaii is almost as cordial in welcoming away as in welcoming home.

The day of departure. Crowds at the boat. *Lei* sellers calling their fragrant wares. More friends than he realized he had. *Leis* and laughter. Steamer gifts and gayety.

"Must get aboard. See you in 'Frisco. So long! Take care of yourself! Aloha."

Smothered with *leis,* burdened with gifts, moist with emotion and perspiration, he lines up along the steamer rail with a hundred others similarly decorated. The rail looks as though it had a line of flourishing window boxes in full bloom. He looks down on the upturned faces on the dock. "Good old Bob. Nice of him to come down . . . hope I see him again . . . there's Vivian . . . and Babs . . . nice girl . . . wonder if I could have . . ."

WHA-A-AWHhh . . . The bellow of the steamer whistle, ear blasting, nerve shattering.

At about this moment a sneaky little feeling of regret and sadness invades the departee's high spirits. He duplicates the experience of a drowning man; his past (the Hawaii part) begins flashing through his mind. The moonlight with its music and romance. The unforgettable friendliness of the place. The good times. The friends . . . such friends. He feels the satiny caress of the flower petals of his *leis* against his face . . . gentle as the thoughts of friends.

Must buck up. Mustn't make an ass of himself. Aw, they'll think it's sweat. Sniffling like a silly kid.

The ship is joined to the dock with a thousand frail streamers of paper ribbon. The confusion increases, and the clamor. Some people are tossing *leis* back to the crowd. The ship begins to vibrate, to move heavily away. The paper streamers are breaking . . . as friendships and romances are parting. The last thin ribbon snaps.

The Hawaiian band, awaiting this signal, breaks into the deep-voiced melody of "Aloha oe." That simple song, sentimental, and familiar through a hundred hearings . . . is newly and stabbingly poignant now.

"Alo-ha oe . . . alo-ha oe . . . until we meet again,
until . . . we . . . me-e-et . . . a-gain. . . ."

As the last words float over the water to the departing steamer the return trip ticket to Hawaii is bought . . . in spirit. All of the lovely dreamland enchantments of the Islands beckon. Perhaps a little flickering rainbow lingers over Manoa Valley . . . a promise.

The swimming boys trail along for a while. One by one they drift away. Mists of distance veil the bright scene. It dissolves into blueness.

As the ship circles Diamond Head the departing one takes his *leis* from his neck. He thinks of the friends who gave them as he drops them one after another into the water. The inshore current takes them. He hopes that they will float back to the shore . . . a symbol of return.

. . .

One *lei* I'll wear; it will not fade.
  One *lei* I need not toss away
  When I go out to sea some day;
A *lei* that Island memories made.

A gorgeous *lei* . . . a golden *lei;*
  Aloha threaded on a string
  Of happiness. A *lei* to bring
Me back when I am far away.
        Aloha.

Glossary

The construction of the Hawaiian language is quite simple, and the pronunciation of Hawaiian words is not difficult, if a few directions are followed.

There are six consonants: H, K, L, M, N, and P.

There are five vowels: A, E, I, O, and U.

There is a W which is sounded almost like a V.

Each vowel is given its full value in pronunciation.

As many as five vowels may group together.

All syllables and all words end in vowel sounds.

The general rules for sounding the vowels is as follows:

A is between *Ah* and *Uh*. The word *pali* is usually pronounced pah-li but the oldtimer says *puh-li*.

E is between the E in they and the E in men.

I is pronounced as the I in sin.

O is pronounced as the O in bold.

U is pronounced as the OO in moon.

Certain vowels in combination are slurred in rapid speech: for instance, the word *haole* is really hah-o-lee, but it is usually heard as howly. The AI combination is ah-ee, but it slurs to our long I sound, as in *maikai* which sounds like my-ky in conversation.

AALA . . . . Name of a district in Honolulu corresponding to the Bowery of New York. Name of a park in this district and also of the colorful flower, fruit and fish markets located there.

Glossary

AIEA . . . . A picturesque, sugar-plantation town on the Island of Oahu, near Honolulu.

ALOHA . . . . Means greetings, farewell, love, friendliness according to the circumstances in which it is used.

ALOHI LANI . . . . The native name given the Author by his Hawaiian friends.

AU-AU . . . . To swim. To take a bath.

AUWE . . . . An exclamation equivalent to the English "Oh!", "Oh dear!". Expresses surprise, admiration, or becomes a lament of sorrow when endlessly repeated.

EWA . . . . A large sugar plantation and town lying in a westerly direction from Honolulu. The word is used by stranger and native alike as denoting a direction or landmark, all over the Island of Oahu, as, "to go Ewa, half a mile, or two blocks."

HALEAKALA . . . . Literally, house of the sun. The large, extinct volcanic mountain on the Island of Maui, 14,000 feet in altitude. The crater is about 27 miles in circumference.

HANA . . . . A village and district on the Island of Maui at the foot of Mt. Haleakala, famous in Hawaiian folklore, legend and history. It is one of the most beautiful scenic spots in the Islands.

HANA-HANA . . . . Work.

HAOLE . . . . White man.

HAPA-HAOLE . . . . Half-white, half-caste individual of either sex.

Glossary

HAU . . . . A tree with large leaves and very knotted and crooked limbs. It can be trained to grow over a trellis and provides cool, shady bowers in the grounds of Hawaiian homes throughout the Islands. Growing wild in the jungle, it becomes an almost impenetrable thicket.

HEIAU . . . . Ancient temple, sacred enclosure, place of worship built of stones cleverly fitted together without mortar. Here the ancient gods and idols were worshiped, sacrifices made and the ritual of the old Polynesian religion observed. The ruins of these temples are to be found, in various states of preservation, throughout the Islands.

HIKIEA . . . . A broad, low couch, conspicuous as the chief piece of furniture in native Hawaiian homes, which takes the place of chairs as general lounging place for entire family and guests. A bed.

HOLOKU . . . . Adaptation of the garment called *mumu,* having a long train, worn by native women of the islands.

HUHU . . . . Angry, peeved or annoyed.

HUMUHUMUNUKUNUKUAPUA'A . . . . This word is a sample of the Hawaiian's fondness for polysyllabic expression and of his quaint sense of humor as well. To pronounce; first subdivide into syllables thus—Hu-mu-hu-mu-nu-ku-nu-ku-a-pu-a-a. Each syllable is pronounced exactly as it is spelled, broad u and broad a. It is the name of a small fish, about the size of a silver dollar, which squeaks miserably when taken out of the water. And its name, literally translated, means, "Old woman who grunts like a pig." By contrast, another fish, much sought after by Hawaiian fishermen, which attains to four or five feet in length, and weighs up to 150 pounds, is called "Aku."

ILIMA . . . . A small yellow flower, about the size of a dime, used in the making of *leis*. Hundreds of the tiny blossoms are strung on a thread to make a garland long enough to wear around one's hat or neck.

IMU . . . . Native fireless-cooking oven. A deep pit is dug in the ground. Into this are thrown red-hot rocks. The pig and other comestibles are placed on top of these, wrapped in *ti* leaves. Layers of leaves and sand are heaped up to fill the pit and seal it air-tight.

IWILEI . . . . A district in lower Honolulu. Many years ago a restricted zone of the red light. Now quite respectable.

KAHILI . . . . A tall standard, topped with feathers, carried before ranking chieftains and in ceremonial marches.

KAHUNA . . . . A soothsayer. A member of the old religious hierarchy of priests, counterpart of the African witch doctor, capable of divination, oracular prophecy and crude medicine making. He was reputed able to put people to death with his curse and a ritual of prayers. Hence *kahuna,* by extension in modern usage, means bad luck, or the "jinx."

KAILUA . . . . A famous beach on the windward side of the island of Oahu, across the Koolau Mountains from Honolulu.

Glossary

KAIULANI . . . . Beautiful Hawaiian princess, friend of Robert Louis Stevenson.

KAMAAINA . . . . Oldtimer. One who has lived in the Islands over a protracted period of time.

KAMANI . . . . A large-leafed tree found most frequently along the seashore.

KAMEHAMEHA . . . . "The Napoleon of the Pacific." The first great Hawaiian chieftain who established a kingdom by conquest and united all the Islands under his rule.

KANAKA . . . . Hawaiian man.

KAPAKAHI . . . . Crooked, scattered, or out of alignment. As, "her hat was on *kapakahi.*" "Cock-eyed" would be the nearest American slang equivalent.

KAPU . . . . Keep out.

KAULAPAPA . . . . Name of the leper settlement on the Island of Molokai.

KAWAIAHAO . . . . An old stone church in Honolulu, dating back to the days of the early missionaries.

KEALAKEKUA . . . . Name of a town on the Island of Hawaii and of the adjacent bay where Captain Cook landed in 1779.

KEIKI . . . . Child.

KIAWE . . . . The algaroba tree, and likewise its thorns.

KOA . . . . Hawaiian tree, the wood of which is used for surf boards, dishes, bowls, ukuleles, because of its strength and beautiful reddish grainings.

KOOLAU . . . . A range of mountains on the island of Oahu, back of Honolulu.

Glossary

KUKUI . . . . Oil-bearing nuts of the *kukui* tree, used by Hawaiians as fuel in lamps and torches.

LAKA . . . . Patron goddess of the Hula dance.

LANAI . . . . A porch.

LAUHALA . . . . Leaves from the tree of the same name used by the Hawaiians in the manufacture of mats and woven basketwork.

LAULAU . . . . Butterfish, salt salmon and pork wrapped in *ti* leaves and baked in the native *imu.*

LAUPAHOEHOE . . . . Village on the Island of Hawaii. The word also means areas of broken and jagged lava rock.

LEHUA . . . . Tree which bears brilliant red flowers, and the flowers themselves. Favorite among the Hawaiians, used in *lei* making. Picking the flowers is certain to bring rain, according to superstition.

LEI . . . . A garland of flowers worn around the neck.

LIANA . . . . Thick vines and creepers in the Hawaiian forests.

LIKE-LIKE . . . . A Hawaiian Princess.

LILIUOKALANI . . . . Last of the Hawaiian queens under the old monarchy.

LIMU . . . . Seaweed.

LOLO . . . . Crazy.

LOMI-LOMI . . . . Native massage, very similar in technique to the Swedish.

LUAU . . . . A native feast.

MAHALO . . . . Thank you.

MAIKAI . . . . All right, or, in today's current slang, "Okeh."

MAILE . . . . Fragrant-leaved vine used in *lei* making.

MAKAI . . . . Toward the sea.

MAKAPUU . . . . Makapuu Point, a high rock headland on the easterly end of the Island of Oahu.

MAKE . . . . Dead.

MAKE LOA . . . . Very Dead.

MALIHINI . . . . Stranger. Foreigner. A newcomer to the Islands.

MALO . . . . A G-string, or narrow strip of fabric wound about the waist and loins as a breech clout.

MAUI . . . . A superman, famous for his feats of strength and dexterity in Hawaiian legends and folklore.

MAUKA . . . . Toward the mountains.

MELE . . . . Recitative chants intoned by musicians as accompanied in the performance of the ancient hulas.

MENEHEUNES . . . . Sprites or gnomes in Hawaiian mythology.

MO-O . . . . An eel.

MUMU . . . . A shapeless, one-piece garment, like a nightie or mother-hubbard, which the early missionaries foisted upon the native women to cover their magnificent nudity, in the name of God and the new morality. Older women of the last generation still wear them today.

NALANI . . . . Hawaiian girl's proper name.

OHIA . . . . Mountain apples. A common Hawaiian tree and the fruit thereof.

Glossary

OKOLEHAO . . . . Native beverage of high alcoholic content. When made from the roots of the *ti* plant, and properly aged in wood, it is very much like fine old brandy. Since the prohibition era began, it is more frequently manufactured from rice or potato mash, and as such is highly intoxicating, fiery as vodka or "white mule."

OLI . . . . An accompanying chant in the ancient hula.

OLLAPA . . . . An ancient hula, in which the knees are snapped forward constantly, setting the rhythm for the gestures of the hands.

OPIHI . . . . A small, edible shellfish, much prized by the Hawaiians as an article of food.

OPU . . . . Stomach.

PAU . . . . Done. Finished. Ended.

PEHEA OE . . . . How are you?

PELE . . . . The goddess of fire in Hawaiian legend. Her home is in the volcano Kilauea.

POI . . . . A paste, usually fermented, made from flour ground from the *taro* root. It is the chief item on the Hawaiian menu, taking the place of bread and potatoes as a food very rich in starches. It is eaten with the fingers, out of a communal bowl in the middle of the table. If the *poi* paste is thin, requiring three digits to scoop it up, it is called "three finger *poi*" and reflects upon the poverty of the host. "One finger *poi*" is very thick, and thus indicates a well stocked larder. The adept gesture of the Hawaiian eating *poi* is charmingly graceful. The finger is rapidly stirred around in the *poi* bowl, and the adhering paste is popped quickly into the mouth. A loud popping sound, made at this point in the operation, was considered in the old days as a token of appreciation, never omitted by a guest, smilingly acknowledged by the host.

POPOALAIA . . . . Princess in the legend of the pool of Wai-Napa-Napa.

PUNAHOU . . . . Name of a district in Honolulu, and also of a large private school.

PU-NIU . . . . Hawaiian musical instrument used in accompaniment for ancient hulas. A cocoanut-shell rattle containing dry seeds.

PUPULE . . . . Crazy.

TABU . . . . Forbidden. Verboten.

TAPA . . . . Fabric made by natives from tree fiber and painted in crude geometric designs.

TARO . . . . Cultivated plant grown much like rice, the roots of which are used in manufacture of *poi.*

TI . . . . A common variety of pandanus, the roots of which are used in making the native drink *okolehao.*

WAA . . . . Large ceremonial or war canoe.

WAHINI . . . . Woman.

WAHINI UI . . . . Beautiful woman.

WAI-NAPA-NAPA . . . . A subterranean pool on the island of Maui.

WELAKAHAO . . . . Hooray! Go to it! Literally, strike while the iron is hot.

Glossary

WIKI-WIKI . . . . Quick. Hurry. Slang equivalent, "Make it snappy."

YLANG-YLANG . . . . Heavy scented tropical flowers and vine indigenous to Malaysia.

THE END

HAWAII!

The enchantment of tropic days and nights—the boom of distant surf breaking in white surrender on black lava sands—palm trees swaying to vagrant sea-breezes—liquid sunshine drenching woven grass roofs of native villages—heavy perfumes of night-blooming flowers—the wanton, beautiful, swift curves of native girls dancing the hula by the light of flaming torches—in these and a thousand other beautiful, exotic pictures is snared, in the pages of this book, the fleeting essence of romantic and colorful Hawaii.

Caught here in bold, vivid prose and richly illustrated by interpretative drawings, this lovely paradise of the Pacific at last stands forth in the full beauty of its color and form. HULA MOONS is neither a history, a social treatise nor a guide book, though it may tell you indirectly more than many other books specifically written on those subjects. Rather it is a gay, animated chronicle of impressions and rollicking adventures, of personal experiences and first-hand observations in these magic islands. Vagabond, poet and painter, Don Blanding has touched every phase of Hawaiian life, and has interpreted for us its glamour and allurement, the pathos of her people, their majestic strength, and their unheroic follies.

Filled with all the pagan loveliness, the unrivalled natural beauty, the humor and charm and enticing allurements of her strangely mixed population and picturesque land, HULA MOONS is the most authoritative, animated and honest presentation of Hawaii since Mark Twain.

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